

The British Empire

At Home and Abroad

KITCHENER AT OMDURMAN

Having defeated the Mahdist army at the Atbara, the Egyptian army retired to spend the hot summer in comfortable quarters. Early in August they advanced again to the Atbara, where they were embarked on steamers and carried as far up the Nile as possible. Then they marched across the desert towards Khartum. At the beginning of September the battle of Omdurman was fought, in which, at very little cost, the Sirdar completely crushed the Mahdist power and restored the Sudan to freedom. The illustration shows Lord Kitchener entering Omdurman after the battle.

(14)

The British Empire At Home and Abroad

An Account of its Origin, Progress, and Present Position
With full Descriptions of
Canada, Australasia, South Africa, India, and
Other Colonies and Dependencies

BY

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WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

NEW EDITION

Greatly Enlarged and brought down to the Beginning of
the Twentieth Century

Vol. II

LONDON

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

25 FARRINGDON AVENUE, E.C.

1901

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OUR EMPIRE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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Vasco da Gama reached Calicut, on the Malabar coast, after his famous voyage round the Cape, in May, 1498. The illustrious Alfonso da Albuquerque founded Portuguese rule in the East, as viceroy of the Indian possessions from 1509 to 1515, and built the city of Goa, on the western coast. Before the middle of the 16th century the Portuguese were firmly established at Diu, off the coast of Gujerat; at Bassein, to the north of Bombay; at Cochin, in Malabar; and at other points. From 1500 to 1600 the Portuguese held the sole command of the Eastern trade. Early in the 17th century they were superseded by the Dutch and the English. In 1632 their settlement at Hugli, in Bengal, about twenty miles from the site of the future Calcutta, was captured by Shah Jehan. The sole remaining possessions of Portugal in India are Goa, Diu, and Daman, all on the west coast, with a total population of about half a million.

The maritime and commercial supremacy of the Dutch existed

during the 17th century. The Dutch East India Company was formed in 1602, and half a century saw them possessed of trading-settlements in India, Ceylon, and Sumatra, with an exclusive hold on the Moluccas. In 1619 Batavia, in Java, was founded as their Eastern capital, and it was their famous massacre of the English at Amboyna, in the Moluccas, in 1623, which drove the British traders from the Eastern archipelago to the mainland of India, and thus contributed to our subsequent success. The Dutch, in the course of the 18th century, lost all their posts on Indian soil, and their flag is nowhere flying, as a symbol of rule, on the mainland. Some houses alone, with quaint Dutch carvings and tiles, at their former settlements, remind the traveller of the people whose governor, Palk, left his name to the Bay and Straits at the north of Ceylon.

The first English attempts to arrive by sea on the coasts of India were those of men who sought to find a north-west passage, the vain enterprise which recalls the names of the Cabots, of Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, and Baffin. In 1579, Thomas Stephens, a student of New College, Oxford, was the first Englishman who, in modern times, is known to have reached India. He became rector of the Jesuit College in Salsette, a large island to the north of Bombay, then in possession of the Portuguese. His letters to his English relatives are said to have excited a strong desire for direct English trade with the country. Four years later, three English merchants, Fitch, Newberry, and Leedes, went out overland as adventurers in the way of trade. Portuguese jealousy made them prisoners at Goa, where Newberry remained as a shopkeeper, while Leedes became an official in the service of the "Great Mogul" Akbar, and Fitch, after much travel in those regions, returned to England. It was the defeat of the Spanish Armada that first greatly stirred the commercial spirit of England, and caused her merchants and mariners to aim at obtaining a share, in the Eastern trade, with Portugal and Holland. In 1596, a Dutch navigator, Cornelius Houtman, after the lapse of nearly a century, took Vasco da Gama's course round the great African cape, and the flag of Holland flew in Eastern waters, threatening the monopoly hitherto enjoyed by the Portuguese in southern Asia. Three years only had passed, when the formation of Dutch private companies, to take advantage of the new opening to commercial enterprise, had well

established the Oriental trade of the United Provinces, and the merchants of London, in 1599, were aroused to jealous anger by the Dutch dealers, when they increased the price of pepper from three shillings per pound to nearly thrice the amount. Truly, a small spark kindleth a great fire, and the mighty events of history have their distant source in the veriest trifles. A sudden rise in the price of a pungent spice took English energy and enterprise to the scene of coming empire. A meeting of merchants was held, on September 22nd, in Founders' Hall, with the Lord-mayor as chairman, and an association was formed for direct trade with India. Queen Elizabeth favoured the scheme, and after despatching an envoy to the Mogul emperor, by the overland route, to request privileges for her people, she granted a royal charter. On the last day of the 16th century, December 31st, 1600, the English East India Company, in accordance with this instrument, was incorporated under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies". There were 125 shareholders, with a capital of £70,000, increased, twelve years later, to £400,000.

Such was the beginning of British connection with India, opening the first stage of our Indian history, which may be styled "The Period of Factories", or "The Company as a Commercial Body". It was a day of small things, when we had only trading settlements in the land, like some other European nations, and it lasted for nearly a century and a half, ending with the year 1748. During the first twelve years, annual voyages were made at the separate expense of subscribing shareholders, who took all the risk and profits; and all the ventures save one, the fourth, made a return of about cent per cent. The earlier efforts of the trade were directed to the regions beyond the Bay of Bengal, and brought our people into collision with the Dutch. In 1609, the Company opened the dockyard at Deptford, which soon caused an increase in the number and size of the English merchantmen. In 1613, on the increase of the Company's capital, voyages were made on the joint-stock account. Successful trade, in the natural course, brought efforts at competition, but two of these associations were absorbed in the Company, in 1650 and 1657, and no serious rivalry arose until nearly the close of the reign of Charles the Second. Then came a time ^{UN} of trouble, due both to internal dissensions and to outward attack.

The prosperity of the Company had been a marvel of the commercial world. The rapid increase of wealth, and of luxury which included an ever-growing taste for the spices, the tissues, and the jewels of the East, poured a stream of gold into the coffers of the proprietors at the India House in Leadenhall Street, then an edifice of wood and plaster, adorned with the quaint carved emblems and lattice-work of the later Tudor times. Tea, for which the Company held the sole right of importation, was becoming a great source of revenue, and the saltpetre brought from India was absolutely necessary for the manufacture of the gunpowder ever more largely consumed in European warfare. The annual value of the imports into England from the Ganges alone had risen, since 1660, from eight thousand pounds to nearly forty times as much. The gains of the East India shareholders were almost beyond belief. Their credit was such that they could readily borrow at six per cent. The profits of their trade were such that money thus obtained brought in thirty per cent. In 1681, a hundred pounds of the stock was worth nearly four times that sum. The proprietors were few in number, and the wealth of the richest among them was enormous. Sir Josiah Child, a man who had risen, by his rare talents for business, from the position of an apprentice sweeping out a City warehouse, to that of a commercial magnate of the highest rank, could marry his daughter to the eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort, and provide her, on her wedding day, with the regal dowry, for that age, of fifty thousand pounds.

Prosperity so portentous could not but excite the keen enmity that has envy for its sire. In 1680, the action of private adventurers who, in defiance of the royal charter, fitted out ships for the Eastern seas, began to assume a formidable shape. The "interlopers", as these men were called, summoned to their aid the impassioned politics of the time concerning the Exclusion Bill. Some of the Directors were, as strong Exclusionists, hostile to the Court party, at whose hands they suffered much for their zeal against Popery and arbitrary power. The trade rivals of the Company then assumed the character of loyalists, and intrigued for the withdrawal of the charter on which the Company's monopoly depended. The policy of Child secured the interests of the great commercial body whose governor or chairman he then chanced to be. Whatever his previous opinions may have been, he now became an

avowed Tory, excluded the Whig element from the direction, and controlled affairs with despotic authority. The king and the court, male and female, were lavishly bribed with bags of guineas and with precious gems, with silks and shawls, with costly scents and dainty viands from the Indian seas. The charter was safe. Jeffreys, presiding in the Court of King's Bench, gave his decision in favour of the monopoly, and James the Second, on his accession, granted a new charter confirming and extending all the privileges hitherto bestowed on the Company. The captains of Indiamen received Crown-commissions, and the right of displaying the royal flag.

The Revolution of 1689 annulled all the efforts and expenditure of Sir Josiah Child, and the East India Company, as the monopolist of the most profitable trade, was again imperilled. Its privileges were now assailed, on the one hand, by those who denounced, in the interest of English stuffs, the English use of Indian silks and calicoes and shawls. On the other side, merchants of Bristol and other ports clamoured, in the interests of trade-extension, in favour of trade being left wholly free. The chief hostility was, however, directed against the despotic authority wielded by Child, as being used for the benefit of himself, his family, and servile dependants. The only remedy for this was, they urged, the transference of the monopoly to a new corporation on a fresh basis. An unchartered society was formed in 1691, which included some of the chief merchants in the city of London, and was popularly known as the New Company. Petitions to the House of Commons from the rival bodies caused the passage of resolutions to the effect that the trade with the East Indies was beneficial to the kingdom, and that such trade could be best carried on by a joint-stock company invested with exclusive privileges. This decision, fatal to the hopes both of the manufacturers who wished to prohibit the trade, and of the merchants who were eager to throw it open, was followed by seventeen years of rivalry, during which the New Company was favoured by the Whigs, and the Old Company by the Tories. In 1693, by means of lavish bribes to some leading politicians, a new charter was obtained for the original Company. The Directors at once began to carry matters with a high hand against the obnoxious "interlopers", not merely at a distance, in Indian waters and territory, afar from redress, but in the port of London, on the

bosom of the Thames, under the eyes of their inveterate foes. A fine vessel named the *Redbridge*, equipped by some London merchants, well manned and filled with a most costly freight, ostensibly bound to the coast of Spain, was stopped by the Admiralty, on an order obtained from the Privy Council, at the instance of the Old Company. The suspicion was that her real destination lay beyond the Cape. General anger was stirred in the City, and an application to the Commons caused the carrying of a motion that all English subjects had equal rights of trade with the East Indies unless they were prohibited by Act of Parliament. For some years trade with India was thus nominally free, but, beyond the Cape, a vote of the House of Commons was almost powerless against the agents of the Old Company, who waged incessant war against intruders on the monopoly.

In 1695, the Company suffered great losses in ships that were captured by the French privateers, and its dividends, already much impaired by the large sums expended in bribing parliamentary supporters, were further diminished. In 1698, the conflict between the Old Company and the New was raging in the city of London, and the elder association, looking to the Tories for aid, offered a loan of £700,000 to the government, in return for a monopoly secured by an Act. At this juncture, the great Whig financier, Charles Montague, then at the head of the Treasury, came to the aid of the New Company, and his skilful and strenuous exertions ended in the establishment of a new corporation, called the General Society, composed of individuals or corporations who, in return for a loan of two millions to the state, were empowered to trade separately with India to an extent of capital not exceeding the amount advanced by such member to the government. All or any of the members might renounce the privilege of separate trade, and form themselves, under a royal charter, into a society for the purpose of trading in common. The whole of the two millions was, within two days, subscribed in London, and the Bristol merchants, who had intended to take £300,000 worth of stock, were left out in the cold. In 1702, the Old Company and the new society were united, and in 1709, the capitals of the two companies were completely amalgamated, and the East India Company, in its final form, was launched on its eventful and adventurous career.

The first appearance of the English at Surat, on the river

Tapti, was in 1608, when a ship arrived with letters from James I. to the emperor Jehangir. The Mogul governor allowed the captain to land his cargo, but the Portuguese, who were then masters on that coast, at first succeeded in preventing any British trade. In 1612, however, a "factory" or trading-post was established, and our position was made secure, three years later, when the Company's fleet, under Captain Best, routed a vastly superior force of Portuguese, in four sharp conflicts, to the astonishment of the natives, who had believed them to be irresistible. A charter was then obtained from the emperor, and Surat became the chief seat of the Company's operations in western India, with agencies at Ajmere, Cambay, and Ahmedabad. Surat was, in fact, our first "Presidency" in the East Indies, and, in the forty years that preceded the accession of Aurangzeb (1658), the town grew greatly in size and wealth, with caravans passing between the port and Agra, Delhi, and Lahore. Before the close of the 17th century it had a population estimated at 200,000 persons, and is described as "the prime mart of India". During the reign of Aurangzeb, in 1664, the Mahrattas, as we have seen, under Sivaji, pillaged the town, and the place was for some time laid under yearly tribute to the freebooting power. In 1687 the East India Company reduced their settlement to the position of an agency, and their chief seat of trade on the western coast was removed to Bombay.

Passing over now to the Coromandel coast, we find English factories at Armagaon and Masulipatam, under grants from the king of Golconda, established between 1625 and 1632. In 1639 a piece of coast territory was bought from one of the native rulers, about three hundred miles to the south of Masulipatam. It measured but six miles long by one mile in breadth, but is notable as being the first territory which Englishmen possessed in India. A trading-post was erected, surrounded by a wall bearing cannon for defence, and this little stronghold was that which became famous as Fort St. George. Natives were attracted to the spot for employment in handicrafts and trade, and two little towns, within a few years, arose outside the fort, one occupied by foreign merchants looking to the English for protection, and the other inhabited by native artisans employed by the English. Such was the origin of the great city of Madras. In 1653 the place became the seat of the first of the historic Presidencies of British India, defended

against the attacks of the Sultan of Golconda, in its earliest days, by the guns of Fort St. George, and supplying a welcome place of refuge to Portuguese driven by the same potentate from their settlement at St. Thomé. In 1690 Fort St. David was built, near Cuddalore, about 100 miles south of Madras, on a piece of land purchased from the Mahrattas, and this became another centre of British influence and power. About twelve miles to the north lay Pondicherry, where French traders had settled in 1674. This place was also destined to become well known in history. The Dutch were at this time established in a fort and town at Pulicat, northward from Madras, and at Sadras, somewhat further to the south. The town of Madras grew into importance during the first half of the 18th century, enlarged by the addition of outlying villages, employing many weavers in the cotton manufacture, and carrying on a great and profitable trade with the regions beyond the Bay of Bengal, Burma and Siam, Sumatra and more distant China. The English "factory", of which Madras may be taken as a type, was composed, in its origin, of European servants of the East India Company, ranked in ascent as writers or clerks, factors, and merchants, receiving small salaries, from ten to forty pounds a year, but boarded and lodged at the Company's charge. Their incomes were enhanced by the privilege of private trade, confined to the East, and not trenching on the Company's European monopoly. The governor of the town was assisted in his duties by a council of merchants; and these men, for nearly a century from the foundation of the place, found their main duties in the superintendence of trade, revenue, and expenditure, and in the punishment of all offences committed by Europeans. A court, composed of a mayor and aldermen, under royal charter, adjusted civil disputes, with the right of appeal to the governor in council. Native offenders were judged and punished by English magistrates, who also dealt with their civil disputes; police duties concerning natives were intrusted to a Hindu official.

Under Shah Jehan, in 1640, the English were permitted to establish a "factory" at Hugli, about a hundred miles above the mouth of the Ganges. This concession was due to the skill of Dr. Boughton, a surgeon in the East India Company's service, who had cured, in a dangerous illness, a favourite daughter of the emperor. The Company's powers were at first much restricted.

Until 1669 their ships were not allowed to come up to the town, but their merchandise was transported in small vessels down to the sea-board, and there reshipped. They were, moreover, forbidden to surround their settlements with walls or any kind of fortifications. The Company's servants were also subjected to vexatious interference and extortions from native officials, so that the trade was, on several occasions, on the point of being abandoned. Branch factories were, however, set up at Patna, Dacca, and other towns; and Patna supplied England with raw silk, cotton fabrics, opium, and saltpetre, while Dacca furnished the fine muslins, described as "woven air", which long remained the admiration and envy of European makers. The Dutch had a settlement at Chinsurah, a little to the south of Hugli, and, a short distance further down, the French were established at Chandernagore, but peace was maintained between the rivals by the imperial regulation which forbade any international hostilities within the territories of the Great Mogul. The growth of trade gave such importance to the Company's operations in Bengal that their settlements were removed from the jurisdiction of Madras and placed in charge of a special governor, Mr. Job Charnock.

Serious trouble came in the days of the emperor Aurangzeb. The oppression of the native officials became intolerable, and caused in 1685 a quarrel between the English factors at Hugli and the Nawab of Bengal. The limit of endurance was reached when that insolent viceroy of a bigoted master dared to arrest and flog Mr. Charnock. War was declared, and ships were despatched from England which greatly damaged the Mogul trade of Surat, and bombarded the town of Hugli, with the destruction, however, of the Company's warehouses and goods. The settlement was then abandoned, and the Company's agents retired to Madras. The Mogul emperor, not desiring his subjects to lose the profits of their trade with the English, invited a return to Hugli. The result was the foundation of what was to become the greatest European city in the East. Charnock and his countrymen, under a treaty of peace, returned to Bengal, but not to the former centre of English trade. About twenty-six miles nearer to the sea than Hugli they rented three villages named Chutanutti, Govindpur, and Kalighat or Kalikata, with some land extending three miles along the eastern bank of the river Hugli and one mile inland.

In 1690, Calcutta became the head-quarters of the East India Company in Bengal; six years later the original Fort William was built, and in 1700 the three villages were purchased from the imperial government at Delhi. In 1707, Calcutta was made a separate, or the second, Presidency, accountable to the Court of Directors in London. Three years later its population is estimated as exceeding ten thousand, and in 1717, after further trouble with the Mohammedan officials of Bengal, the Council obtained from the court of Delhi a confirmation of all their privileges, and permission to purchase more villages and land on both banks of the Hugli, to a distance of ten miles down the river. The Company occupied, towards the Nawab of Bengal, the position of a subject *zemindar* or landlord, paying him a revenue, in 1717, of about £900 a year. The devastations of the Mahratta horsemen, referred to in preceding pages, caused the natives at Calcutta to obtain permission, in 1742, to dig a great trench, at their own charges, round the Company's boundary. Three miles of the work, out of seven marked out, were quickly executed, and then the concession of a large annual payment of *chout* or blackmail to the marauders caused the "Mahratta Ditch" to be left unfinished.

The Portuguese, in the 16th century, called the island lying south of Salsette by the name of Bombaim, a corruption of the Mahratta word Mumbai, or "Great Mother", a title of Devi, wife of the god Siva. In 1661, the little territory was ceded to Charles the Second as part of the dowry of his queen, Catharine of Braganza. There was a government house, with pleasant grounds, and a native town containing a few thousands of inhabitants, but the place was unfortified, and was thus exposed to frequent raids from coast pirates. In 1668, the king handed over his property to the East India Company for a trifling annual rent, and the new owners, conscious of the importance of the position for trade, began to erect strong works and to encourage settlement. When Dr. Fryer, a surgeon in the Company's service, landed there five years later, he found a castle or fortress whose walls displayed 120 guns, while sixty field-guns were kept in constant readiness. The place was at that time extremely unhealthy for Europeans, who suffered, along with the natives, from the attacks of a disease which has been shown to be cholera. We have seen that in 1687 the chief seat of the Company's trade on the western coast of India was established

at Bombay in place of Surat, and in 1708 the town became the centre of a third independent Presidency, governed, like Calcutta and Madras, by a Governor and Council. For many years the Company, in this quarter, held merely the position of traders. The rising power of the Mahrattas debarred them from any extension of territory or influence on the landward side, and for nearly half a century from the establishment of the Presidency nothing worthy of record occurred.

About the middle of the 18th century, the two chief European powers, Great Britain and France, embroiled at home in the War of the Austrian Succession, became engaged, on Indian ground, in a struggle having its origin both in commercial rivalry and in territorial ambition. Southern India was the scene of conflict, and the Presidency of Madras now comes, for a season, to the front. After the death of Aurangzeb in 1707, the power of the Mogul emperors at Delhi was really at an end in the whole of the south. In 1744, the Nizam, as we have seen, ruled in the Deccan, properly so called, or the country between the rivers Nerbudda and Kistnah, with Haidarabad (Hyderabad) as his capital. The Karnatik (Carnatic), or the lowland territory between the central table-land and the Bay of Bengal, was under the immediate control of the Nizam's deputy, the Nawab of Arcot. Hindu rajas ruled at Trichinopoli and Tanjore, further to the south, and another Hindu state was rising inland in Mysore. The war between England and France in Europe began in 1744. The contest between the nations in India assumed a serious form in a deliberate attempt of French ambition to obtain the virtual mastery of the Deccan. In 1745 an English squadron appeared on the Coromandel coast, and had the French settlements at its mercy; but Dupleix, the French governor of Pondicherry, obtained the intervention of the Nawab of Arcot, who forbade the English to enter upon hostilities in any part of his territory. The tame compliance of our commander with this order has a strange appearance by contrast with later stages of Indian affairs. In the following year some French men-of-war arrived, commanded by La Bourdonnais, governor of Mauritius. Troops were set ashore, and the enemy appeared before Madras, which was in no condition to resist attacks from either sea or land. The Governor and Council had no choice but surrender, on condition of restoration on payment of a moderate

ransom. The French colours flew from Fort St. George, and the contents of the Company's warehouses became prize of war

A deeper humiliation was in store for our countrymen through the action of Dupleix. He insisted that La Bourdonnais had no right to make terms of ransom for Madras; he declared that the place should be utterly destroyed, and he carried off the governor and several leading men to Pondicherry, where they were marched through the town in triumph before fifty thousand people. When the Nawab was angered by the French possession of Madras, and despatched ten thousand men, with many cannon, to retake it, the French struck terror into the native mind by routing this army with a force of 400 men and two field guns. In Dupleix, we are introduced to the ablest Frenchman who ever appeared in India—a man of boundless patience, endurance, and resources, to whom we are ourselves indebted for the discovery of the true means of subjugating the natives of India, in training them to fight the battles of Europeans against their fellow Asiatics. In 1720 this distinguished man had taken up a responsible post in the service of the French East India Company, and, after some years' work at Pondicherry, he became, in 1731, Intendant at Chandernagore, in Bengal. His office made him supreme in legal and financial affairs; and, in the course of ten years, his energy and skill had thoroughly revived a decaying settlement. In 1741, at the age of forty-three, he was President of the Council at Pondicherry, and Commandant of all the French possessions in India. His vast ambition conceived the idea of founding an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy. With this end in view, he also, as above hinted, contrived the means by which the object was to be attained, in bringing the discipline and tactics of Europe to bear victoriously upon large forces devoid of those advantages.

The one weak point in Dupleix was the lack of power to personally direct the operations of war. He was most acute in perception, most skilful in organization, but he was no soldier, and he was destined to succumb to the warlike genius and heroic courage of one of the greatest of Englishmen. One of the fugitives from Madras to Fort St. David, after the violation of the terms granted by La Bourdonnais, was a young clerk or writer, in his twenty-first year, named Robert Clive. Fierce, imperious, strong-willed even as a child of seven, this eldest son of a Shrop-

shire squire of ancient lineage was more distinguished for daring deeds of mischief than for any progress in learning at school, and the family thought themselves well rid of a scapegrace when they shipped him off to Madras, at eighteen years of age, as a beginner in the service of the East India Company. The opening of his career in the East gave no presage of coming success and renown. With miserable pay, wretchedly lodged, shy and haughty in disposition, pining for home, depressed in health and spirits by the climate, and with duties to discharge wholly unsuited to his adventurous character, the lad found one solace in the books of a good library to which the governor gave him access. The slender knowledge which Clive ever possessed was gained at this time. A new world began for him with the flight from Madras. His restless and intrepid spirit was created for other work than that of examining bales of goods and casting accounts. The pen was exchanged for the sword. The clerk became a soldier as an ensign in the Company's service. History presents us with no happier change of career. Clive soon showed higher qualities than those of the personal courage for which he was already conspicuous. Sound judgment, insight, submission to legitimate authority, displayed in military operations against the French, won for him the regard of Major Lawrence, then the most notable British officer in India. The struggle which ended in 1748 had included the defeat of a French assault on Fort St. David, and the failure of a British fleet, under Admiral Boscawen, with a land-force, in a two-months' siege of Pondicherry. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, concluded in the same year, but not known in India till 1749, restored Madras to the possession of the English, whose reputation, in the estimation of the native princes and people, stood far below that of the French as directed by Dupleix.

The contest was quickly to be renewed on a larger scale and with a widely different issue. The ability and vigour of Clive were to be displayed as those of the first Englishman by whom the British empire was increased on Indian soil. The prowess displayed by the French under Dupleix's control had won the admiration of native princes who were eager to employ, for their own ends, the skill and courage of European troops. Aiming at supremacy for the French in southern India, Dupleix was ready to meet their views, and his opportunity came in a disputed succession

caused by the death, in 1748, of the Nizam-ul-Mulk, nominally Subahdar, under the Mogul emperor, but really independent ruler of the Deccan. At the same time, the throne of the Carnatic was vacant, and the Frenchman succeeded in placing both his nominees in power at Haidarabad and at Arcot. The English authorities at Madras were intent on the expansion of the Company's trade rather than on political influence, but the instinct of self-preservation made them dread the combined power of the French and their native allies. Dupleix was, for the time, triumphant. All was exultation and festivity at Pondicherry, with salutes firing from the batteries, and *Te Deum* sounding in the churches. The new Nizam of the Deccan, Muzaffar Jung, declared the French governor to be master of India from the river Kistna to Cape Comorin, a territory about as large as France. He was placed in charge of a large force of cavalry, and loaded with native gold. In the pride of his heart, Dupleix erected a column, with four inscriptions, in diverse native languages, on the four sides, proclaiming his glory; and a town was founded, with the style, in native words, of "City of the Victory of Dupleix".

The English, on their side, had set up a rival Nawab of the Carnatic, Mohammed Ali; but the only spot of ground which he possessed in his nominal dominions was Trichinopoli, where he was closely besieged by French and native troops. The English at Madras were in consternation at the state of affairs. Major Lawrence had returned to England, and no one seemed capable of action, when the genius and valour of young Robert Clive came to the rescue. He was now twenty-five years old, with the double rank of captain and of commissary to the troops. He proposed to make a diversion in favour of Trichinopoli by an attack upon Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic. His offer was accepted, and he set forth at the head of two hundred English troops and three hundred sipahis (sepoy), native soldiers armed and trained in the European fashion. It was August 26th, 1751, when Clive began his march, and it was amidst a tropical storm, with crashing thunder, blinding electric flashes, and torrents of rain, that he arrived near the town, which was abandoned by the garrison, in utter dread, without a blow. They seem to have thought that no mere men, in numbers so small, could have dared the enterprise under such conditions. The young commander at once prepared for a siege,

CLIVE HOLDS THE TOWN AND FORT OF ARCOT
AGAINST THE FRENCH AND THEIR ALLIES.

About the year 1750 Britain and France were struggling for mastery in Southern India, and so far the Frenchmen, under Dupleix, were the more successful. The advent of Robert Clive, however, a young intrepid officer in the service of the East India Company, suddenly changed the whole aspect of affairs. Instructed to relieve the British force besieged in Trichinopoly, he conceived the bold idea of seizing Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, for that would draw off the combined French and Sepoy force of the besiegers. His daring plan was entirely successful. The small force under Clive made the last stage of its march upon Arcot through a terrific thunderstorm, and the garrison was so astonished at this indifference to danger that it fled pell-mell, leaving the town to be occupied by the British. Thereafter the whole French and Sepoy strength was brought up to dislodge Clive and his gallant little band. In vain; he held the town and fort against every attack, and in so doing laid the foundation of British prestige in India.





W.H. OVEREND

CLIVE HOLDS THE TOWN AND FORT OF ARCO^T AGAINST THE FRENCH



collecting stores of food, and constructing new works. The leaguer of fifty days which ensued has been described by Macaulay in brilliant words. Assailed by ten thousand men, including 150 French, the fort of Arcot, with ruinous walls, dry ditches, ramparts too narrow for the working of the cannon, and battlements too low for proper defence, was maintained for seven weeks, "with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe". The pressure of famine was endured with heroic patience by all; and a furious assault, made by thousands of men under the strongest impulse of Mahomedan fanaticism, on a holy day of festival, and under the influence of intoxicating liquor distilled from hemp, was repulsed with great loss. When the next day broke, the enemy had vanished, leaving guns and ammunition to the victors. The news, received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride, procured for Clive a reinforcement of nearly a thousand men, including 200 British. He at once took the field for offensive work, routed five thousand men, of whom 300 were French, received the surrender of town after town, beat the enemy again close to Madras, rased to the ground the pillar and "city" of Dupleix, and taught the natives that the French claim to supremacy in India was founded on desire and hope, and not on fact. At this time Lawrence arrived again at Madras, and took up the command, loyally served by the young hero who had restored the credit of the British arms. The victory of British influence was enhanced by the capitulation of the besiegers of Trichinopoly, including more than 800 Frenchmen, and by the establishment, for a time, of the British nominee, Mohammed Ali, as master of the Carnatic.

The invincible spirit of Dupleix still kept him at work in bribing, intriguing, promising, lavishing his private means, and so raising up new enemies on every side for the government of Madras. French influence was thus still paramount in the Deccan when the state of Clive's health, in 1752, compelled him to return to England. He was received with the utmost enthusiasm at the India House, and aroused general admiration and interest. His father, long unable to believe that the idle lad was becoming a great man, was forced to give way by the events which had followed the defence of Arcot. After Clive's departure from the scene of action, the skill of Dupleix had again provided trouble for

Mohammed Ali, whose garrison was besieged in Trichinopoli, and was only relieved in 1754 through victories won by Colonel Lawrence. The French, through the diplomatic influence of Bussy, an officer of great ability who was Dupleix's chief coadjutor, had gained from the Nizam a long strip of territory on the eastern coast, afterwards known as the Northern Circars, and including the town of Masulipatam. In Europe, the French and English were now at peace, and the representations of our government induced the French authorities to send out peremptory orders for the conclusion of an arrangement with the English in southern India. This was followed by the recall of Dupleix, who sailed for France in October, 1754. His departure carried dismay to the hearts of all his countrymen in India, for whose interests, with due regard to his own, he had sacrificed, as he himself declared, his youth, fortune, and life. This illustrious man, now justly regarded as one of the greatest of Frenchmen, died, neglected and in want, ten years later. The treatment accorded to Dupleix by the wretched government of Louis the Fifteenth contains the cause of French failure to attain substantial and permanent dominion in the East. As in Canada, so in the Deccan, they failed to support their public servants, while the English authorities, on the whole, recognized the importance of the interests at stake. The rulers of France condemned a policy which they could not understand; they gave Dupleix no pecuniary aid, and they sent him for troops the scum of the streets and the sweepings of the galleys, with foolish and ignorant boys as subalterns, and scarcely a man of real ability for high command. Their ingratitude, as well as their unwisdom, were systematic in Eastern affairs. The gallant and able La Bourdonnais, the captor of Madras, had been thrown into the Bastille on his return to France, and only released after three years' harsh imprisonment, followed by the discovery and declaration of his innocence. We shall soon see a still fouler instance of base and cruel return for faithful service rendered to France in the "good old times" which preceded, as cause precedes effect, the Revolution of 1789.

In January, 1755, the French and English were at peace in India, but the outbreak of the Seven Years' War in the following year brought the rivals again face to face in the Deccan. By this time Clive was again in the East, with the rank of lieutenant-

colonel, and as the Company's governor at Fort St. David. He was summoned to Bengal by momentous events to be hereafter noticed, and we leave him there while we pursue the fortunes of the hostile powers seated at Pondicherry and Madras. The French government had, by this time, better understood the policy and merits of Dupleix, and had resolved, in pursuance of his far-reaching plans, on an attempt to expel the English from the south of India. Nearly three thousand troops were appointed for the work, and in April, 1758, the force arrived, in the fleet, off Pondicherry. The command of the expedition had been given to one of the finest officers in the French army, a man of Irish parentage born in France, Count de Lally and Baron de Tollendal. His father, Sir Gerard O'Lally, was an Irish Jacobite, who had retired to France in 1691, after the capitulation of Limerick, and had commanded a regiment in the French service. His distinguished son won fame at Fontenoy, and was with the younger Pretender in the '45. Lally was a brilliant soldier, but wholly wanting in the suppleness, conciliation, and tact which had been among the chief aids to success in Dupleix. The new governor scoffed at native creeds and castes, and treated the French civilians at Pondicherry with a haughtiness that made him many foes. His contempt was deserved, indeed, by the ignorance, incompetence, and neglect which left him destitute, on his arrival, of important information concerning distances, routes, and hostile garrisons, of money to take the field, and of stores in the magazines. His vigour and skill, and the numbers at his command, enabled him to capture Fort St. David, Cuddalore, and Arcot. He was then joined by Bussy, and by another officer from the Northern Circars, and in December, 1758, he appeared before Madras with 2000 French infantry, 300 cavalry, and 5000 trained sepoys. The fort was defended with great bravery, and, after the heavy guns had made a breach and an assault was imminent, the siege was relinquished on the arrival of an English squadron. At the same time, an able English officer, Colonel Forde, despatched by Clive from Calcutta, expelled the French from the Northern Circars.

Lally returned to Pondicherry, and was obliged to spend much time in gathering resources for further warfare. At the close of 1759, he was in the field with his forces at Arcot. The English, reinforced in that quarter, and commanded by another officer of

Clive's choice, Colonel Eyre Coote, had lately taken the fort of Wandewash. Lally, marching for its recovery, took up a strong position near the place, and there, on January 21st, 1760, he was attacked by the man who was to become one of the most famous soldiers in the British army. Bussy had joined his countrymen with some thousands of Mahratta irregulars, but the skill and energy of Eyre Coote, backed by the courage of his English and sepoys, won a complete and decisive victory. It was, indeed, a fatal final blow to French domination in India. Arcot and other strongholds fell at once into British hands. In September, Pondicherry itself was besieged, and a brave defence by Lally ended in a surrender, compelled by starvation, in January, 1761. The town, walls, forts, and public buildings, were all demolished, and all the troops and civilians in the French Company's service were carried off, on British vessels, to France. Lally was sent a prisoner to England, but obtained permission to return to France in order to meet charges of treachery, most disgraceful to those who brought them, preferred by the Franco-Indians who had earned and felt his disdain in the Carnatic. Condemned on no evidence of any value, the gallant soldier, after three years of lingering pain, was brought out from a cell, flung into a dung-cart, and dragged to the scaffold with a gag in his mouth. This atrocious crime was committed in May, 1766. His son, twelve years later, aided by the mighty pen of Voltaire, procured a decree from Louis the Sixteenth, annulling the condemnation as unjust, and restoring the forfeited honours of the victim. This son of the hapless Lally died, a peer of France, in 1830.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDIA—BRITISH CONQUEST (1756-1798).

Suraj-ud-Daula captures Calcutta—Tragedy of the Black Hole—Clive's victory at Plassey—He relieves Patna—Mir Jafar intrigues with the Dutch—Misgovernment by the Company's officials—Patna again threatened by the Nawab of Oudh and Shah Alam—Their forces repulsed by Sir Hector Munro—His victory at Buxar—Sad condition of the people in Bengal—Second governorship of Clive—His system of dual government—Reform in civil and military salaries—Career of Warren Hastings—Regulating acts of 1773—Hastings' able administration—Affairs in Madras and Bombay Presidencies—First Mahratta War—Ahmedabad stormed—Gwalior surprised and captured—The Mysore War—Hyder Ali routed by Sir Eyre Coote—Pitt's India Act of 1784—Impeachment of Warren Hastings—Lord Cornwallis appointed Governor-general and Commander-in-chief in India—His numerous reforms—Second Mysore War—Seringapatam captured—Sir John Shore succeeds Lord Cornwallis.

The story now passes to Bengal. In 1756, the last of the great Nawabs (Nabobs) of Bengal, a virtually independent viceroy of the Mogul emperor at Delhi, was Ali Vardi Khan, and, in that year, his death gave the sovereignty to a worthless grandson, Suraj-ud-Daula (Surajah Dowlah). He was a lad of eighteen, and, hating the English from sheer caprice, he picked a quarrel and marched on Calcutta. The English officials, not accustomed to war or even to thoughts of self-defence, like their brethren at Madras, fell into a panic, and took ship for the mouth of the river. The small garrison in Fort William surrendered, and many civilians also fell into the hands of the Nabob. Then, on the night of June 20th, 1756, came the fearful tragedy of the "Black Hole", when 123 persons were smothered through incarceration, in tropical heat, within a room barely 20 feet square, used as a prison for military defaulters. The place was lately excavated, and the site is marked on a pavement near the General Post Office at Calcutta. Some weeks later, the news of the fall of Calcutta, with the horrors that followed, reached Madras, and aroused an instant cry for signal vengeance. Admiral Watson took charge of the fleet, and Clive, as of course, commanded the troops, consisting of nearly a thousand British infantry of the best quality, and fifteen hundred sepoys. The Nabob had returned to Murshedabad, where he was already regretting the decline of revenue in the loss of British trade, when he heard that, in December, the hostile

expedition had reached the Hugli. Calcutta was soon again in British hands, and on June 23rd, 1757, after the capture of the French settlement at Chandernagore, retribution was exacted from the cruel Suraj-ud-Daula by his utter defeat at Plassey.

The firm foundation of British empire in India was laid in this event, wherein, with the loss of less than a hundred men, Clive scattered an army of fifty thousand troops, and, in the end, secured for his country a territory larger and more populous than Great Britain. A new Nawab of Bengal was set up, in the person of Mir Jafar (Meer Jaffier), from whom enormous sums were obtained as the price of his elevation. The losses of the Company, and the expenses of war, were recouped, and large amounts were taken by leading officials, including Clive. A clause of the treaty made with the new ruler of Bengal gave the Company the right of setting up a mint, the visible sign in India, as elsewhere, of territorial sovereignty, but the shadowy sway of the emperor at Delhi was still, as a matter of policy, recognized by the placing of his name on the coins. The ruined city of Calcutta was rebuilt, trade revived, and protection for the town was provided in the new Fort William, begun by Clive, and finished, at enormous cost, in 1773. The site of the old fort was given for the erection of the Custom House and other official buildings. The *maidan*, or park of Calcutta, was formed, and the modern city began its course of peaceful progress and prosperity. For many years, however, along with the splendid abodes of the wealthy in the European quarter (Chauringhi or Chowringhee), the Black Town, where the native population dwelt, was a scandalous scene of dirty huts, offensive alike to decency and health. The only scavengers were vultures, kites, and crows by day, and troops of ravenous jackals at night. The Nawab now gave to the Company the rights of a *zamindar*, or landholder, over nearly a thousand square miles of territory around Calcutta. In 1759, the superior lordship was given by the emperor to Clive, who thus became the East India Company's landlord until his death in 1774, when the proprietary right reverted to the corporation.

The victor of Plassey, in 1758, was appointed, by the Court of Directors, the first governor of all the Company's settlements in Bengal. He soon had fresh work to do in the field. The province of Bengal was claimed by Shah Alam, eldest son of the Mogul

LORD CLIVE

Robert Clive, afterwards Lord Clive and Baron of Plassey, was born in Shropshire in 1725. In his nineteenth year he entered the East India Company's service at Madras as a writer, but in 1747 quitted the civil for the military service. He gave the French in India a severe blow by his defeat of the Nabob of Arcot, with whom they were in alliance, and in the battle of Plassey avenged the Black Hole atrocity, and secured British ascendency in Bengal. He retired from active service in 1767 and returned to England, and on 22nd November, 1774, in a fit of melancholy, put an end to his life.

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emperor, and he gathered an army of forty thousand men, of divers races and religions, Mahrattas, Afghans, Rohillas, and Jauts. Mir Jafar was in sore distress of mind, but Clive, advancing with a force of under three thousand to the relief of Patna, drove off the besiegers by the mere terror of his name. The Nawab, after procuring for his deliverer, in a burst of gratitude, the noble estate, worth £30,000 a year, which has been just mentioned, grew fearful of the powerful friend who had set him up, and might hereafter pull him down. He knew nothing of the actual position of the Dutch in Europe, and, trusting to their ooden fame in the East, he began to intrigue with their people at Chinsurah, on the Hugli. A powerful armament was despatched from Batavia, the centre of Dutch power in the East, to assail Calcutta, but Clive, who was at that time short of men and ships, met the foe with his usual vigour and success, routing their troops and capturing the vessels. The Dutch at Chinsurah were thoroughly humbled, and, under threat of instant expulsion from Bengal, they undertook to abide henceforth on sufferance, without any forts, and with no troops save those which were needed as police. The conqueror, in 1760, returned to England for the space of five years, becoming there an Irish peer, and well received by the elder William Pitt, then at the height of influence in the Commons, where he had spoken of Clive as "a heaven-born general".

The departure of Clive was the signal for new trouble in Bengal. The master-spirit had left behind a body of public servants exposed to the greatest temptations in the way of plunder and power, armed with irresistible force, and responsible only to a corrupt, turbulent, distracted, ill-informed Company, more than six months distant by the voyage round the Cape, and so unable to decide, and to furnish a decision, until more than a year after the event which demanded their interference. Five years of gross misgovernment was due to this position of affairs. The tyranny of Roman proconsuls and of Spanish viceroys was revived. In their eagerness to get wealth, the servants of the Company, not cruel in the vulgar meaning of the word, produced all the evils of cruelty. Mir Jafar was displaced, in 1761, for a new Nawab of Bengal, Mir Kasim, who found it needful to bestow large private gifts on the higher English officials, and to grant to the Company districts producing a nett revenue of half a million. In 1763, when Mir Kasim

quarrelled concerning the duties levied on internal trade, and sought to abolish the Company's privileges, an appeal was made to arms. The people of Bengal rose in defence of the Nawab. Two thousand sepoys of the Company were slain at Patna; and there and elsewhere, early in 1764, two hundred Englishmen were massacred. Mir Kasim fled to the Nawab of Oudh, after two defeats from the English forces under Major Adams, and then the ruler of Oudh, and the new emperor at Delhi, Shah Alam, united their forces in an attempt to recover Patna from the English. The danger to British interests was great, when the first mutiny of sepoys on record arose in the camp. A fearless man was in command, and the outbreak was quelled by Major (afterwards Sir Hector) Munro, who adopted the old Mogul punishment as his means of striking terror, and blew two dozen of the ringleaders from the mouths of cannon. The enemy were then repulsed from Patna, and the contest ended on October 23rd, 1764, when Munro, at Buxar, on the Ganges, gained one of the most famous and decisive battles of our Indian history. The total rout of the enemy gave us our first firm hold on Lower Bengal, and Mr. Spencer, the governor at Calcutta just after these events, set up a son of Mir Jafar as a puppet-Nawab, with a Mussulman noble, Mohammed Riza Khan, as his deputy, having the sole possession of power.

With this outward success and growth of territorial authority, the state of affairs was evil indeed for the thirty millions of Bengalese subject to the Company's officials. The natives were deprived of almost the whole internal trade; they were forced to sell cheap and to buy dear. The native tribunals, police, and fiscal authorities were insulted and defied, and the country swarmed with unprincipled dependants of the Company's factors—natives who exercised oppression and exacted plunder whithersoever they went. The people were reduced to the misery of those who suffer without any hope of redress in their own right arms; of men cowering helpless before irresistible power. Large fortunes were made by numbers of the Company's officials, and these men, returning to England with the fruits of oppression, made the arrogant and vulgar display of wealth which gave them, in the satirical literature of the drama and the novel, the name of "Nabobs"; men wittily described, by the brilliant essayist, as men "with a tawny com-

plexion, a bad liver, and a worse heart". Their wealth enabled them for a time, in that age of gross political corruption, to exercise an important political influence, and to threaten the country with serious danger to her constitutional system. These rich adventurers, purchasing seats in the House of Commons, either voted as "King's friends", in favour of the evergrowing regal power, or sought to introduce Asiatic ideas, and motives of the lowest kind, into the management of our Eastern affairs. The danger was overcome by legislative work at home, which brought Indian policy within the control of the Houses, and by administrative reforms at the distant seat of power

The beginning of beneficent change arose with the coming of Baron Clive of Plassey to assume his second governorship in Bengal. He landed at Calcutta in April, 1765, and set to work with his accustomed vigour, bearing down all opposition in his Council, and establishing, for the first time, a reality of British rule in India. During his brief tenure of power, he was the author of a system of rule known as "the dual, or double, government", which proved a failure in practice, but which was really forced upon Clive by the arrangements already made by the Calcutta Council. The Delhi emperor, Shah Alam, was induced to grant to the Company the *diwani* or fiscal administration of Bengal and Behar. The English authorities thus received an annual revenue of about two millions sterling, from which a tribute was paid to the emperor, and an income to the Nawab of Bengal, amounting in all to £600,000 a year. The superintendence of law, justice, and police, and the nominal military command of the province, were left to the Nawab, while the Company undertook the expense of maintaining the army out of the revenues received. The jealousy of the British Parliament was avoided in a system under which the reality of power lay with the Company, veiled by the fact that the form and titular authority were vested in a Mogul Sultan and his Nawab. The evil for the native population was that the collection of the revenue was placed in the hands of their countrymen, and the *zemindars*, or farmers of the land-tax, grossly oppressed the *ryots* or cultivators of the soil. These tillers were mainly Hindus, timid and helpless peasants, and the *zemindars*, partly landholders and partly revenue-collectors, were generally Mohammedans of Persian origin, imbued with tyranny and corruption, levying

irregular fines on divers pleas, and invested also with judicial powers under which they could imprison, torture, and even put to death heinous offenders. Under the "double government", it was soon discovered, by results affecting the Company's income, that corruption and embezzlement were rife. The zemindars stole the revenue, and bribed their superiors, the deputy-Nawabs at Murshedabad and Patna, to shut their ears to all appeals. The revenue yearly declined, and the Company's servants, intent only on returning to England with fortunes, suffered the people to be mercilessly plundered and oppressed by native officials of their appointment.

The great work effected by Clive was the reform of the civil and military services in the matter of salaries and pay. With the boldness inherent in his nature, he defied the unscrupulous and implacable hatred of the ravenous adventurers who were too numerous among the civil servants of the Company. The system which had hitherto prevailed was that of low salaries, with allowance, in compensation, of indirect gains. A member of Council was only paid £300 a year, though it was well known that such a functionary could not live, according to his station in India, on less than ten times that amount. Clive saw the absurdity and the evil effect of giving large powers to the servants of a Company that was no longer a mere trading corporation, but a ruling body, and at the same time furnishing them with inadequate pay. He accordingly devised a new and liberal scale of remuneration, secured to the civil servants by the appropriation to their support of the monopoly of salt. Henceforth a British functionary could, in faithful service, slowly but surely gain a competence, and a modest income for his latter days. He was no longer tempted to irregular practices as a means of rapidly acquiring a fortune. The receiving of presents from the natives was rigidly prohibited, and the servants of the Company were wholly debarred from private trade. All resistance was overruled by the vehement will of the Governor, and measures of like import were adopted for the army. A plan by which two hundred officers resigned their commissions on the same day, and left the troops, to a large extent, without commanders, was met by Clive with the steadiest courage. A few of his staff remained faithful to their chief, officers were fetched from Fort St. George, and commissions were given to

commercial agents. The British troops were steady, the sepoys unshaken in their old affection and allegiance to the man who had so often led their fellows to victory, and the conspirators were thus soon at the mercy of their intended victim. The ringleaders were arrested, tried, and dismissed from the service, and the main body of the officers begged to be allowed to withdraw their resignations. Many of these, especially the younger offenders, were reinstated, and the authority of the Governor was thus fully maintained. In 1767, Clive returned to England, and the history of Bengal, for five years, has nothing beyond the financial decline mentioned above, and the terrible famine, caused by failure of the crops, which brought desolation on the country in 1771, and was officially reported to have carried off one-third of the inhabitants. A new era was about to open in the appointment to the highest office of the ablest and most famous man that ever ruled in British India.

The details of the marvellous career of Warren Hastings must be sought in a composition which is, or ought to be, known to every English reader, the most brilliant of Macaulay's essays. It must be remarked, however, that the view there taken of Hastings' moral character as a ruler, displayed in some of his official conduct, as there described, requires to be greatly modified in the light thrown upon it by official records not accessible to the writer, who was led far astray by the invectives of Burke, based upon calumnious statements freely supplied by Hastings' malignant foe, Sir Philip Francis, one of his colleagues in Council at Calcutta, and the supposed author of the *Letters of Junius*. We have here, however, to deal with broad facts, and not with the discussion of disputed points. The glory of Warren Hastings has been placed beyond dispute in the account of his Indian government furnished by Captain L. J. Trotter to the excellent series entitled "Rulers of India". From that and from other sources we gather that it was he who created a British administration for the empire in Bengal of which the territorial foundations had been laid by his illustrious predecessor, Clive. The reforms initiated by that ruler became, to a large extent, inoperative when ill-health compelled his return to England; and the Company's servants were again bargaining and trading for their private interests, and taking bribes from natives, as in former days.

A strong hand was needed for the readjustment of affairs. The East India Company was at this time, from various causes, in sore financial straits. In 1767, the home government, under the Duke of Grafton, had exacted the sum of £400,000 as the price of renewing the charter for the space of two years. In 1769 a renewal for five years was effected on the same terms. The profits of trade had also declined through the neglect of their agents in allowing roguish native contractors to supply silk and cotton goods of inferior quality. Middle-men were freely making money at the expense of the Company on the one hand, and of hard-worked native weavers on the other. The impending financial ruin of Bengal caused the Court of Directors to choose Hastings as the one man of great ability, high character, and proved zeal, who might cope successfully with an entanglement of debt, mismanagement, anarchy, and wrong. He was already possessed of great experience in Indian affairs, first as a clerk in the Secretary's office at Calcutta, keeping books and warehousing goods, then among the silk-weavers and ivory-workers at Cossimbazar on the Ganges, where he rose to a seat in the factory-council. After the battle of Plassey, Hastings was assistant to the British Resident at the court of the new Nawab, Mir Jafar, and succeeded to the post of Resident within a few months. He there acquired much valuable knowledge of native character and modes of action, and by his upright conduct and skilful procedure he well earned his promotion, in 1761, to a vacant seat in the Council at Calcutta. In the following year he was engaged in delicate diplomatic work with Mir Kasim, the Nawab of Bengal, and in 1763 he returned to England, with a high character both for ability and integrity. In 1768, when financial affairs were involved at Madras, Hastings was appointed to the second seat on the Council, where he rendered great service to the Company in connection with trade. In 1772 he landed at Calcutta as second in Council, and in April of the same year he became President in Bengal. His term of power extended over thirteen years, during which he earned lasting fame as the administrative organizer of British rule in India. From 1772 to 1774 he was Governor of Bengal. He then held office as the first Governor-general, heading a Council nominated under statutes of great importance, now to be described.

The Regulating Acts of 1773 mark an epoch in the history of India, being in fact the creation of a British India as an addition to the empire. The Company, in that year, were again obliged to seek financial aid from the state, and Lord North, the Prime Minister, granted this on terms imposed by two Acts. A sum of £1,400,000 was advanced on loan at 4 per cent interest; the dividend paid to proprietors was restricted to 6 per cent; and the Company were allowed to ship to the American colonies the tea on their hands in London warehouses, free from the English duty of one shilling per pound. The history of this tea is well known to us in connection with events at Boston, Massachusetts. The Regulating Act proper, making changes in the Court of Proprietors and in the tenure of office by Directors, did its main work in establishing a new Court for all important affairs, consisting of a Chief Justice and of three judges appointed by the Crown, and in creating a new executive body. A Governor-general of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa was appointed with a salary of £25,000 a year, and he was to be assisted by four Councillors, each with a salary of £10,000; the other two Presidencies, Bombay and Madras, were subordinated to that of Bengal. The first Governor-general and Councillors were named in the Act, for a tenure of office during five years; afterwards, the right of appointment lay with the Directors, subject to the approval of the Crown. The Governor, the Council, and the Judges, were prohibited from any share in commercial dealings.

The chief difficulty of Hastings, in the earlier part of his career as Governor-general, lay in the virulent opposition of Philip Francis and other members of the Council, which made him powerless except where two of his four colleagues gave him their support, and he could carry his policy by his own casting-vote. In pursuance of instructions received from the Directors, the Company's servants, instead of native officials, were now entrusted with the whole care and management of the revenues. The land-revenue was rearranged on such a basis that the rents of the *ryots* could no longer be raised at pleasure by the *zemindars*, nor could the tillers of the soil be any longer oppressed by irregular fines and forced payments. The magisterial and judicial powers hitherto held by natives were, to a large extent, superseded by the creation, in every district, of a civil and a criminal court, headed by the

Company's English collector of revenue. Calcutta became the capital of Bengal, and two Courts of Appeal for civil and criminal cases were established, under the immediate control of the Governor and Council, with native assessors to aid the judges in respect to Hindu and Mohammedan law. The monopolies in the traffic of various articles which were held by friends or relations of East India Directors were suppressed with a firm but gentle hand. A code of native laws was drawn up for the guidance of the new courts. The dacoits or banditti of Bengal were sternly repressed. Every convicted man was henceforth to be hanged in his own village, with a heavy fine laid on the villagers, and the enslaving of all his family "for the benefit of the people". Chief officers of police were appointed in every district, with charge to track out and capture robbers, and with the right of obtaining help in these duties from landholders and officers of revenue. The trade of the country was improved by the removal of many local imposts, and by the adoption of a low uniform customs-duty. The manufacture of salt and of opium was placed under government control, and became the source of a steady growth in revenue.

All these sure foundations of civilized rule over the provinces won by the sword and the diplomacy of Clive were planned and laid by this great administrator and statesman during the first three years of his official career in the highest post. It is in his dealings with native powers that Warren Hastings is laid open to the charges of unscrupulous assailants which led, on his return, to the last impeachment, save one, in our history. He was obliged, in his difficult position, to carry matters with a high hand, both in the pecuniary interests of the now needy corporation which he served, and in defence of the rising British empire in India. The province of Bengal must, at all hazards, be made to pay. With this view, the enormous amount annually paid to the Nawab, already reduced by Clive, was cut down by one-half, and £160,000 a year was thus saved. The provinces of Allahabad and Kora, bestowed by Clive on the emperor Shah Alam, were taken from him and sold by Hastings to the Nawab of Oudh for the sum of half a million. At the same time, the tribute of £300,000, payable to Shah Alam for the grant of Bengal to the Company, was withheld. The justification for these proceedings lay in the fact that the representative of the now shadowy Mogul empire was actually in the

hands of the Mahrattas, and that to leave territory in his nominal charge, or to pay tribute to his account, was simply to enrich the determined foes of British influence and power. The finances of the Company were also recruited by the exaction of large sums of money from Chait Singh, the Raja of Benares, who had broken his treaty-obligations to furnish troops for our service as a vassal of the Company, and from the Begam, or Queen-mother, of Oudh. This lady had aided Chait Singh in revolt against the British, and the seizure of her treasure deprived her of the means of doing further mischief with money which she had herself wrongfully taken from her son, the Nawab of Oudh. A million sterling was thus obtained for the Company. Hastings dealt thus hardly with native rulers who fairly exposed themselves to retribution at his hands either by perfidious conduct or by open hostility to British rule.

The position of Warren Hastings as Governor-general brought him into close connection with affairs in southern and in western India, and he there displayed, with conspicuous effect, the powers of a great ruler who was calm and cautious in deliberating, but who struck swiftly and struck hard when action was adopted, and pursued his course with invincible courage and persistence. Turning first to Bombay, we find our countrymen engaged in victorious conflict with piratical Mahrattas who had founded a dominion on the Malabar coast, between Bombay and Goa. For nearly fifty years their aggressions had continued, until they possessed a seaboard a hundred and twenty miles in length, with a fort at every inlet. Their swift armed vessels, amply manned, some propelled by sails, and some by numerous oarsmen, were the terror of all merchants who did not pay *chout* or tribute for a pass, and the Company had to spend fifty thousand pounds yearly for convoy to their ships. In 1756, one expedition from Bombay captured a stronghold of Angria, the piratical leader; and another despatched from England, under the joint-command of Admiral Watson and Clive, bombarded and stormed his capital at Gheria, taking a large booty, destroying the works and shipping, and making an end of the power of the freebooters. A small territory on the mainland, south of Bombay, was annexed to the Presidency.

The English authorities at Bombay were next to be embroiled with the Peshwa at Poona, the virtual head of the Mahratta power. The Mahrattas, after their crushing defeat at Paniput, in 1761, had

sunk for a time, but their power had revived, in the north, ten years later, under Holkar of Indore, and the very able Sindhia, of Gwalior, a worthy antagonist even of Hastings in diplomatic skill. These rulers were the men who had obtained control, as we have seen, of the titular emperor, Shah Alam. In 1774, the Bombay government espoused the cause of an usurping Peshwa, named Raghunath Rao, or Raghuba, against the rightful heir, who was posthumous son of the late ruler. The famous Nana Farnavis, chief minister and guardian of the infant, maintained the claim of his ward. The Treaty of Surat, which ceded to the English the island of Salsette and the flourishing port of Bassein, north of Bombay, was set aside by the dominant faction in the Calcutta Council, against the desire of Hastings. In 1776, the Bombay government concluded the Treaty of Purandhar, giving up Salsette, which had been already occupied, and withdrawing their support of Raghuba's claim. The Court of Directors wholly disapproved this last arrangement, and Salsette remained in British hands. In 1778, Nana Farnavis, on promise of French aid from an adventurer who claimed to be an envoy of Louis the Sixteenth, assumed a hostile attitude, and a force was despatched from Bombay, in November, towards Poona. Its operations were to be aided by an army from Bengal, under the able Colonel Goddard.

The commencement of this first Mahratta War was not very creditable to British arms. In January, 1779, Goddard, after a long and unimpeded march, arrived on the scene of action only to find that the troops from Bombay, handled with no energy or skill, had been forced to retreat before the Mahrattas, and driven to conclude the Convention of Wargaon (Wargaum), surrendering all advantages won in western India since 1765. Hastings and the Bombay government set this aside, and, after vain negotiations with Nana Farnavis, Goddard again took the field in January, 1780. His vigorous conduct changed the face of affairs. Ahmedabad, the capital and stronghold of the Mahrattas of Gujarat, was taken by storm. The combined forces of Holkar and Sindhia were twice beaten in the field, and Bassein, long coveted by the Company, was forced to surrender. During these operations, another army from Bengal, sent across the Jumna by Hastings under the gallant Captain Popham, performed a brilliant feat in taking the rock-fortress of Gwalior, held to be the key of northern India. This

stronghold stood on an isolated sandstone hill, of perpendicular face, a mile and a half long, 300 yards broad at the widest part, and rising, at its highest, to 342 feet above the plain below. In August, 1780, two companies of Sepoys, with twenty English soldiers under Captain Bruce, brother of the famous traveller in Abyssinia, arrived unobserved at the foot of the rock, on a dark night. The men were shod with cotton, and no footfall was heard, as they brought up the scaling-ladders secretly prepared. Guided by some natives to a favourable spot, they lay still while the rounds were passing on the walls above. When the light of torches and the sound of voices had passed away, they mounted in silence, surprised, gagged, and bound the sentry, and won, without the loss of a man, the post which Sir Eyre Coote, a new member, at this time, of Hastings' Council, had justly deemed impregnable to open force. These military successes, largely due to the Governor-general's self-reliance, energy, and happy choice of men to command, were crowned by the defeat, in March, 1781, of Sindhia himself, when he was pursuing, with over-confident haste, a British force under Colonel Camac. As Goddard approached Poona, he found his way barred by a vast host of Mahratta horse and foot, while his rear was harassed by other foes, but the credit of his arms was saved by the commander's skill and the courage of the troops in a retreat to safety beyond the Ghats, conducted in the face of sixty thousand eager pursuers. The respect of the powerful Sindhia had been fully won, and his intervention with the Poona government brought peace on the terms proposed by Hastings. In May, 1782, the contest with the Mahrattas of the north and west was concluded by the Treaty of Salbai. In this instrument, Hastings appears to surrender much, but more was gained than the mere possession of territory implies. Bassein and Gujerat were restored to the Mahrattas, and Raghuba's claim to be Peshwa was finally set aside. Salsette was ceded to the British, with some other islands near Bombay, but the real advantage lay in the Mahratta recognition of a sole right of trade for the British among European powers, and the conclusion of an alliance which assured freedom of trade between the English and Mahrattas, with an undertaking that neither party should aid the other's enemies.

In southern India, Hastings was called upon to deal with an even more formidable foe than the confederate Mahrattas. Many

years before this time, a Mohammedan soldier of fortune had risen to power in the central part of the region lying west of the Carnatic. Of low extraction and of little knowledge derived from books, Haidar (Hyder) Ali was a man born to conquest and command, dauntless in courage, strong in will, unsurpassed in all the arts of intrigue, without a rival among the natives of his time in the qualities which belong to the statesman and the captain of hosts. From a leader of banditti, he became a general under the Hindu Raja of Mysore, supplanted his young master, and, subduing petty states to the north and west, created in the end a new Mohammedan empire, great, vigorous, and compact, out of the fragments of old principalities which had gone to pieces in the general wreck. As a ruler, he displayed great ability, watchfulness, and severity. Licentious in life, and an oppressor of his subjects, he protected them from all other wrong-doers, long maintained himself against all assailants, and, on occasion, plundered the territories of his neighbours, the Nizam of the Deccan, the Nawab of the Carnatic, and the Mahrattas of Poona. In 1769, Hyder Ali invaded the territory of Madras with some thousands of picked horsemen, and compelled the English authorities to conclude with him an offensive and defensive alliance. In 1770, when he applied to them for aid against a Mahratta invasion in great force, the Madras Council, afraid to provoke the Peishwa, remained passive, and made an implacable foe of the ruler of Mysore by what he considered a cowardly breach of faith.

It was after these events that Hyder reached the summit of his power. The defection of the English had caused him the loss of much territory and a large payment of money, but nothing could subdue his energy and spirit, and in 1778 he had become possessed of a great army, which included men of every class. French and English deserters from their own or from native armies; bodies of native infantry or cavalry, trained by European officers and discharged from the service of native princes; rascals of every kind to be found in those regions, were all welded by this consummate master of men into a body far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other army (save the British) then to be found in India. If Hastings had been governor at Madras, such a man as Hyder Ali would have either been made a friend, or met as a foe only with ample means of enforcing submission. The Eng-

lish authorities in the south were jealous, without any just cause, of a feeble revival of French influence at Pondicherry, which had been restored by the peace of 1763. The two nations were at war in Europe, and the Madras Council, after capturing Pondicherry in 1778, purposed to attack Mahé, on the Malabar coast, a French settlement in the dominions of Hyder, who found the place useful as a port for obtaining European recruits and stores. He threatened, in return, to invade the Carnatic, but the English, partly by sea round Ceylon, and partly by land through Mysore, effected their purpose and took Mahé. In July, 1780, the exasperated Hyder Ali wreaked his revenge. An army of nearly a hundred thousand men came pouring through the wild passes which, worn by mountain-torrents, and dark with jungles, lead down from the table-land of Mysore to the plains of the Carnatic. A hundred cannon were with the host, and its movements were aided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe. No effective resistance could be made to so mighty a force. The sepoys in many British garrisons flung down their arms, in treachery or despair, and fort after fort was lost. The English at Madras soon saw by night, from the top of St. Thomas's Mount, the western sky reddened by a vast semicircle of blazing villages. The devastation and slaughter were remembered in the country for fifty years.

The danger drew ever nearer to Madras, and at last the white villas outside the town, the homes of English merchants and officials, were left empty as the fierce horsemen of Mysore came prowling among the trees that surrounded the gay verandahs. The town itself was thought insecure, and the people hastened in crowds below the guns of Fort St. George. The British commanders in the field were Sir Hector Munro, the victor of Buxar, and Colonel Baillie. They neglected to combine their movements, and were thus exposed to destruction in detail. In September, Baillie, heading a force of about 2500 men, was attacked on all sides near Conjeveram, and, after a desperate struggle, 300 surviving officers and men, most of whom had received wounds, were forced to surrender, being saved from massacre only by the determined efforts of the French officers. Munro, the next day, was forced to abandon his baggage, to fling his guns into the tanks, and hurry away to Fort St. George. British sway in southern India seemed to be at the

verge of ruin, with the glory of our arms departed, and no aid to be expected from Europe, where England was beset with foes on every side, and in no condition to protect remote dependencies. Hostile fleets were sailing in the Channel, the American colonies were in full and successful revolt, and our own shores were threatened with invasion. It was then that the greatness of the Governor-general in Bengal displayed itself with the finest effect. Macaulay does full justice to the "fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings", which then achieved their most signal triumph. A swift ship, flying before the south-west monsoon, brought the evil tidings in few days to Calcutta. In twenty-four hours he had framed a complete plan of policy adapted to the altered state of affairs. The result was that troops and money were promptly despatched to the seat of war, the Company's remittances were withheld for that season, and a loan was raised in Calcutta. In October, a small, well - equipped force of European troops and sepoys sailed for Madras, followed by the veteran Sir Eyre Coote, the victor of Wandewash, in chief command. In January, 1781, Coote took the field, and the terror of his name at once raised the siege of Wandewash. After other successes and one repulse, in a campaign where the skill of Hyder was well seconded by the energy of his son Tippu (Tippoo), Coote brought the enemy to decisive action on July 1st, on the sandhills near Porto Novo. On this great day for the British arms, Coote, with a force of 8000 men, displayed all his olden courage and skill, and routed ten times his own numbers, under Hyder Ali, with a loss to himself of 300 men, while the enemy left thousands on the field of battle. In August, a less important victory was won at Pollilore; in September, Hyder was surprised and again well beaten by Coote. In 1782, a British column, under Braithwaite, was destroyed in Tanjore by Tippoo, after twenty-six hours of battle, while Coote succeeded in relieving Vellore and Wandewash, and in again defeating Hyder at Arnee. In October, the gallant old soldier was forced by ill-health to retire to Calcutta.

It was a great relief to the British rulers at Madras when, in December, the aged Hyder died in camp, weary, as he declared, of "waging war with a nation whom the defeat of many Baillies and Braithwaites would never destroy". He charged his son and successor, Tippoo, to make prompt peace with the English, on any

terms. This injunction was not at once obeyed. The loss of help from the Nizam and the Mahrattas, due to the skilful diplomacy of Hastings, was compensated, for the new ruler of Mysore, by the death of Sir Eyre Coote in April, 1783, just after landing at Madras to resume the command. More fighting occurred by land and by sea. The skilled French commander, Bussy, on shore, was aiding the enemy with an European force, and the gallant and able Suffren, who has been called, with vast exaggeration, "the Nelson of France", but was assuredly one of her greatest naval heroes, gave endless trouble to the British admiral, Sir Edward Hughes. The Peace of Versailles, concluded in this year, deprived Tippoo of his last allies, and in March, 1784, after a British force had been near to the walls of his capital, Seringapatam, the Treaty of Mangalore brought the war to an end. Each party held its former possessions, and more than a thousand Englishmen, with as many sepoys, were delivered from misery in the dungeons of Mysore. The Indian life of Hastings was drawing to a close, amid many troubles caused by enemies at Calcutta and in London. In 1781, he had created a new Revenue Board which rendered great service in lessening the costs of collection, and in preparing the way for the permanent settlement of the land-question under his successor, Cornwallis.

Events in India had caused hot debates in Parliament, where it was felt that a more direct authority should be exercised by the home-government over the Eastern affairs conducted by the nominees of the Company. The lengthy discussions ended in the important legislation known as Pitt's India Act, which remained in force during the whole existence of the Company as a political power. By this measure the Directors and Proprietors retained their authority over business and patronage, but the supreme power in civil and military affairs was vested henceforth in a Board of Control. This body was composed of six members of the Privy Council, nominated by the Crown, and always including the Chancellor of the Exchequer and one of the Secretaries of State. The real power lay with the President of the Board, who was virtually a new Secretary of State, and was directly responsible to Parliament and the Crown. No alliances were to be formed with any native power without the consent of Parliament, and no servant of the Company was to engage in any pecuniary transactions with any native prince, except under the express sanction of the Governor-

general. In February, 1785, Hastings, who had some time before resigned his post, took his departure from India, and returned home to encounter, and, after a trial lingering through seven years, to triumph over the impeachment conducted by the great orators Burke, Sheridan, and Fox. He was ruined in purse by the cost of his defence, but the Directors and Proprietors of the body whose interests he had so brilliantly and zealously served awarded him a pension of £4000 a year. Their bounty enabled him to live in dignified ease at Daylesford, in Worcestershire, the seat of his ancestors, repurchased by the man who, as a lad sprung from a decayed family, had lived near its walls, meanly clad and scantily fed, and playing with the children of ploughmen. His fame was secure in the history of British India. Without any special training for his work; despatched from school to a counting-house; employed, in the prime of his manhood, as a commercial agent; hampered by hostile colleagues; trammelled by orders from home; often censured by distrustful and captious employers; he had displayed the utmost versatility of genius, the utmost patience and energy, the most dauntless self-reliance, in creating a new polity, building up an administrative system, and raising the Company into a commanding position among the chief political powers of India. The valour of British troops, and of sepoys trained and led by British officers, in campaigns devised by Hastings and directed by generals of his choice, had done their work on the native mind, and had convinced the Mahrattas, and other powerful foes, that it was almost hopeless to look for final victory in a contest with the comers from the distant land beyond the seas.

For nearly two years, affairs in British India were under the direction of Sir John Macpherson, second member of Council at Calcutta, to whom Hastings had handed over the keys of the Treasury and Fort William. In September, 1786, a new Governor-general landed at Calcutta, in the person of Lord Cornwallis. This nobleman, a man of high moral character and of no mean intellectual capacity, is already known to us by his surrender at Yorktown, Virginia, in a hopeless position which was not due to his own demerits. He was now also invested with the powers of commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, an office not destined to prove a sinecure. It may be well to note that our Indian possessions at this time comprised Bengal and Behar in

Hindustan, or northern India; a small area round Bombay, in the west; and a larger territory around Madras, in the south-east. The Nawab-Vizier of Oudh, and the Nawab of the Carnatic, stood to us in the relation of "protected" princes. Outside the sphere of British influence, there were three great native powers, Nizam Ali of the Deccan, ruling from Hyderabad; Tippu (Tippoo), Sultan of Mysore; and the Mahrattas. Nana Farnavis was the head of affairs at Poona, and the chief Mahratta princes, nominally feudatories of the Peshwa, but practically independent, were the Gaekwar of Baroda, Sindhia and Holkar in Malwa, between the Nerbudda and Chumbul rivers, and the Raja of Berar. The most powerful of these was the restless, cunning, and ambitious Sindhia, anxious to be supreme in authority both at Delhi and at Poona, but imbued with a wholesome respect for British power. He was founding a new Mahratta realm in the north, between the Ganges and the Jumna, and was spreading his influence to the west, aided by an army of sepoys, disciplined and trained by an able French officer, De Boigne.

Such were the elements of Indian foreign affairs that confronted Cornwallis on his assumption of power. Dealing first with the civil side of his administration, we may observe that his rank as an English noble enabled him to reform abuses which had baffled even Hastings. The Court of Directors was induced to pay larger salaries in lieu of forcing the government on the spot to connive at irregular gains. The morality of English society at Calcutta was improved by the example and influence of the new ruler, and the arrival of a growing number of English ladies produced a good effect, at least in the way of outward respectability of conduct. The superstructure of the system of civil government, the foundations of which were due to Warren Hastings, was now raised by Lord Cornwallis. The administration of justice was reformed in a separation of the functions of the district-collectors of revenue from those of the judicial office. A special class of English magistrates and judges was formed, to deal with civil and criminal cases in towns and districts, and four new courts of appeal were set up at Calcutta, Decca, Murshedabad, and Patna, to dispose of all civil cases, and to go on circuit, twice a year, for a jail-delivery in criminal cases under committal by local magistrates. There was a final appeal from the four courts to the Supreme Court of Criminal

Judicature, the famous Sadr Adalat, or Sudder Court, which was now established at Calcutta.

The name of this Governor-general is most commonly known in connection with the Permanent Settlement of the land-revenue of Bengal. Hastings had introduced a five-years' settlement, based on previous experience of quinquennial averages, as supplying a standard rate of tax to be exacted by the *zemindars*, or government revenue-farmers, from the *ryots*, or cultivators. These revenue-collectors had become a kind of proprietors in the estates intrusted to them, and, acting on instructions which he took with him from London, Cornwallis made their rights perpetual, and transferred the land of Bengal to them as owners resembling English landlords, on condition of their paying a fixed land-tax to the government. The details of the measure were worked out by an able civil servant, Mr. Shore, afterwards Sir John Shore, best known as Lord Teignmouth. The mistake committed, one not due to the Governor-general, but to his masters in England, was the fixing of a limit to the receipts of government, in its chief source of revenue, without providing for the future needs of the country, as the expense of military establishments increased, and the development of a new civilization demanded larger outlay. There was no measurement made of the fields, or calculation of the amount of return for tillage, as had been the case under Akbar, nor was any full inquiry instituted into the nature of the different tenures, and the rights of landlords and tenants as represented by *zemindars* and *ryots*. This last defect had, as its consequence, that the under-tenants and the cultivators had no rights legally defined, such as could be enforced in courts of law. The measure was declared permanent, after a nominal decennial settlement, in 1793, the assessment of tax amounting to about three millions sterling for Bengal.

Sultan Tippu of Mysore, unlike his father Hyder Ali, was a bigoted and persecuting Mohammedan, forcing Hindus and Brahmans into his own religion by cruel outrage, and committing dreadful ravages in the Malabar country. His proceedings in other ways quickly aroused British resentment. He assumed the independent and sovereign title of Sultan of Mysore, without any further pretence of recognizing the Mogul Padishah at Delhi as his suzerain. He intrigued with the French at Pondicherry, and

attacked the Hindu Raja of Travancore, a prince under British protection. He was supported in this latter action, contrary to the express instructions of Lord Cornwallis, by the grossly corrupt governor of Madras, a Company's servant named Holland. The Governor-general at once resolved on war when Tippu, repulsed by the Hindu army of Travancore, ordered a train of great siege-guns to be sent from Seringapatam, and gathered all his forces to crush the Rajah. Holland had wholly disregarded Cornwallis' orders to prepare for a campaign, and the wrath of his superior drove him to take ship for England. The Act of 1784 had, as we have seen, forbidden alliances with native princes, but Cornwallis, like a wise man in charge of great British interests, set aside the letter of the law, and engaged the help of the Nizam Ali and the Mahrattas, with a provision that the treaties for that end were to operate only during the contest. These allies, however, gave little help. Nana Farnavis, the virtual Peshwa, intrigued with Tippu for his own ends, after promising to send ten thousand horsemen to join the English, and the Nizam, with an equal force, only appeared when the work was half done. Sindhia remained neutral, watching events. In 1790, General Medows, the new governor of Madras, effected nothing of moment against the enemy, and Cornwallis then took the field in person. Tippu, after ravaging the Carnatic, had marched southwards in search of aid from Pondicherry. In 1791, the Governor-general captured the fortress of Bangalore, and then advanced towards Tippu's capital, Seringapatam, only to be forced back by want of stores and carriage.

A serious effort was needed, and it was made. In 1792, Cornwallis renewed the campaign with a pomp and an amplitude of means such as India had not seen since the days of Aurangzeb. Thousands of Brinjarries, already described as the hereditary carriers-caste of India, were employed, and three great columns moved forward in parallel lines of infantry, field-guns, siege-cannon, and baggage, followed by a hundred waggons conveying liquors, and sixty thousand bullocks laden with food. The heart of Tippu, who had returned in haste to meet his foe, sank within him at such a display of force. His capital was guarded by a triple line of earth-works, mounting three hundred pieces of artillery, and covered by an interlaced hedge of thorny shrubs. The British and Sepoys, fighting side by side with equal valour, carried these outer works

at the bayonet's point, and the heavy guns of Cornwallis began to thunder against the walls of Seringapatam. The Sultan of Mysore was quickly brought to submission. His losses of men were already great, and his forced levies were deserting on every side. The terms of Cornwallis were such as to prove a severe lesson to the son of Hyder Ali, and to make him hate henceforth the name of his conquerors. Half of Mysore was ceded for division among the English, the Nizam, and the Peshwa. Three millions were paid towards the expenses of the war, and two of Tippu's sons were given up as hostages for the execution of the treaty. It was afterwards discovered, as an instructive lesson on British trust in native princes, that both the Mahrattas and the Nizam were treacherously corresponding with the Sultan, and were happily foiled by the surrender of his sons into British hands.

In 1793 Cornwallis returned to England, and was succeeded by the honest, high-minded, and capable Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth), who directed affairs with great industry and zeal for the public interests during a somewhat uneventful period. The Company's and home-government's policy of non-intervention, or political isolation, in India was strictly pursued, and the native princes were left to plot and to act against each other with their usual blind selfishness and want of faith. The death of Sindhia, in 1794, removed their ablest man from the path of our Indian politicians. The war which had arisen in Europe between Great Britain and the French Republic caused our third occupation of Pondicherry, which was now held until the Peace of Amiens in 1802. From 1793 to 1798 no events worthy of record took place in connection with the Presidency of Bombay. War arose between the Mahrattas and Nizam Ali, and the latter, in 1795, after a decisive defeat, was obliged to yield nearly half his territory. Then the suicide of the young Peshwa brought serious trouble on Nana Farnavis at Poona, where anarchy ensued, and the place was plundered by the Mahrattas under a new Sindhia, son of the former ruler of that name. The policy of non-intervention was breaking down, and the prospective troubles to arise from the final dissolution of the old Mahratta confederacy demanded the presence of a statesman of strong mind, firm character, and wide experience. The Directors found such a man in Lord Mornington, and at this point, just prior to the opening of the nineteenth century, we leave for a time the record of events

THE SONS OF SULTAN TIPPU ARE RECEIVED BY
LORD CORNWALLIS AS HOSTAGES.

Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore, had been severely bombarded by the British, and was just within their grasp, when the Sultan, fearful of being put to death because of his inhuman treatment of British prisoners, offered terms of surrender. The commander-in-chief of the British army, Lord Cornwallis, was greatly inclined to disbelieve the sincerity of Tippu's offer, and he therefore demanded, as a pledge of good faith, that the two young sons of the Sultan should be sent as hostages to the British camp. This was done; and his lordship received the two lads and their escort in his tent, surrounded by his staff, and with every sign of honour and kindness. Then the treaty was signed, in which the tyrant of Mysore agreed to cede half his territory to the conquerors, thereby losing his power of evil-doing, for the time at least.



W H MARGETSON

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THE SONS OF SULTAN TIPPU
ARE RECEIVED BY LORD CORNWALLIS AS HOSTAGES

on the great Asiatic peninsula which British statesmanship and arms were, in the end, to reduce under absolute sway.

CHAPTER XV.

CEYLON, PENANG, ETC.

Origin of the name Ceylon—Early civilization and religion of the island—Troubles caused by the Malabars or Tamils—Reign of Prakrama Bahu—Settlements of the Portuguese—Arrival of the Dutch—Their cruel policy—Their forts ceded to Britain at the Peace of Amiens—Penang and Wellesley Province.

The island of *Ceylon*, called *Lunka* in the Sanskrit, is made the subject of the epic poem, the *Ramayana*, as regards its conquest by the mythical being Rama. The natives call their beauteous abode *Singhala*; the author of the *Arabian Nights* makes it *Serendib*, and to the Greeks, as in John Milton's sounding verse, it was *Taprobane*. The present name is formed from Marco Polo's *Sailan*, a corruption of *Sihalam*, the Pali form of *Sinhala*, which signifies "the place of lions". The native chronicles, lately deciphered by the skill of Mr. Turnour, an officer in the Ceylon Civil Service, give the dynastic history from 543 B.C. to the middle of the 18th century. According to this record, a realm was founded at the prior date by an Aryan invasion from the valley of the Ganges. It is said that Buddhism had been established by the preaching of Gautama himself, and his *Sri-pada*, or holy footstep, is still pointed out on the summit of Adam's Peak. It was not really until nearly the close of the 4th century B.C. that Buddhism became, as it remains, the national faith, with sacred books the same as those of Burma and Siam, in the Pali tongue, the language of the Buddhist religious, philosophical, and historical literature, and one allied to Sanskrit as Italian is to Latin. The institution of caste has existed from very early times. An intermingling of Brahmanism brought the worship of some Hindu deities into the Buddhist temples. The piety of early kings gave rich endowments to monasteries, and the priests, at the present day, are computed to possess one-third of the land under tillage, which is, as sacred property, not liable to taxation. The early civilization is shown in the stupendous remains of ruined cities buried for ages in the depths of tropical forests; in the bell-shaped tapering *dagobas*, or relic-shrines; in the temples, and

in the ruined tanks or reservoirs, which were formerly splendid works for irrigation. Long prior to the Christian era there were carriage-roads, organized village-communities, and a system of canals. Much trouble was caused by Malabars or Tamils, invited over from the mainland of India to serve as mercenaries for island-defence, and their coming was the commencement of centuries of inroads, resembling those of the Danes in our history, and of anarchy and civil strife, until order was restored in the 11th century A.D. by one of a new and vigorous race of native monarchs. The most famous of these later rulers was Prakrama Bahu, who began to reign about the middle of the 12th century. He was devoted to religion and to agriculture, for the benefit of which he constructed many of the most notable temples, and a great number of tanks which were called "the seas of Prakrama". After his time the Malabars landed in great force and effected a conquest of the whole island. In the earlier centuries of the Christian era the coast was visited at times by traders from Persia, Egypt, and Arabia.

As we approach modern times, we find Marco Polo, the Venetian, landing there near the end of the 13th century, on his return from China. The Portuguese were the first Europeans who settled in Ceylon. Seven years after Vasco da Gama's arrival at Calicut in 1498, Lorenzo da Almeyda, son of the Portuguese viceroy, was dispatched from Goa to prey upon Arab ships conveying spices from Malacca and Sumatra. On landing at Galle he had a kindly reception from the natives, then living under the rule, in different parts, of seven petty monarchies. It was the fragrant and valuable cinnamon of the fertile island that first led the Portuguese to make settlements on the south and west. After the occupation of Malacca by Albuquerque, in 1511, Ceylon also became of value to them from its position as a place of call between their Indian possessions and the territory beyond the Bay of Bengal. In 1517, a native king allowed them to build a "factory", or trading-post, near Colombo, and the new-comers, by the erection of armed works, were enabled to hold their position against the attacks of those who began to dread conquest as the sequel of commercial settlements. Other points were then occupied, and the low country near the coast, and in the north, passed by degrees into the possession of the Portuguese, but their power did not penetrate into the difficult hill-country, and they soon had European rivals in the field.

The harsh treatment of the Portuguese had created bitter enmity amongst the Singhalese, and the natives, in 1602, welcomed the coming of the first Dutch ship ever seen in Ceylon. In that year, Admiral Spilberg, landing at Batticaloa on the east coast, formed an alliance with the king of Kandy, and the Dutch for many years shared with the Portuguese in their commercial gains. As the Hollanders in Europe grew in power, and the Portuguese declined, the time came for a struggle in Eastern seas, and in 1638 the Dutch made a vigorous attack on their rivals' strongholds on the east coast. Within a year these were captured, and this success was followed by the taking of Negombo, on the west coast, in 1644, and, twelve years later, by the seizure of the Portuguese capital, Colombo. With this event, after the lapse of about a century and a half, ended Portugal's connection with Ceylon as a portion of her commercial empire. The Dutch also received, by cession from the natives, a large territory of valuable land, but the Singhalese were soon treated with the cruelty that characterized the colonial policy of Holland. The warfare which ensued could only end in one way, and the natives were driven back to the mountains inland, where they could live unmolested by foreign tyranny. The Dutch, during their occupation of nearly a century and a half, rendered much service to themselves and to future occupants by making canals and roads in the regions which they held, and in their hands the commerce of the island was largely developed in the exportation of cinnamon, pearls, cocoa-nut oil, and many other articles known in its most modern trade. The great European war of the French Revolution was fatal to the dominion of Holland in Ceylon. In 1795, an expedition was sent from Madras, and Trincomali, Colombo, and other important positions on the coast were quickly in British hands. The Dutch governor signed a convention which surrendered all forts to Great Britain, and our possession of this noble island was confirmed, in 1802, by the Peace of Amiens. It had just been created a separate colony, after annexation for some years to the Presidency of Madras. The towns at that time were little more than villages, and Kandy, the native capital, consisted of huts gathered round the royal residence, while the greater part of the country was covered with forest.

The only permanent British possessions, beyond the Bay of Bengal, acquired prior to the 19th century, were *Penang* or *Prince*

of *Wales Island*, and the strip of coast on the Malay peninsula which is now known as *Wellesley Province*, from the distinguished man who was ruling British India at the date of its earliest occupation by our people. As in India, so in the Malay regions, the British were preceded by the Portuguese. Francis Drake and Thomas Cavendish, in their voyages round the world, touched at the south coast of Java in 1580 and in 1588, and James Lancaster, the first English trader seen in those waters, was at Penang in 1592, eighty years after the Portuguese had made settlements in Malacca. The East India Company, in the days of their weakness, under the Stuart kings who were too much busied with tyranny at home to pay due heed to our interests abroad, formed "factories" at Bencoolen in Sumatra and at Bantam in Java. We have seen that Dutch aggression drove back the Company to the western side of the Bay of Bengal, and nearly two centuries passed away before the power which became dominant in India sought territorial extension beyond that sea. In 1785, Penang was ceded by a native potentate, the rajah of Kedah, for an annual payment of ten thousand dollars during the time of occupation, a revenue still enjoyed by his representative. The British trade was much harassed by the Malay pirates whose harbours for their swift-sailing *proas* or *prahus* were on the shores of the mainland opposite Penang, and in 1798 they were ousted from the scene by our purchase, from the same rajah, of the coast land which furnished shelter to the marauders.

At this point we leave the history of British colonial possessions, in all parts of the world, prior to the opening of the 19th century which witnessed so vast an expansion of empire.

BOOK III.

CIVIL AND MILITARY HISTORY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT WAR WITH FRANCE (1803-1815).

Renewal of the war with Buonaparte—His preparations for the invasion of Britain—The maritime power of France destroyed at Trafalgar—Buonaparte's successes on the Continent—His decrees against British trade—Details of Nelson's great victory—The Treaty of Tilsit—Mr. Canning resolves to seize the Danish fleet—Battle of Copenhagen—The war in the Peninsula—Wellington's successes—He enters French territory—Buonaparte's reverses—His abdication and exile to Elba—Naval warfare after Trafalgar—The Basque Roads—Career of Lord Cochrane—Exploits of British war-ships—Captain Brenton and the *Spartan*—Captain Hoste at Lissa—Some British failures—Buenos Ayres and Monte Video—The Dardanelles—Walcheren—Close of the Great War—Results of British naval warfare—Buonaparte returns to France—His final overthrow at Waterloo—Readjustment of the Continental countries

The nineteenth century found Great Britain, as we have seen in the introductory portion of this work, engaged in a conflict with the formidable power of France, whose resources were directed by the great strategist, tactician, and master of organization who was proclaimed, in August, 1802, Consul for life of the French Republic. The Peace of Amiens, concluded in March, 1802, proved to be but a brief truce in the most momentous warlike struggle of our whole history. The haughty spirit of Napoleon Buonaparte was stirred by the open recognition, in a permanent form, of his supreme power over France, and both his demeanour towards the British government and his action in regard to continental affairs took their tone from his consciousness of his new position. Our Foreign Secretary, Lord Hawkesbury (afterwards Earl of Liverpool), declined to interfere illegally with the libellers who sent forth printed matter offensive to the French ruler, or to expel from our soil Bourbon princes and some other French *émigrés*. Buonaparte, on his side, occupied Switzerland and annexed Piedmont, and kept French troops in Holland, contrary to

the late treaty. The British ministry, headed by Mr. Addington (afterwards Lord Sidmouth), had reason to fear further French attempts on Egypt, and they therefore declined to transfer Malta, according to the arrangement made at Amiens, to the charge of the Knights of St. John, who had held possession of the island until 1798. In March, 1803, Buonaparte assailed our ambassador, Lord Whitworth, in violent terms of reproach, before his court and the diplomatic body at the Tuileries palace, in Paris, and the war was renewed in May. About ten thousand British subjects of every class, travelling or living on French territory, were seized by Buonaparte's orders, contrary to the law of nations, or, at the least, in defiance of the usages of international courtesy, and were detained as prisoners for more than ten years. A very bitter feeling was aroused in this country, and the renewal of the war was approved both by the favourers and the foes of Jacobinism. The French ruler was almost universally regarded with hatred as an utterly unprincipled foe, and disputes on home affairs were silenced for the time by demands and preparations for the defence of British interests, at home and abroad, against the efforts of the most powerful and dangerous enemy that ever assailed them. From this time forward Napoleon sought every means to cause the ruin of British power in every quarter where our flag flew or our influence prevailed. Our retention of Malta, which was the key of Egypt, baffled his renewed schemes for conquest in the East, where, as we shall see hereafter, French intrigue was rife, and many French officers were serving in the armies of our Mahratta foes. He was aiming at the creation of a French empire, both in the East and in the West, and it was with this object that he sought first the subjugation of Great Britain by direct invasion across the Channel. When he was foiled in that enterprise, and his naval power was ruined by Nelson, he strove for the possession of a new navy in the alliance or conquest of maritime powers, in the use of Dutch and Danish vessels, in the work of shipyards on the Maas, the Rhine, and the Scheldt, and in the acquisition of Portugal and Spain as countries whose colonies and fleets might be directed against the ascendancy, on European and on distant seas, of his detested rival in a mighty struggle for imperial sway.

Our attention is first drawn to Buonaparte's plans and pre-

parations for the invasion of England, and a few details will demonstrate that the danger to this country was very great and altogether real. On the renewal of the war, in 1803, French troops were not engaged with any other continental enemy, and, after the occupation of George the Third's Hanoverian dominions, a great army was assembled at Boulogne. On every French and Flemish river, from the Gironde to the Rhine, flat-bottomed boats were building for the conveyance of invaders across the narrows of the British Channel. Public enthusiasm enrolled in Britain, before the close of the year, more than 300,000 volunteers for aiding the regular troops, and the spirit of both sovereign and subject was shown in the King who, on the terrace at Windsor, bade the music sound forth with "Britons, strike home", in the ploughman who whistled "Rule Britannia" as he drove his team, and in the weavers beyond the border who sang at their looms the inspiring strains uttered by Burns to the descendants of Wallace. William Pitt was recalled to the helm of affairs, and May, 1804, saw the great minister again premier and Napoleon declared Emperor of France. Spain joined him against Great Britain, and Pitt retorted, early in 1805, by forming the Third Coalition, with Austria and Russia, against France and her allies.

It was in the summer of that year that the danger of invasion became most serious. Nearly six hundred gun-vessels and other small war-ships were gathered at Boulogne, with more than five hundred transports, lying under the protection of countless batteries ashore. At Calais, Ambleteuse, Dunkirk, and Ostend there were more than thirteen hundred armed, and nearly a thousand unarmed craft, and these, along with the Boulogne flotilla, had a capacity for conveying 150,000 soldiers, and 9000 horses, forming an army organized in six corps, whose leaders included the brave and able Ney, Soult, Davoust, Lannes, and Murat. Our blockading squadron almost daily attacked the vessels at Boulogne, and it became clear to Napoleon that a command of the Channel for a brief space of time was essential to the success of his scheme. The French troops, by constant practice, had become so expert in stepping aboard and taking their places in due array that, with the host of vessels at disposal, one hundred thousand men could be embarked in forty minutes. Already, in July, 1804, Napoleon, after joining his army at Boulogne, had written to his admiral at

Toulon, Latouche Treville, who alone knew all his plans, "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours, and we are masters of the world". A medal to commemorate the conquest was actually prepared, with an inscription stating that it had been "struck in London". This curious proof of a vaulting and vaunting ambition may still be seen in collections. The execution of the medal at the French mint had been followed, in August, 1804, by a serious blow to Napoleon's enterprise, in the death of Treville, which caused a postponement of the expedition. The French ruler then made a fatal, and for him a very rare, mistake in choosing a fresh man for the naval command. In the spring of 1805, seventy sail of the line, French and Spanish, were at the orders of Napoleon, and Admiral Villeneuve was the successor of Treville in the command at Toulon, which was closely watched by a fleet under Nelson. When the British ships were kept off by hard weather, Villeneuve, on March 30th, 1805, got away from harbour and sailed for the West Indies, as if to attack our possessions in that quarter. The British admiral, tempted across the Atlantic in pursuit, was more than thirty days' sail in the rear, and on his arrival found that the enemy had doubled back to Europe. Villeneuve steered for Ferrol, on the north-west coast of Spain, to pick up the Spanish fleet. Nelson had at once dispatched some swift-sailing frigates with tidings of his having missed the French, and Sir Robert Calder, on July 19th, received a copy of the dispatch as he was cruising, with fifteen sail of the line, near to Cape Finisterre. On the 22nd he met and attacked Villeneuve, then having twenty liners under his command, in the Atlantic waters west of Finisterre, and captured two ships, but foggy weather and light winds prevented any decisive action, and Calder, mindful of the neighbourhood of a powerful Spanish squadron at Ferrol, and of French fleets at Rochefort and Brest, steered with his prizes for Plymouth, which he reached on July 31st.

It was in this last week of July, 1805, that the one chance of successful invasion from Boulogne was presented, and it was lost through the indecision of the nerveless Villeneuve. When that unhappy admiral reached Ferrol, he found pressing orders from Napoleon to hasten to Brest, and, in conjunction with that fleet, to sail promptly for Boulogne. The road was really clear, for

Nelson was cruising off Cape St. Vincent, on the south-west of Portugal, and Calder, as we have seen, was on his way to Plymouth. The French commander's heart failed him, as he thought of a possible encounter with Nelson in the Channel, and he sailed for Cadiz, arriving in that port on the very day that Napoleon expected him to reach Brest. Day after day the French emperor stood on the cliffs, looking for the ships which came not, while staff-officers were posted along the coast for many a league, to give warning of Villeneuve's approach with the great combined fleet, so that the army of Boulogne might embark on the flat-bottomed boats and the other craft, for crossing under irresistible escort. Villeneuve was now blockaded at Cadiz by Collingwood, and Napoleon, by one of his most brilliant strokes of strategical power, after a last gaze of baffled rage and desire at the white cliffs beyond sea, hurled his forces against the continental coalition. As he led them to the famous campaign which ended in his triumph over Austria at Ulm, his entry into Vienna, and his crowning victory over Russia and Austria at Austerlitz, Nelson's last and greatest battle had finally secured England against the very thought of French invasion. Trafalgar ended the maritime power of France and Spain on the larger scale, and the news of Austerlitz killed William Pitt. The year 1806 opened with Napoleon supreme in continental affairs, and with Great Britain ready, in the last public words of her premier, "having saved herself by her energy", to "save Europe by her example".

Napoleon, defeated in his direct attempt upon British independence and maritime power, sought to impair his enemy's resources by the crippling of her trade through exclusion by his "Continental system". His course of victory on land, and his territorial influence and power, were ever advancing. Germany had been remodelled in the formation, from the minor western and southern states, of a "Confederation of the Rhine", designed to support France against Austria and Prussia. The rulers of Würtemberg, Saxony, and Bavaria became Kings instead of Electors. Joseph Buonaparte, one brother of the great conqueror, became King of Naples, in place of the Spanish Bourbon, Ferdinand, for whom Sicily was retained through its insular character and the action of the British fleet. Another brother, Louis Buonaparte, became King of Holland on the extinction of the Batavian Republic. In October,

1806, the victories of French generals and troops at Jena and Auerstadt laid the Prussian monarchy in the dust, and in the following month Napoleon issued, from the Prussian capital, the famous Berlin Decree, closing against British trade all European ports under his control, which included nearly every harbour from the Vistula round to the Adriatic. All use of British manufactures or colonial produce was forbidden, a prohibition to which France and other nations owe the production of beet-root sugar. One provision of this document was ludicrous enough—that which declared all British ports to be in a state of blockade. A year later, in November, 1807, the British government retaliated by Orders in Council which, to some purpose, declared a blockade of all ports in the possession of France and her allies, and constituted all vessels as legitimate prizes of war which attempted to enter those ports without previously calling in at a British harbour. A month after this, the French emperor, in his Milan Decree, waged war against neutral countries by making all their vessels liable to seizure if they touched at any British ports before seeking to land their cargoes in any part of Europe subject to French control. The "Continental system" was meant to be ruinous to our commerce, but its effects were very different from its aims. British manufactures still reached continental consumers through a vast system of smuggling which no amount of supervision could prevent, save to a limited extent, and the seizure and destruction of imports from our shores or colonies only made Napoleon's subjects pay a higher price for those which escaped the grasp of his officials. His attempt only made enemies among those who were the victims of his tyranny, without inflicting any grievous loss upon British commerce, and his efforts to coerce nations who would not exclude British trade caused his disastrous quarrel with Alexander of Russia.

The flower of the French and Spanish navies had perished in and immediately after the battle off Cape Trafalgar. That great conflict of October 21st, 1805, is still commemorated by wreaths of triumph placed on the *Victory*, Nelson's old flagship, piece by piece rebuilt, as she has lain for more than two generations of men in Portsmouth harbour. At the close of the action, which may be taken as at six o'clock in the evening, an hour and a half after Nelson's death, eighteen of the enemy's ships had surrendered to or were otherwise in possession of the British. The Spanish

had lost the largest man-of-war afloat, the *Santissima Trinidad*, of 130 guns, the *Santa Anna*, of 112, two eighty-gun ships, and five seventy-fours. The French fleet was weakened by one eighty-gun ship and eight seventy-fours. This, however, by no means represents the real state of affairs for the French and Spanish maritime power within a fortnight after the battle. On the night of the 22nd a heavy gale came on from the north-west. The prize-ship *Redoubtable*, from the mizzen-top of which Nelson received the fatal bullet, foundered, with the loss of many lives. Another French captured seventy-four drifted ashore, and was lost with nearly all hands. The crew of a third overpowered their British captors, and took the ship into Cadiz harbour. The French eighty-gun *Bucentaure*, one of our prizes, had been wrecked on the 22nd, the crew, including the British sailors in charge, being saved by a French frigate. On the morning of the 23rd, an enterprising Spanish commodore issued from Cadiz with a squadron of five liners and five frigates, and retook the *Santa Anna* and the *Neptune*, of eighty guns, carrying them away into port. On the 24th, a French eighty-gun ship, the *Indomptable*, which had escaped from the battle, was wrecked with the loss of nearly a thousand men. One of the Spanish seventy-fours, and one Spanish 100-gun ship, not taken by the British, went ashore and became wrecks. Most of the prizes were either wrecked, or were destroyed by the captors as unseaworthy. The recapture of three vessels was balanced by the loss of the three ships that ran ashore during the gale, and the united French and Spanish fleets of thirty-three sail of the line engaged in the battle were thus still lessened by eighteen vessels. The account was not, however, yet settled between the foes who met off Cape Trafalgar. On November 4th, four French seventy-fours, which had escaped under Admiral Dumanoir, were encountered in the Bay of Biscay by a British squadron under Sir Richard Strachan, and all, after a smart fight, went as prizes to Plymouth, where they were refitted and added to our naval force.

The moral effect produced by the total results was immense, and no serious attempt could be made henceforth to contest with Great Britain the control of the seas. Napoleon, however, in his persistent hostility, was still aiming at a renewed naval rivalry, and this object caused him to turn his eyes towards the north of Europe. His victorious arms had by this time enlisted the power

of Russia in his combination against Great Britain. After a desperate drawn battle with the Czar's forces and those of Prussia at Eylau, near Königsberg, in February, 1807, Napoleon gained a great victory over the Russians at Friedland, in the same region, in the following June, and the Treaty of Tilsit was the result. In this important convention, a partition of continental Europe was made between Alexander and Napoleon. The Russian monarch was to be left free to take Finland from Sweden, and to work his will against the Turks, while the French ruler was to be master of all that lay westwards from the Russian frontier. Jerome, another brother of Napoleon, now became King of Westphalia, a German province south-east of Holland, and the King of Saxony received a large share of Poland, as the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. The Confederation of the Rhine was made to include all German states except Austria and Prussia, and the latter kingdom, with a greatly reduced territory, was further humiliated and weakened in the forced payment of a large indemnity, in the occupation of her chief fortresses by French troops, and in the limitation of her standing army to the number of 42,000 men.

The part of the treaty which most concerned this country was the secret articles agreeing that, besides Russia, who was now openly engaged to close her ports against our trade, Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal should also be required to renounce commercial intercourse with Great Britain, and that the fleets of the northern nations were to aid Napoleon in a further attempt to deprive us of maritime control. It was fortunate for Britain that the direction of foreign affairs was at this time in the hands of a vigilant, prompt, and resolute man. On the death of Pitt, the short-lived ministry called that of "All the Talents" included Lord Grenville as Prime Minister, and Charles James Fox, the virtual head, at the Foreign Office. The decease of the great and eloquent Whig statesman in September, 1806, was a blow to the Cabinet, and in March, 1807, they were forced from office by the king. The Duke of Portland then became premier, but the chief men in office were Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Castlereagh, Secretary for War and the Colonies, and, what is here of most importance, George Canning as Foreign Secretary. This ablest of Pitt's pupils and followers had become, by means which he would never reveal, aware of the purport of the "secret

articles" framed at Tilsit, and he resolved to prevent Napoleon from acquiring the powerful Danish fleet. A great force of ships and men—twenty-seven sail of the line, and transports bearing nearly 30,000 troops — was despatched to Copenhagen early in August, 1807, with a demand for the surrender of all Danish men-of-war and warlike stores, for safe custody in England until the close of the war with Napoleon. This high-handed conduct, only to be excused as prompted by the stern demands of national safety, moved even George the Third to declare that, if he had been in the place of the Danish Crown Prince, to whom the demand was addressed, he would have "kicked the envoy downstairs". The inevitable and peremptory refusal was followed by a bombardment, both by sea and land, in which the terrible rockets, invented by and named after Sir William Congreve, were for the first time used on a large scale. On September 8th the Danish navy and arsenal were surrendered, and the British government then declined to be bound by its offer of ultimate restoration, on the ground that they had been driven to the use of forcible measures. The island of Heligoland, opposite the mouth of the Elbe, was then taken from Denmark, and used as a convenient place of storage for British goods to be smuggled into the Continent in defiance of the Napoleonic Decree of Berlin. The place remained in British possession until July, 1890, when it was ceded to the German Empire, in return for concessions made to Great Britain in East Africa. It was the wrath of Napoleon at this vigorous blow to his plans against Great Britain that caused his issue of the Milan Decree as above related.

The causes of Napoleon's downfall may be found, generally, in the aggressive ambition and the harsh dealing with conquered peoples that aroused against him the combined efforts of almost all Europe, and, particularly, in the exhaustion of his military resources by efforts made to retain possession of Spain and Portugal and by his disastrous campaign in Russia. In the arrogant self-confidence which induced him, on the brink of ruin, to reject the favourable terms offered by the allies, we have the suicide which practically ended his marvellous career. It is certain that Wellington, far beyond any single man, contributed to the successful issue of eleven years of desolating warfare. It was the French attack on Spain and Portugal that first caused Great Britain to assume an important

position in hostilities by land against her implacable foe. At the close of 1807, Napoleon had succeeded in isolating his great rival. His dominions extended from Hamburg, through the west of Germany, to Naples. Prussia was helpless, Austria quiescent, Russia his firm ally. Resolved to become master of the Peninsula, and eager to punish Portugal for refusing compliance with his commercial ordinances against Great Britain, Napoleon sent a great army into Spain. The old and witless king, Charles IV., was forced by an insurrection to abdicate in favour of his son, Ferdinand, and, on appeal being made to the French monarch, they were both entrapped to Bayonne, in April, 1808, and made captives. Ferdinand surrendered the throne in return for a paltry pension and a château in Normandy, and a new ruler was found for Spain in Napoleon's brother Joseph, King of Naples, where he was replaced by the famous cavalry leader, Marshal Murat. Lisbon had been occupied in November, 1807, by a French army under General Junot, and the royal family of Portugal, with many of the nobles, and some thousands of the chief citizens, had been conveyed by a British fleet in safety to their South-American colony, Brazil. In May, 1808, an insurrection in Madrid had been suppressed with great cruelty by the French troops under Murat, but the arrival of the new king, Joseph, towards the end of July, found the townsmen and peasants in arms throughout the land, and nearly 20,000 French soldiers were hemmed in and forced to surrender at Baylen, in the Sierra Morena. Joseph soon fled from Madrid, and retreated with the French troops beyond the Ebro. The brave defence of Saragossa, the capital of Aragon, compelled the French to abandon their first siege, and excited general admiration for the patriotic efforts of the Spaniards. In the open field they were no match for the French troops, and, badly beaten in almost every pitched battle, they were soon reduced to the guerilla warfare of irregular levies, who succeeded, however, in causing great trouble and loss to the invaders.

It is perfectly clear that, without foreign aid, the Peninsula could have been fairly conquered and held by Napoleon, and foreign aid was quickly forthcoming. Portugal was an old ally of England, and plain duty, in her case, and sympathy for the national resistance of Spain, brought British troops into the field. Canning was the animating spirit of the Cabinet, and on August 1st, 1808, Sir Arthur

Wellesley, known to fame on Indian fields, landed in Mondego Bay, on the coast of Portugal. He headed about 13,000 British infantry and a few hundred cavalry. Within three weeks he had beaten the French in the battles of Roliça and Vimeira, and had them at his mercy when he was superseded, on the sole ground of seniority, by an officer of no distinction, Sir Hew Dalrymple. This incapable person disgraced his profession and his country by the Convention of Cintra which, instead of compelling a surrender of the enemy at discretion, allowed Junot and all his troops to leave the country with their arms and stores, and to be conveyed to France on British men-of-war. As the result of an inquiry at home, Dalrymple was removed from his command, and Wellesley's conduct received due praise. Sir John Moore, a man of great ability and courage, then held charge in Portugal, and Napoleon, in December, 1808, arrived at Madrid and assumed the command of the French forces. Moore was advancing to the help of the Spaniards in the north-west, when he heard of the French approach in overwhelming force, with four armies directed by Napoleon himself. Retreat was inevitable, and it was conducted by Moore with the utmost skill. On January 1st, 1809, Napoleon, recalled to France by news of hostile preparations in Austria, transferred the command to Soult, and his defeat at Corunna on the 16th, in the battle that cost the life of Moore, saved the honour of our army, and secured their embarkation for England. The declaration of war against Napoleon by Austria in March, 1809, encouraged the British government, after the recent failure, to renew the struggle in the Peninsula, and the right man was now placed in permanent instead of temporary command. On April 22nd, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley went ashore at Lisbon, and began the five-years' contest which saw his arms carried, after more than one retreat, from the Tagus, beyond the Pyrenees, to the banks of the Garonne.

It is needless to dwell here on the rare combination of qualities which made his name and title immortal. Unerring judgment, coolness, caution, daring, resolution, patience, perseverance, strategical and tactical skill, were among the moral and mental resources that enabled this great man to achieve his mighty task, and to discomfit, in turn, some of Napoleon's ablest marshals, veterans in war, all unused to retire before a foe. He was aided, on the one hand, by the want of unity attending his enemy's operations, con-

ducted by various generals, subject to jealousies of feeling and to diversities of plan, and to an interference from Napoleon which, at his distance in that day from the scene of warfare, could rarely have any but a damaging effect. On the other hand, Wellington was sorely hampered by the French superiority of force, by the incompetence of Spanish generals and the unsteadiness of Spanish troops, by the gross neglect of the Spanish government in furnishing supplies, by the incompetence of the British war-administration, and by factious clamour and foolish criticism at home from those who sought to turn to party purposes every mishap, or were unable to understand the real meaning of events.

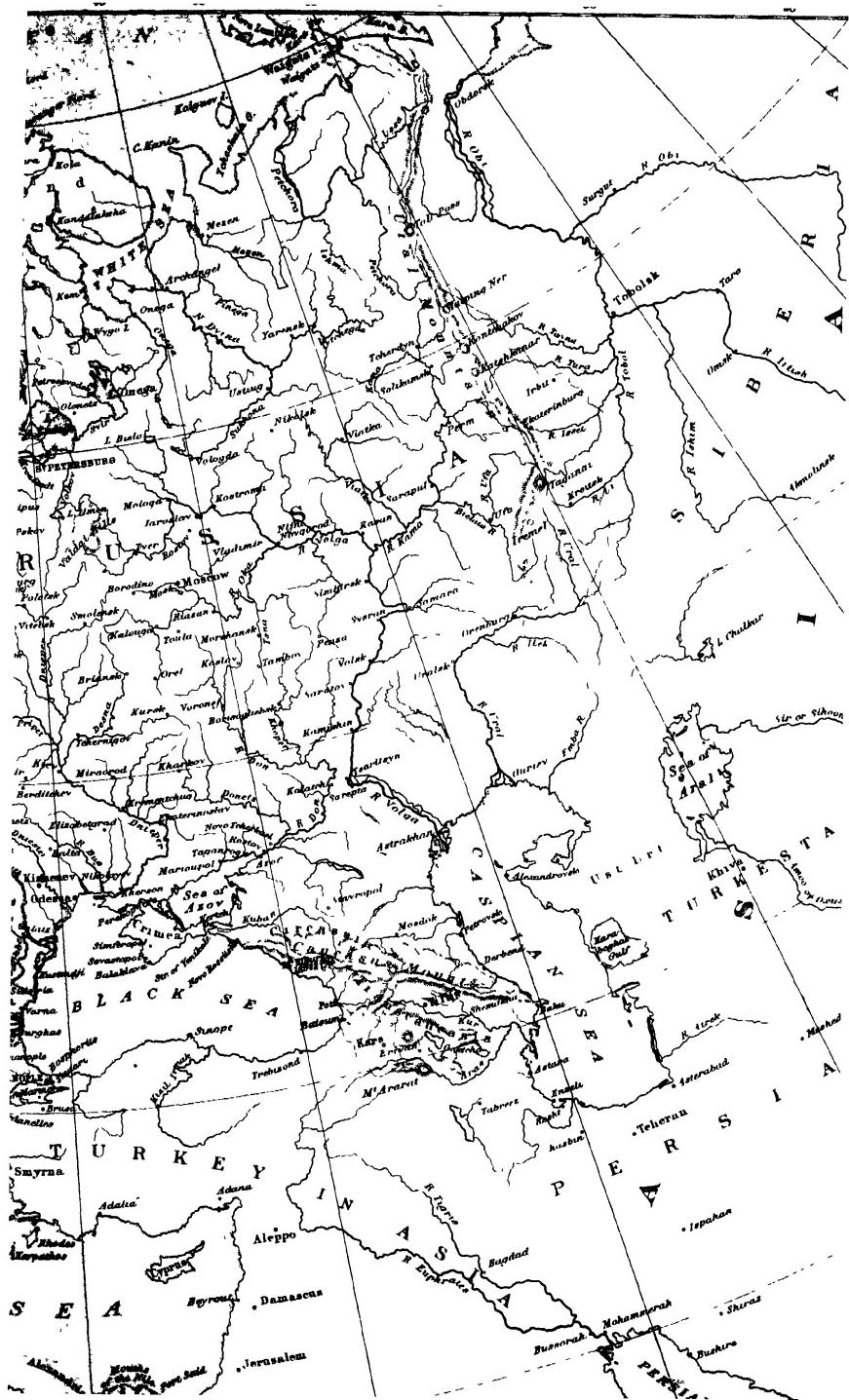
We shall now deal briefly, year by year, with the chief events of these famous campaigns. On May 12th, 1809, within three weeks of his arrival at Lisbon, Sir Arthur Wellesley, with 15,000 men, crossed the swift, deep Douro, more than three hundred yards in width, and drove Soult, who had 10,000 excellent troops in hand, from Oporto into Spain, with the loss of his baggage in retreat across the hills. On July 27th and 28th the battle of Talavera, north of the Tagus, about the middle of its course, showed 16,000 British infantry, with some regiments of horse, decisively repelling the fierce attacks of 30,000 French, under Marshal Victor. The moral effect of this success was very great, and the reputation of the British foot was at once raised to the level of Marlborough's days. The British leader now became a peer as Viscount Wellington, of Wellington in Somerset, and after much manœuvring in the valley of the Tagus, the campaign ended with his retreat into Portugal before the advance of overwhelming forces under Soult.

The prudence of the British leader was now displayed in a striking form which greatly influenced the ultimate issue of events. He had formed a just conception, as events proved, of the probable march of affairs both in the Peninsula and in Europe. He relied upon the difficulties which confronted the enemy in Spain through distance from their base of operations, lack of maritime control, determined national resistance, and want of unity in action. He was thoroughly convinced that the war in the Peninsula was well worth waging by Great Britain as a means of draining the military strength of France, and as likely, in the event of success, to arouse anew against Napoleon the nations of central Europe. It was true that, in July, 1809, Austria had been again humiliated at the battle



EUROPE

BY J. BARTHOLOMEW F.R.G.S.



of Wagram, in spite of the vigorous and able resistance of the Archduke Charles, who had inflicted virtual defeats on Napoleon at the battles of Aspern and Essling. In October, the French emperor had dictated peace at Schönbrunn, with a cession of territory by Austria, soon followed by the conqueror's divorce from Joséphine, and his marriage, in April, 1810, with the Austrian Archduchess Maria Louisa. It was only the more needful to continue the contest on another scene. Wellington was also sure that the British government and people would not renew the struggle in the south-west of Europe if a British army were again forced to quit Portugal by overwhelming French superiority in the field. He had therefore resolved, so far as in him lay, to render such an issue impossible, and the result of his wise plans and energetic efforts was the famous Lines of Torres Védras. During the winter of 1809 and the spring of 1810, he caused the execution of this grand project of effective engineering. In the rugged and hilly district, intersected by many a stream, which lies between Lisbon and the little town of Torres Védras, nearly 30 miles due north, many thousands of men were employed in constructing a double line of intrenchments and redoubts, extending from the Tagus on the east to the Atlantic on the west. In this wonderful achievement of toil and skill, the sides of the hills were cut into steep escarpments; the hill-tops were crowned with forts. Every possible line of approach could be swept by the fire of mounted cannon; every gorge was blocked with a redoubt; the streams were made useless for boats by dams, and their overflow was employed to fill moats of defence. Along twenty-nine miles of ground, more than 600 guns were planted on about 100 forts of varied size, and the outer line alone was such as no enemy could force without enormous loss, after which a second barrier, of far greater strength, would block the road to Lisbon. A third line of works, round the city itself, would provide, in the worst event, a safe retirement on board our fleet.

From this stronghold, in the spring of 1810, the British leader emerged with an army now aided by well-trained Portuguese troops under the command of their skilful organizer, the Irish officer known to fame as Marshal Beresford. Napoleon had determined to make short work with Wellington, whom he regarded, or pretended to regard, as a mere "commander of sepoys", and he had

despatched his ablest marshal, Masséna, with orders to "drive the English into the sea". At the head of 80,000 men he advanced to meet Wellington, who slowly retired through a country which the Portuguese, by his advice, and at the cost of much present suffering for the grand ultimate object of national independence, had reduced to a desert by the destruction of growing crops, the removal of food, and the driving away of cattle. Such was the hatred of the Portuguese to the French that not one of the country-folk prepared Masséna, by a word of information, for the surprise which awaited him when he drew nearer to Lisbon. The French leader had captured the Spanish fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, and entered Portugal by way of Almeida. As he moved southwards, Wellington turned for a time to resist, and at the battle of Busaco, on a range or sierra of that name, 17 miles from Coimbra, he repulsed attacks, led by Ney, with a loss to the French of 5000 men. He then leisurely withdrew towards his lines, and entered them on October 10th, while Masséna followed with an army already half-starved through the condition of the country which they were traversing, and the French system of reliance on an invaded land for supplies of food. When he reached the outer line of works, his amazement and annoyance were extreme. For a month he sought vainly for a joint in his adversary's well-wrought armour, and then he retired to quarters at Santarem, about 50 miles north-east of Lisbon. Many thousands of French soldiers perished of starvation and disease, and not a single attack had been made upon the lines. This retreat of Masséna was a most significant event in the contest against Napoleon. His warlike power on land had been, for the first time in his career in Europe, not merely checked by repulse or defeat, but with impunity defied. Early in 1811, Masséna was driven to quit Portugal, from sheer lack of food, and was cautiously followed by Wellington, who fought with him, on May 5th, the fierce battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, tactically a drawn conflict, but a strategical victory for the British leader, as it caused Masséna's retirement to Salamanca, and his removal from the command by Napoleon. To the south, the Spaniards had surrendered the strong fortress of Badajoz to Marshal Soult, and the British and Portuguese, under Beresford, fought with that able general the terrible battle of Albuera, in May, when he strove to raise their siege of his late acquisition. The French were repulsed with the utmost diffi-

culty, and two vain attempts to storm Badajoz were made by Wellington in June. The advance of superior French armies under Soult and Marmont, the successor of Masséna, compelled our forces to retire again to Portugal at the close of 1811.

The British general began very early the campaign of 1812. On January 19th, while the snow lay on the ground, and Marmont was at Valladolid, not dreaming of hostile movements, Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed, after eleven days' siege, by the troops of Wellington, and a stronghold was thus secured on the Spanish frontier, midway between the Douro and the Tagus. This brilliant stroke was followed, on April 6th, by the capture of Badajoz, depriving the French of their key to south-west Portugal.

During all his arduous and anxious toils, Wellington was sorely neglected, from various causes, by the government at home. The Duke of Portland, on his death in October, 1809, was succeeded as premier by Mr. Perceval, under whom Wellington's elder brother, the Marquess Wellesley, was Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Lord Liverpool (formerly Lord Hawkesbury) was Secretary for War and the Colonies. The young Lord Palmerston, an admirable man of business, was in immediate charge, as Secretary at War, of that which concerned supplies for the campaign, but the conduct of affairs was hampered by indecision in the Cabinet with regard to the contest as a whole, and by factious opposition in Parliament. In February, 1812, the Marquess Wellesley resigned the Foreign Office, and was succeeded by Lord Castlereagh, and in May, Mr. Perceval was shot dead, in the lobby of the House of Commons, by the lunatic Bellingham. Lord Liverpool then became Prime Minister for fifteen years, with Castlereagh again at the head of foreign affairs, Lord Sidmouth (formerly Mr. Addington) at the Home Office, and Lord Bathurst directing War and the Colonies.

Returning from London to the scene of operations in Spain, we find Wellington gaining, on July 22nd, one of his greatest victories. On that day, at Salamanca, he inflicted a defeat on forty thousand veterans under Marmont, with the loss to the French of 14,000 men, two eagles, and eleven guns. This blow was one which shook the power of Napoleon, in a moral sense, more than any he had yet received. The fallen nations of continental Europe felt that there was a man of the highest mark in the field on their behalf. Prussia thought of coming vengeance for past humiliation. Russia was

more sternly resolved in resistance to the invader who, now well on his way to Moscow, heard with dismay the evil tidings from the heart of Spain. After entering Madrid in August, Wellington was again forced back to the Portuguese frontier near Ciudad Rodrigo by the advance of overwhelming French armies under Soult, Suchet, and King Joseph. He had now been created a Marquess for his successes, a knight of the Golden Fleece, the chief Spanish order of chivalry, commander-in-chief of all the Spanish forces, and Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo. With all this, he was left by the government at home without reinforcements, or money to pay his way, and his retreat was accompanied by some loss, much suffering, and great relaxation of discipline.

The indomitable man well employed the winter of 1812 in the reorganization of his army, and in preparations for the next campaign. The destruction of Napoleon's vast armies in Russia, and the uprising of Europe in 1813, caused the withdrawal from Spain of Marshal Soult, and of large numbers of French veterans, and the way was thus cleared, in some measure, for the great British general. In May, he left Portugal for the last time, heading an army of 70,000 men, British and Portuguese, and, gathering up Spanish troops as he advanced, he bore down on the foe with irresistible skill and strength. In a masterly campaign, he forced away the French, under King Joseph and Marshal Jourdan, with much manœuvring and little fighting, until he brought them to bay at Vittoria, near the southern foot of the Pyrenees. There, on June 21st, 1813, he won a complete victory over 80,000 men, driving them off in headlong rout, and capturing all the guns, baggage, stores, and treasure. Soult was sent by Napoleon to the rescue, and he displayed much energy and skill in remodelling the French army, and resisting the advance of the conquering Wellington. Nothing, however, could now stem the tide. Pamplona was blockaded by the British and their allies, San Sebastian was stormed. In the late summer, the passage of the Pyrenees was forced in a series of fierce encounters, and in October, Wellington's army, crossing the Bidassoa, was encamped on French soil. In November, Soult was defeated at the Nivelle, in December, again at the Nive and at St. Pierre. Then came a brief respite, during which the French leader was reinforced, but in February, 1814, he was again discomfited at Orthes, and the war ended, on April 10th,

with Wellington's success over the same worthy adversary at Toulouse.

By this time, Napoleon had ceased to reign. During 1813, he had been fighting with a host of foes in Germany, and his defeat at Leipzig, in October, in a great two-days' battle, was followed by the invasion of France, at the very close of the year, by an immense force of Austrians, Prussians, and Russians. Again and again Napoleon had declined terms which would have left him ruler of a France with frontiers far more extended than those held under the Bourbon kings, and his wonderful display of vigour and strategy in the spring of 1814 could not prevent him from succumbing to vastly superior force. Paris was surrendered to the allies on March 31st; Napoleon went an exile to Elba; a brother of Louis the Sixteenth became King of France as Louis the Eighteenth, and Wellington, now a duke, returned to England in the last days of June.

Nelson's last and greatest victory had, as we have seen, broken the back of French and Spanish naval power, but the nations under Napoleon's control and influence were still possessed of considerable naval resources, and though Spain, about two years after Trafalgar, became on friendly terms with Great Britain, there was still ample work provided for our fleet in almost every quarter of the globe, in defending our omnipresent mercantile marine, in assailing the colonial possessions of our foes, in damaging their coast-trade, attacking their coast-defences, and creating trouble and alarm wherever sails could carry our men-of-war, or oars propel the boats of a squadron or a ship. Apart from our contest with the United States, which will be separately dealt with, the British navy, during the last ten years of the Napoleonic war, was engaged continuously with some, at intervals with all, of the following peoples—the French, the Spanish, the Dutch, the Danes, the Russians, the Italians, and the Turks. Fighting was carried on in almost every sea, and every kind of craft employed in war—line-of-battle ships, frigates, brigs, corvettes, sloops, gun-boats, bomb-vessels, ships' boats with armed crews, fire-ships, privateers, luggers, and vessels of designations long disused, appear from time to time on the picturesque and infinitely varied scene. We can here only touch on a few events of so lengthy and diversified a contest. Among the present colonial possessions and dependencies of Great Britain we

acquired, during this period, as will be hereafter described, the Cape of Good Hope, British Guiana, and Mauritius. Among those which were taken by British expeditions and restored, at the peace, to their former owners, were the island of Curaçao, on the north coast of South America, captured from the Dutch in 1807; the Danish West India isles, St. Thomas and Santa Cruz; of the French West Indies, Guadeloupe, and Martinique; and of the Dutch East Indian possessions, the great island of Java, with Banda and Amboyna. There were several occasions when our armed East India-men defended themselves with vigour and success against French cruisers and privateers. Of the inner seas of Europe, the Baltic witnessed several sharp encounters between English and Russian smaller craft; and the Adriatic coasts, especially, and the western sea-board of Italy, were the scenes of frequent naval engagements of the minor class, and of many British attacks on batteries and forts ashore.

In February, 1806, a French squadron, composed of five line-of-battle ships and two frigates, was encountered in the West Indies, off the great island of San Domingo or Haiti, by a British fleet of seven liners. After a spirited action, all the French large vessels were taken or destroyed by being driven ashore, among the two which had the latter fate being the *Impérial*, of 130 guns, the largest and finest ship in the world, carrying a crew of 1200 men. The French loss amounted to nearly 1500, while the British numbers were lessened by about 350 officers, seamen, and marines. In September of the same year, four 40-gun French frigates, out of a squadron of five starting for the West Indies, were captured off Rochefort, on the west coast of France, by a far more powerful British force. The enemy made a brave defence, when they were overtaken after pursuit. All the fine craft were added to our navy, two of their number, the *Gloire* and the *Armide*, retaining their French names.

In October, 1807, an armed British packet-ship, the *Windsor Castle*, bound for Barbadoes, under the command of Mr. William Rogers, was attacked, as she neared her destination, by a French privateer. The enemy carried six 6-pounder guns, and one long 18-pounder pivot-gun, against six 4-pounders and two 12-pounder carronades, short cast-iron guns first made at, and named from, the famous foundry at Carron in Scotland, two miles away from Falkirk.

The conflict soon came to close quarters, when the heavily-manned French schooner ran alongside, grappled the British vessel, and sent her men aboard. The foe were promptly repulsed with the loss of ten killed and wounded, and they then strove to sheer away by cutting the grapplings. The main yard-arm of the packet-ship was, however, entangled with the schooner's rigging, holding her fast, and the British captain then brought one of his carronades, loaded with musket-balls and grape-shot, to bear full upon the enemy's crowded deck, as her crew were mustered for a second attempt to board. The effect of the discharge was so fearful, that Rogers, with but five men, leaped upon the schooner's deck, drove the remaining Frenchmen from their posts, and compelled a surrender. The prize, named the *Jeune Richard*, had lost 54 men, killed and wounded, out of a total of 92, and was carried safely into port at Barbadoes.

One of the most remarkable events of the war was the attack made upon a powerful French fleet lying in the Basque, or Aix, Roads, on the west coast of France, between the island of Oléron and the mainland. Much of the renown connected with this exploit is derived from the fact that the chief actor, on the British side, was Thomas, Lord Cochrane, who became, in 1831, by inheritance as eldest son, the tenth Earl of Dundonald in the Scottish peerage. The career of this tall, big, splendid sea-captain, both for successful achievement and for undeserved misfortune, and such disgrace as can be inflicted by powerful, unjust, and dastardly political foes, resembled that of a hero of romance. In brilliancy of conception, combined with coolness, daring, and promptitude of action, he was the only man of his time, perhaps of any time, that, with due opportunity, would have rivalled Nelson in naval repute. The public enemies whom Cochrane created by a zealous war, waged by him in the House of Commons, as a Radical reformer, against naval corruption and gross abuses, involved him, in 1814, in a charge of, and condemnation for, Stock-exchange frauds, of which he was afterwards proved to be wholly guiltless. Struck off the navy-list, imprisoned for a year, expelled from Parliament, and formally degraded from the knighthood of the Bath, the self-exiled hero sought service with the South American rebels against the tyranny of Spain, and performed wonders of bravery, energy, and skill in behalf of the

rising republics of Chili and Peru. As commander-in-chief of Chili's small, ill-furnished navy, he made her flag, in the course of less than three years' service, respected in the Pacific waters from Cape Horn to Panama. From 1823 to 1825 he was engaged, with scarcely inferior success, in the service of the new empire of Brazil. In 1832, after some years' efforts of himself and friends, he received from the British government, under the ministry of Earl Grey, and the rule of the "sailor-king", William IV., a "free pardon" for offences which he had never committed, and the substantial redress of reinstatement in the navy as rear-admiral. In 1847, his K.C.B. was restored, and from 1848 to 1851 he was commander-in-chief on the North American and West Indian station. Returning to England in the year of the first Great Exhibition, he died at Kensington in 1860, and was most worthily interred within the walls of Westminster Abbey.

Reverting now to his early days, and his work in the British navy, we find that Cochrane, born at Annsfield, Lanarkshire, in 1775, entered the navy in 1793, at the somewhat mature age, for a "middy", of nearly eighteen years. After serving on the coast of Norway, on the North American station, and in the Mediterranean, he received in 1800 the command of a poor little, almost unseaworthy sloop called the *Speedy*, of 158 tons, carrying 14 four-pounder guns, and 54 men. The performances of Cochrane in this crazy craft seem incredible, but are truly told. In a cruise extending over fifteen months on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, he took or retook more than fifty merchant-men and privateers, of which the armed vessels carried 122 guns, the prisoners of war numbering 534. It was in this vessel that Cochrane performed the almost miraculous exploit of capturing, with his boarders, a Spanish frigate of 32 guns and 319 men. His own loss on this occasion was 3 men killed and 18 wounded. Soon after this, the *Speedy* was obliged to surrender to three French line-of-battle ships, an enemy beyond the powers even of Cochrane to subdue. He went as a prisoner to Algeciras, near Gibraltar, but was soon released by exchange, and then came a lull of war in the Peace of Amiens. In Feb. 1805 he was appointed commander of the *Pallas*, a fine new fir-built frigate of 32 guns, and, sailing forth to scour the seas for French and Spanish ships, he came two months later into Plymouth Sound, with £75,000 as his own share of prize-money, and

bearing a tall gold candlestick at each mast-head. For four years after this performance, which strikingly recalls Elizabethan days, Cochrane was chiefly engaged on the hostile coasts of France and Spain. He made himself the terror of the foe, in cutting out ships, blowing up batteries, and destroying signal-stations, harassing and making prey at many an unexpected time and place.

His work during this period led to his employment against the French fleet in the Basque Roads. At that anchorage, beset with shoals, lay fourteen sail, composed of ten ships of the line, and four frigates, blockaded by a more powerful fleet under the command of Lord Gambier. Lord Mulgrave, the First Lord of the Admiralty, asked Cochrane to suggest a plan for the destruction of the French vessels, which would not come out to fight, and could not be got at by ordinary means. Cochrane's plan of fire-ships and explosive vessels was adopted, and he was sent out to join Lord Gambier, whom he reached on April 3rd, 1809. It is impossible here to describe the intricate position of affairs in the Basque Roads. It must suffice to say that the French ships were anchored amidst islets and shoals, with the channel that led to them defended by a boom, half a mile in length, composed of the largest cables in use, flanked by batteries, and under direct fire of the ships' broadsides. Cochrane's selection for the command of the fire-ships and attacking squadron had aroused much jealousy among his many seniors in the British blockading fleet, and Lord Gambier himself, a man of little enterprise, and wedded to routine, had no sympathy with his subordinate's novel and audacious methods. A delay which he interposed enabled the French to discover the nature of the impending assault, and to prepare their vessels by the removal of the upper rigging and of other inflammable matter. It was on the dark night of April 11th, with a high wind blowing and a heavy sea, that the British hero was permitted to make his attempt, leading the way in one of the two largest explosion-ships. Each of these vessels contained 1500 barrels of powder, placed in huge casks head upwards, secured by cables passed round them, and jammed together with wedges, and with wet sand rammed down between the curved interstices. On the top of the powder-casks lay about 300 filled shells and thousands of hand-grenades. These vessels were both fired and blown up, and either by the explosion, or by the impulse of a fire-ship, driven swiftly on by wind and tide, the boom was

broken, and some of the fire-ships went drifting down in flames towards the foe. A scene of awful grandeur was there, as the sky was illumined by the glare of the burning craft, by the flashes of the cannon from the hostile batteries and ships, while shells were flying and Congreve rockets whizzing on every side. Many of the fire-ships were lit and abandoned too soon, and only four out of twenty seem to have reached the enemy's position, but the Frenchmen, in their alarm, cut the cables of nearly every ship, and at midnight there were thirteen of them aground on the mainland or the shoals. It is believed that the whole squadron might have been destroyed as they lay helpless, by a proper use of the British frigates and ships' boats, but when daylight came, and the position of affairs was revealed, Lord Gambier paid no heed to Cochrane's repeated and pressing signals for aid. In the general result, the French ship *Varsovie*, of 80 guns, and the *Aquilon*, a 74, were taken by our seamen and burnt; the *Calcutta*, of 50 guns, and the *Tonnerrre*, of 74, were fired by their own crews, and blown up, to avoid capture; the *Indienne*, a frigate, was also burnt, when she was helplessly aground, by her own men; and the *Océan*, of 120 guns, had to throw half her cannon overboard in order to get afloat. These were losses not to be despised by any marine, and the substantial and moral effect of the blow was very severe for Napoleon's navy.

At this time, many French war-vessels of the minor class were gathered at Boulogne, and in the early morning of April 26th, a 12-gun British brig, appropriately named the *Thrasher*, weighed from Dungeness and stood over towards the French coast. Forty sail of armed vessels were seen coming out of Boulogne harbour, including 6 brigs and 2 schooners. The *Thrasher* gallantly engaged the whole flotilla, running between the two lines, protected thus from the batteries ashore, which could not fire without danger to the French, and, after a seven hours' fight, three were sunk, six driven on shore, and many others sent back disabled into port. On October 26th of the same year, 1809, a French 80-gun ship and a 74-gunner, driven ashore in the Gulf of Lions by a British squadron, were fired by their own crews, and blew up at night with a tremendous explosion, as the ships which had pursued them lay about seven miles away becalmed. Five days later, part of a large fleet of armed store-ships and transports, bound from Toulon to

Barcelona, were anchored in Rosas Bay, on the north-east coast of Spain, under the protection of some powerful shore-batteries. Lord Collingwood, Nelson's chief comrade at Trafalgar, was then commanding the Mediterranean fleet that watched Toulon and the neighbouring coasts, and he resolved that an attempt should be made on the ships intended to aid the enemy's troops in Spain. There were seven French merchantmen, a 16-gun store-ship, two bomb-vessels, and a xebec, or 3-masted ship with both square and lateen sails, of the type once used by the corsairs of Algiers. A strong boat-expedition was arranged to start, after dark, from the British fleet lying anchored about five miles from Rosas. The men dashed in to their work, and, against a brave resistance and amid a heavy fire from the cannon on shore, and volleys of musketry from the troops that lined the beach, they completed their congenial task by daylight on November 1st, in the destruction by fire, or the capture and bringing off, of all the eleven vessels. Fifteen officers and men were killed, and fifty-five wounded, in the performance of this feat, one altogether clean, compact, and characteristic of our seamen of the Nelson school.

For a variety in the exploits of British tars, we wing our flight from the waters of the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. In that deep inlet of the Indian Ocean, the town of Ras-al-Khyma had become the lair of numerous pirates of desperate character, who were the pests of commerce in the adjacent seas. Two 36-gun frigates, the *Chiffonne* and the *Caroline*, were sent from Bombay, with six cruisers of the East India Company's service. A body of troops was carried on board, and on November 13th the town was destroyed by fire, with more than fifty vessels then in the port, including 30 large dhows, or piratical craft, and a quantity of naval stores. At two other places in the Gulf, 31 large predatory vessels were burnt, and the sea-defences were razed to the ground. The pirates made a fierce resistance to this sweeping interference with their livelihood, and the British force suffered by five men killed, fifteen severely wounded, and nineteen with slighter hurts.

In the following year, 1810, a most gallant action was fought by a British frigate in the Bay of Naples. The 38-gun ship *Spartan*, commanded by Captain Jahleel Brenton, was cruising off the island of Ischia, in company with the *Success*. A French 42-gun frigate, a 28-gun ship, an 8-gun brig, a 10-gun cutter, and seven gun-boats,

each carrying one long 18-pounder, were lying under the batteries of Naples. Captain Brenton, believing that the enemy would not come out in the face of the two British frigates, sent away the *Success*, and, under the eyes of Murat, the king, who was in his carriage on the heights, fought and routed the whole squadron. On the British side were 46 guns (the number really carried by a frigate of the *Spartan* class), and about 260 men and boys, opposed to 95 guns, and about 1400 men, including 400 Swiss troops carried on board the frigate and corvette. The British commander handled his vessel with great skill and resolution, and was severely wounded by a 10-ounce iron grape-shot, which struck him in the hip and lamed him for life. The French brig was captured, and the frigate and other vessels were driven to shelter under the batteries of Baiæ. Murat, himself conspicuous for headlong courage, as all men know who have followed his master's military career, clapped his hands with delight, and cried "Bravo! bravo! Inglesi!" at the courage of his enemies, in a generous outburst of feeling, mingled with rage and mortification at the discomfiture of his vastly superior force. Some of the above particulars were related to the writer by a daughter of Brenton, who here closed his professional life with the rewards of a baronetcy, a K.C.B., and the splendid sword, value 100 guineas, presented in those days for distinguished naval bravery and skill by the committee of the Patriotic Fund.

This record of a very few of the successes won by British sailors during the great war may conclude with the account of the brilliant action off the island of Lissa, on the north-east coast of the Adriatic Sea. The place was at that time (1811) in Austrian possession, and in March a Franco-Venetian squadron, of six powerful frigates, and five smaller vessels, carrying 500 troops, issued from the harbour of Ancona, on the east coast of Italy, with the view of securing possession of the island. A British force of four frigates, headed by the *Amphion*, Captain William Hoste, was barring the way. The disparity of strength in the two armaments was very great. The British vessels carried 152 guns and 880 men; the hostile ships, of which three frigates were Venetian, had 300 guns and 2500 men. Captain Hoste, in nowise daunted, but eager to meet the enemies whom he had for many months sought to bring to a trial of courage and skill, hoisted as a signal "Remember Nelson", the man under whom he had himself made his first essay in naval warfare. The

words were received with hearty and enthusiastic cheers, and, after various manœuvres, the ships met in close battle, which in five hours and a half had a decisive result in favour of Hoste and his comrades. Two of the enemy's frigates were captured, one was blown up by her own crew, another struck her colours, but was not taken possession of, and made her escape in the confusion which ensued. With an utter disregard of honour and of the usages of war, her surrender was refused to Captain Hoste's formal demand.

As a wholesome corrective to national pride, we proceed to deal with some reverses which in not the slightest degree detract from the reputation of British sailors or soldiers, but simply expose the occasional imbecility and incompetence of our rulers, and of men who are by them chosen for high command. In 1806, with utter ignorance of the means of defence possessed by the Spanish colonies on the Rio de la Plata, in South America, a naval commander, Sir Home Popham, fresh from conveying the expedition which captured the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, made a dash, without orders, across the South Atlantic. With some troops on board, lent by the commander at the Cape, Sir David Baird, he arrived with his ships in June at the mouth of the La Plata. Buenos Ayres, without opposition, was taken, along with a large sum of money in the treasury, and considerable stores from the shipping in the river. The receipt of the news made the London, Bristol, and Liverpool merchants, and the manufacturers in the great towns, wild with delight, and many a cargo of goods was sent forth. When they reached their destination, Buenos Ayres was again in Spanish hands. A brave and enterprising French colonel in the Spanish service had mustered a force, attacked the town, fought a desperate fight, and compelled the small remnant of the British troops to surrender themselves as prisoners of war. The resources of the country, here and elsewhere, were frittered away in what her greatest commander described as the most ruinous of systems, a succession of "little wars". Napoleon, our great antagonist, was setting us the constant example of swiftly moving great and overwhelming forces on decisive points, while the British government, incapable of learning, was attempting enterprises in every quarter of the globe, dividing our strength in attacking the enemy on many points without any result for the general issue, acquiring in some

cases colonial territory of the highest value, only to return it at the peace, and expending money and men which would have enabled them to place a hundred thousand troops in line on the Continent, where, with Wellington in command, the scale would soon have been turned against Napoleon.

Early in 1807, the British ministry of Lord Grenville, eager to help Russia, then our ally, against the Turks, and to make British influence prevail over French at Constantinople, ordered a naval force to the Dardanelles. Admiral Sir John Duckworth was chosen to command eight line-of-battle ships and two frigates. On the way, a 74-gun ship, the *Ajax*, took fire and blew up with the loss of about 250 men. The heavy fire of the Dardanelles forts was passed without any serious loss, and a Turkish squadron, attacked by our vessels under Sir Sidney Smith, Napoleon's famous antagonist at St. Jean d'Acre, was driven ashore on the Asiatic side. Three frigates were boarded from boats and burnt, redoubts were taken, and guns were spiked, all of which was effected with trifling loss. Duckworth then moved up to within eight miles of Constantinople, and wasted days in vain negotiations with Sultan Selim, while General Sebastiani, the French ambassador, encouraged him to yield nothing, but to prepare a trap in the British rear. The whole population along the Dardanelles were engaged in making new earthworks and mounting heavy guns, and when our fleet, on March 1st, was moving back towards the Mediterranean, the ships had to run for thirty miles through a constant and severe fire. Enormous shots of granite, some weighing 800 lbs., missiles such as British sailors had never seen, were fired from the huge ordnance of Sestos and Abydos castles. Decks were broken in, masts were snapped off, and nearly 300 men were killed and wounded. The scorn of our foes and the pity of our friends were aroused by this contemptible failure. This event was followed by ill-success in an expedition aimed at Turkish power in Egypt. On March 20th, Alexandria capitulated to a squadron and military force dispatched from Messina, and some Turkish frigates were captured. General Frazer next attacked Rosetta with 1500 men, but was repulsed with great loss by a heavy fire from the houses after his men had become entangled in the streets of the town. A British reinforcement of 2500 men was also driven to retreat with a loss of about one-third of its numbers, and the matter ended

with an evacuation of the country on condition that the British prisoners should be surrendered.

Far worse than these disasters was that which befell us at Buenos Ayres in 1807. After Popham's failure in the previous year, a general named Sir Samuel Auchmuty had been sent out with a reinforcement of 3000 men. When he found that nothing could be done at Buenos Ayres, the new hand attacked Monte Video, on the northern shore of the La Plata, almost on the sea-board, and captured the town with severe loss to himself in the assault. In the spring of 1807 General Whitelock was sent out to take the chief command in that quarter, and the government, ignorant of Auchmuty's success, directed that his forces were to be put under the orders of the fresh leader. Sir Arthur Wellesley, consulted by the ministry in February, 1807, had warned them against trusting to "the accounts received concerning the inefficiency of the Spanish military establishments in America". In spite of this, the War-office persisted in the South American enterprises, and when Whitelock, early in June, landed with about 1600 men at Monte Video, he found nearly 12,000 excellent British troops gathered on the La Plata, fit to go anywhere and to do anything under competent command. The two brigadiers under Whitelock's orders, Auchmuty and Craufurd, were experienced and fairly able men, but the lieutenant-general set over them had reached his high position in the service without any record beyond parade-duty and an attendance of palace-guards. He was, in fact, a handsome, well-spoken, holiday soldier, chosen by favour for a duty to which he was to prove himself wholly unequal. He lost his head, or his nerve, from the very first. After talking as if, with the forces at his disposal, he could master all Spanish America, he shrank, in a few days, from venturing an attack upon the single town of Buenos Ayres. Goaded to action by the facts of his position, and by the looks, if not the words, of those who surrounded him, Whitelock landed, on June 28th, with nearly 8000 men, at a point about thirty miles to the east of Buenos Ayres.

The arrangements made for the advance proved his utter want of common prudence and skill, and, if the Spaniards had been an active and enterprising foe, the British army, marching in many detachments by the worst roads that could have been chosen, might have been severely handled or half destroyed, among rivers and

morasses, woods and defiles. No information as to proper routes had been sought, and the soldiers were exhausted by toil, and half starved, when, on July 3rd, they arrived before the town. Two days later an attack was ordered, and then, with dire results, the full extent of the general's imbecility was seen. The troops were divided into columns, and each division, with unloaded muskets, was to march down its particular street, and make its way to the great *Plaza*, or Square, near the river. The doors of the houses were to be broken open by two corporals, marching with tools for the purpose, at the head of each column. These ridiculous arrangements, by which the assailants were exposed to the utmost risk, with the least possible chances of prompt retaliation, caused a fearful tragedy. The doors could not be made to yield; from the windows and the flat roofs of the houses came an incessant shower of bullets. The streets had been cut by trenches, from behind which cannon sent volleys of grape-shot. The man who had devised this method of defence was General (formerly Colonel) Liniers, the French officer who had retaken the town, in 1806, from our troops under General Beresford. In spite of all obstacles, and with fearful loss, the soldiers led by Auchmuty did become possessed of a strong post in the *Plaza de Toros*, and another point of importance had been occupied by nightfall. To obtain this partial success 2500 British soldiers had fallen or become prisoners. In the morning Liniers offered terms to Whitelock, who accepted them with all the eagerness of a man whose spirit was overcome by disaster due to his own folly. In accordance with this disgraceful arrangement the British forces were withdrawn from the *La Plata*, and Monte Video was surrendered within the space of two months. Prisoners on both sides were restored, and the famishing British troops were supplied with provisions and aided by boats for embarkation. The popular fury was aroused at home by this intelligence, and Whitelock, now nicknamed "Whitefeather", was in great personal danger when he arrived in England. A trial by court-martial, held at Chelsea Hospital between January and March, 1808, ended in his removal from the army as "totally unfit and unworthy to serve his majesty in any military capacity whatever". A standing toast of the time was, "A health to gray hairs, and bad luck to white locks", and, years afterwards, the luckless man was treated with insult by the landlord of an hotel, who, on learning his guest's

identity with the commander at Buenos Ayres, peremptorily ordered him to quit the house. Whitelock was neither a traitor nor a coward, nor a mixture of both, as was declared by many unreasoning persons. He was the victim of a system under which court-influence and court-favour and court-jobbery overpowered the authority of ministers, and caused the selection of men for command without respect to actual experience or proved merit in the conduct of warlike affairs.

The same causes were, in 1809, to produce the same effects, on a far larger scale, in the disastrous issue of the great expedition sent to the Scheldt, and doomed to an ignominious renown in association with the name of the island of Walcheren. The general scheme and the main object of the mighty armament collected on our southern coast in July, 1809, were thoroughly justified by the conditions of the time, and the forces, in good hands, would have rendered important service against the common foe. Our ally, Austria, was in deadly conflict with the French emperor when the expedition was planned, and the Austrian discomfiture at the battle of Wagram, on July 6th, before our ships sailed, had only made it the more incumbent on our government to strike effective blows at the power of Napoleon. Not even Nelson and Trafalgar, nor all losses incurred at sea since that fatal day, had caused him to despair of acquiring the command of the seas and invading England. Since the spring of 1807 great naval preparations had been carried on in the Dutch and Flemish ports. In the spring of 1809 ten 74-gun ships were at anchor in the Scheldt; nine ships of the line were on the stocks at Antwerp, nearly ready to be launched; the keels of nineteen other men-of-war, large and small, were laid; and at Flushing, Antwerp, and on the Dutch coast, near Texel, there were several sail of the line ready for sea. The destruction of these vessels and the permanent occupation of Antwerp were objects well worthy of attainment. Resolved to employ irresistible force, the military and naval authorities gathered nearly forty thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with a fleet composed of 37 sail of the line, 5 ships from 50 to 44 guns, 23 frigates, nearly 200 smaller war-vessels, and about 400 ships as transports. The army was encamped at and near Southsea, the shipping was anchored at Spithead. Great crowds of people flocked, in the finest weather of a brilliant summer-time, to see the most splendid

expedition that ever left the shores of Great Britain. The commanders of this grand armada were, for the ships, Sir Richard Strachan, a man of little note; for the land-forces, the Earl of Chatham, a man of no note at all. He was, indeed, the elder brother of the younger William Pitt, but nature, far from respecting the rights of primogeniture, had not even made a fair division of intellectual endowments. He was an amiable man, acceptable at court, possessed of great family influence, and in considerable debt. It is believed that this last qualification induced the king to bring about the appointment, in order that his favourite's fiscal position might be raised by the large emoluments connected with high military command. The matter was, in plain English, an atrocious job, only possible in an age when royal predilections could still prevail over public welfare. There was not a corporal in the service who was not as well suited, from knowledge and skill, to take the command of the greatest military force that had been despatched from this country since the days of Marlborough.

On July 25th, the great flotilla sailed from Portsmouth for the Downs, viewed from every height, as it passed up Channel, by crowds of delighted gazers. The scene, when a thousand sail were gathered on the sea that fronts the coast between the Forelands of Kent, with boats filled with visitors, or bringing stores, rowing in all directions around, with bugles sounding, regimental bands playing patriotic tunes, and pennons flying from the mastheads, was such as no dwellers in that region had ever beheld. On July 30th, twenty thousand men landed on the isle of Walcheren, at the northern entrance of the west branch of the Scheldt. Middelburg, the chief town, was at once surrendered, and the French troops were driven off into the fortress of Flushing. The hostile men-of-war had retired up the river, and if the general and admiral had known their business, an immediate pursuit would have taken the ships, or a march across land, before the vessels could arrive at Antwerp, would have captured that town, which then contained a garrison of but 3000 men. Flushing, meanwhile, might have been blockaded or bombarded, or simply let alone, its immediate capture not being of the smallest account. The taking of Antwerp would have effected the main object of the expedition in securing the stronghold where Napoleon was providing for a menacing revival of his maritime power. The Earl of Chatham aimed first at the reduction of

Flushing, and, while the ships and troops were engaged at Walcheren, Marshal Bernadotte was on the way to Antwerp, where he soon had 50,000 French, Dutch, and German regular troops, besides a great host of Belgian and Dutch militia, at his command. On August 16th, the French general, Monnet, who commanded at Flushing, yielded the place after a severe bombardment, including showers of the fatal Congreve rockets, which fired the town in every quarter. Six thousand men became prisoners of war, and a few vessels, on the stocks or in dock, were secured.

Some territory near Walcheren had also been occupied by the British troops, and then a new and irresistible foe took the field in favour of Napoleon. There was a special marsh-fever well known to infect Walcheren, but neither Sir Lucas Pepys, the physician-general to the forces, nor the surgeon-general, Mr. Keate, both well acquainted with the nature of this disorder, had been consulted, and the medical officers went out without supplies of quinine and other needful medicines. The soldiers, sleeping, for the most part, in the open air, amidst a chill, blue mist that rose from the ground, and pierced the frame in every part, were seized in thousands with horrible disease. On August 29th, Lord Chatham had to report three thousand men in hospital, and, on the military question, he declared that he must close his operations with the taking of Flushing. The main part of the forces was then ordered home, but, with almost incredible fatuity, fifteen thousand men were left in Walcheren "for the protection of the island". No man outside the Cabinet could conceive any good to arise from the possession of a plague stricken swamp, but the place was not evacuated till December 23rd. The nature of the Walcheren fever may be gathered from the anonymous "*Journal of an Officer*" who was one of the sufferers. "The venom," he states, "had a singular power of permeating the whole human frame. It unstrung every muscle, penetrated every bone, and seemed to search and enfeeble all the sources of mental and bodily life. I dragged it about with me for years." When the end of October came, thousands of men had died in the hospitals at Middelburg; four thousand sick had been sent home to England; nearly two thousand were about to follow, and the hospitals would still contain four thousand men down with the fever. Such was the great expedition to Walcheren, which cost twenty millions of money, the lives of at least ten thousand men, and the

wreck of health, for life or for many years, in thousands more. The tragedy was attended by a farcical interlude in a quarrel between Lord Castlereagh, the Secretary for War and the Colonies, and Canning, the Foreign Secretary, who had a sharp interchange of words as to where the blame of the failure lay. They both resigned office, and then, in the senseless manner of the time, fought a pistol-duel in which Canning was slightly wounded.

The figures concerning the losses of line-of-battle ships and frigates on the part of Great Britain and her enemies during the war continuing from May, 1803, till July, 1815, are ample proof of the overwhelming naval superiority of this country at that time of her history. The British navy captured 26 French ships of the line and destroyed 9; 10 Spanish liners were taken and 1 destroyed; 3 Dutch liners were destroyed; 1 Russian and 18 Danish line-of-battle ships became prizes; and 1 Turkish liner was burnt by our seamen. On the other side, not a single British liner was either taken or destroyed by our various foes, as against 69 total losses of that class in their navies. Of the frigates an exact comparison cannot be made. 70 French frigates were taken or destroyed, and the total loss to hostile navies in this class amounted to 102. Of British men-of-war in every class below liners, 83 were captured and 7 destroyed, but by far the greater number of these vessels were brigs, sloops, corvettes, and other small craft, hundreds of which, lost to our enemies, are not taken into account at all. More than a hundred prizes, line-of-battle ships and frigates, were added to the British navy during the same period. The perils of the sea, far more destructive to our ships than all the efforts of seven hostile navies, are strikingly shown in the record of British vessels lost by accident. 8 ships of the line were wrecked on rocks or shoals, 3 foundered, and 2 were burnt. Of frigates and smaller vessels 161 were wrecked, 50 foundered, and 3 perished by fire. When we take the whole of the struggle from 1793 to 1815, the comparison of losses by capture and destruction presents a very striking difference. Of ships of the line, including 50-gun ships, the French lost at our hands 87, the Dutch 29, the Spaniards 24, the Danes 24, and the Russians and the Turks each 1, making a total of 166 ships of the larger classes, carrying 12,278 guns. The British losses by capture were 7 ships of the same ranks, carrying 470 guns. The total loss of frigates, to the above nations, through the

action of British seamen, was 323, mounting 11,117 guns, while our foes took or destroyed but 27 frigates, carrying 856 guns. Of corvettes, brigs, and small craft, the enemy lost 712, with 6474 guns, while our navy was diminished, in this category, by 132 vessels, of 1691 guns. The hostile navies, therefore, were weakened by our capture or destruction of 1201 vessels, with the enormous total of 29,869 naval guns of divers weights and calibres. The total losses incurred by the British war-marine will be found to be 166 vessels, carrying 3017 guns. The balance in favour of this country, during the whole gigantic struggle extending, with a brief interval, over 22 years, amounts to 1035 ships, with their armament of 26,852 guns. These figures enable us, in some degree, to acquire a mental grasp of the nation's resources at that period of her history, and of the wonderful maritime skill, enterprise, courage, and endurance with which, in spite of grievous defects of system and administration at head-quarters, those resources were employed, in the time of our longest and fiercest contest for political existence and commercial supremacy, by the finest seamen that the world has ever known.

There is no need to linger long over the oft-told tale of the brief campaign of Waterloo. The restored Bourbon monarchy in France adopted a reactionary course of policy, unduly favouring the clerical and aristocratical elements of the nation, which soon caused a large part of the French people, and especially the military class, to regret the loss of Napoleon. That dethroned monarch, from his place of exile in Elba, was able to watch every event and turn of feeling, and he resolved to make an attempt to recover his power. The Congress sitting at Vienna, for the rearrangement of the map of Europe, was interrupted by the tidings of their old enemy's escape from Elba and his landing in France, on March 1st, 1815, with about 800 men, at the Gulf of St. Juan, between Cannes and Antibes. He was well received by his former soldiers, and, moving on Paris with an ever-growing acceptance from the people, he entered the capital on March 21st, as again Emperor of the French, and began the brief second period of his sway known as *The Hundred Days*. The four great powers, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Great Britain, declared him an outlaw and public foe, liable to the common vengeance of the nations, and large forces were at once set afoot for his discomfiture. Only two of these

armies were needed for the purpose in hand. It was clear that Belgium was to be the scene of conflict, and the Duke of Wellington there assumed the command of about 100,000 allies, British, Belgian, and Dutch, with Hanoverians and other Germans, of whom less than one-third were from our native army. The Prussians, in about the same force, took the field under Marshal Blucher, a man of good military capacity, and of headlong, dogged courage, often proved in conflict with the French in the two previous years. On June 11th, Napoleon, with about 130,000 men and 300 guns, left Paris for the Belgian frontier. Four days later he crossed the Sambre and arrived at Charleroi. On the 16th, his left wing, under Marshal Ney, was repulsed, after a severe battle at Quatre Bras, about twenty miles south of Brussels. On the same day the French emperor, with his main army, defeated the Prussians at Ligny, some miles south-east of Quatre Bras, but Blucher retired in good order. During the 17th Wellington retired to a chosen position about two miles in advance of the village of Waterloo, twelve miles south of Brussels, and Blucher, by way of Wavre, made for the same ground. The allied generals had agreed to contend there for the security of Brussels and a decisive trial of strength with the foe, and it was only in reliance on Prussian aid that Wellington, with an army greatly inferior to Napoleon's, not in numbers, but in quality and in guns, had resolved to meet his great antagonist.

There are people who try to discredit Wellington by asserting that he won the battle by Prussian aid. The answer to them is that he won by the only means that could have enabled him to win. At the utmost, out of his 70,000 men, he had 45,000 really good soldiers. Many of the Belgians were disaffected to the cause, and ran away during the battle, others were of slight use in face of Napoleon's forces led by himself. Above all, only 24,000 of Wellington's men were British, and these were, to a large extent, young raw troops. His artillery consisted of 156 guns against Napoleon's 246. On the other hand, there are ignorant patriotic Britons who claim for Wellington the sole glory of victory at Waterloo. The answer to them is that the Prussians lost, in the battle, 6999 men killed and wounded, while the British and their immediate allies were lessened by about 15,000. The Prussians therefore lost about one-third of the total number on the side of the

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, third son of the first Earl of Mornington, was born in 1769. In 1787 he received a commission as ensign, and after a rapid series of changes and promotions attained command, as lieutenant-colonel, of the 33rd Regiment, in which capacity he distinguished himself in India. In 1809 he was appointed to take the chief command in the Peninsula, and began the remarkable series of victories over the veteran French troops which resulted in the abdication of Napoleon in April, 1814. In the following year he completely shattered Napoleon's army at Waterloo. He died on 14th September, 1852.

victors, and this loss fairly represents their contribution to the victory.

Napoleon's force of about 70,000 men was engaged, from about 11 o'clock till 4, on Sunday, June 18th, in vain efforts to force Wellington, still unaided by Blucher, from his positions on the field. The British infantry, resisting in line the assaults of heavy columns of French foot, and then, packed in squares, holding out for hours against the attacks of Napoleon's heavy cavalry, bore the burden and heat of the day. At the château and in the grounds of Hougoumont, in advance of the British right wing, our men repulsed, in a conflict of several hours, the attacks of far greater numbers of the foe. About four o'clock the Prussians began to arrive in force on the French right rear at Planchenoit, and the Young Guard of Napoleon, with other troops, were thereby withdrawn from the British front. Between 6 and 7 o'clock, the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, in front of our centre, was captured by the French infantry, and Napoleon then prepared for a final attempt, with two separate columns of his Old Guard, to break our centre, in the hope of forcing a retreat which might leave him free to turn round upon the Prussians. About eight o'clock, these two attacks were repulsed by Wellington, who then ordered a general advance in a four-deep line which, with the help of his cavalry-reserve, drove the enemy off in utter rout. The fresh Prussian forces, as they arrived in the field, engaged in a hot pursuit of the French which, favoured by the long summer twilight and the rays of a young moon, ended in the capture of nearly all the French guns, after a total loss to Napoleon's army of at least 30,000 men. The discomfited French troops, who had fought throughout with the greatest devotion and skill, fully recognized the truth that all was over for their defeated leader, and, flinging away their weapons after recrossing the Sambre, they mostly dispersed to their own homes, and were once more simple citizens of France. The emperor, as all the world knows, abdicated, strove to escape to America, was taken by the British man-of-war, *Bellerophon*, and was sent as an exile to St. Helena, 1200 miles from the west coast of Africa, where he died on May 5th, 1821.

Louis XVIII. was again king of France, and a new Congress of Vienna settled the boundaries of Europe afresh. France was reduced to the limits of 1792. Napoleon's Confederation of the

Rhine had ceased to exist, and was replaced by a German Confederation, with the Emperor of Austria as president, which included all the German states, and the free cities of Hamburg, Lübeck, Bremen, and Frankfort-on-the-Main, the latter being the federal capital and meeting-place of the diet of representatives. Austria recovered Lombardy and Venetia, with the Tyrol and other territory in the south-west. Prussia received Swedish Pomerania and a large part of Saxony, and recovered Posen, with Westphalia and the Rhenish territory. Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony, the last with territory diminished for adherence to Napoleon, remained as kingdoms. Holland and Belgium became united into the kingdom of the Netherlands, under the Prince of Orange as William I. Sweden and Norway were placed under one sovereign, and Switzerland was now a confederation of 22 cantons or states. Naples and Sicily were restored to their former Bourbon king, and the Pope regained the States of the Church. Sardinia recovered Piedmont and Savoy, with the addition of Genoa. In northern Italy, Tuscany, Lucca, Parma, and Modena became duchies in dependence on Austria. Hanover was now restored, as a kingdom instead of an electorate, to the sovereign of Great Britain. Such were the territorial arrangements which continued until past the middle of the nineteenth century, except the formation of Greece into an independent kingdom in 1829, the separation of Holland and Belgium into two kingdoms in 1830, and the loss of Hanover by Great Britain in 1837. The formation of a free united Italy (1860-1870), and of a new German Empire, headed by Prussia (1871), and the diminution of Turkey in the formation of the kingdoms of Roumania and Servia, and of the principality of Bulgaria, with the increase of Greek territory, and the cession of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria, are the principal changes, since that date, on the map of Europe.

CHAPTER II.

WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES (1812-1815).

Causes of the war—War on Canadian frontier—General Brock—Fighting on Lakes Ontario and Erie—Battles of Chrysler's Farm and Lundy's Lane—Disparity of British and American frigates—Losses of the British—Capture of the *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon*—The American sea-board harassed—Washington captured—Failure of attacks on Baltimore and New Orleans—Disastrous results of the war.

The ill-feeling which culminated, during the presidency of James Madison, in war between Great Britain and the United States, had been long growing. When the direct French and Spanish colonial trade, as carried on by French and Spanish vessels, had been destroyed by British cruisers, the United States, as a neutral power, acquired a large and lucrative carrying-trade between the European countries at war with Great Britain and their colonial possessions. Prior to 1807, vessels from French or Spanish colonial ports could, by calling at a United States port and taking out fresh papers, avoid all need for eluding British cruisers and privateers. The trade of France and Spain thus reached the neutral markets of Hamburg, Emden, Copenhagen, Gottenburg, and Lisbon, and from Germany and Flanders produce and fabrics were sent forth, under the same system, to such an extent as greatly to damage British commerce and manufacturing industry. Our government, thereupon, resolved to attack these organized "frauds of the neutral flags". Their chief difficulty arose from the complicated relations existing between this country and the United States. The States were, in one way, unfriendly rivals of Great Britain, as carriers for the colonies of her enemies, and as having a very large custom for their produce in France and Spain. On the other hand, they were excellent customers for English manufactures, and during the years 1805-7 received about one-third of our exports to foreign countries. Our government, in 1806, aimed their first blow at the neutral trading, by declaring a blockade along the whole of the Channel and the North Sea, from Brest to the Elbe. Then came, in due course, the Berlin Decree of Napoleon, the British Orders in Council, and the Milan Decree which have been already described. The effect of these restrictions upon the United States was very serious, and in 1809 their government passed a non-intercourse act as regarded

Great Britain, and prepared for open hostilities. The outbreak of war was still averted for some years, but there were other causes of irritation than those connected with trade. It is difficult to arrive, after the lapse of so many years, at the truth as regards the responsibility attaching respectively to the mother-country and her alienated offspring, when we find a British writer asserting that President Madison was eager to distinguish his term of office by the annexation of Canada, and was determined to brave a war with England, while an American author insists on his "very pacific disposition", and states that he so long hesitated on the brink of war that he was denounced in Congress as a man who "could not be kicked into a fight". One cause of quarrel seems to have lain in the summary American system of turning British seamen and other subjects into citizens of the United States. Our sailors were induced to enter their mercantile and armed marine by tempting offers of higher pay and better treatment. At New York, Boston and other large seaports, there were register-offices where English deserters, and adventurers of every class, upon payment of a small fee, received a certificate of American citizenship, and there is good evidence that, in order to evade the law requiring five years' residence before a foreigner could become a naturalized citizen of the States, an old woman kept a big cradle in which full-grown Britons were rocked, so that she might swear, as she did, that "she had known them from their cradle". Under the impressment system by which our navy was then manned, British men-of-war were constantly stopping and searching American vessels, not only for deserters from our navy, but for British subjects who might be forced to serve, and these acts, along with the forcible searches for goods under the Orders in Council, fostered a hostile feeling towards this country which ended in open conflict. It is certain from what ensued upon the American declaration of war in June, 1812, that the United States had long been preparing for the struggle, the main incidents of which we proceed to relate.

In attacking Canada, the Americans relied on, and were quite deceived as to, reported disaffection to British rule. Both the French and the British colonists, and most of the American immigrants, were loyal to Great Britain, and fought bravely in defence of her dominions. The whole population of Canada was at this time less than 300,000, and the frontier requiring defence from a

country of eight millions was 1000 miles in length. In the campaign of 1812, the first blow was struck by Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, a brave officer then in charge of the civil government of Upper Canada. His prompt seizure, in July, of a fort commanding the entrance to Lake Michigan, gave the Canadians a valuable strategic position, and secured the aid of the Indians of the north-west, already hostile to the United States. The Shawnee chief Tecumseh, a man of real military skill, rendered valuable aid with his band of warriors, who were objects of great dread to the American troops. In the same month, an American army of 2500 men, under General Hull, the governor of Michigan, failed in an attack on Fort Malden, near Amherstburg, on the river Detroit. The place was garrisoned by only 300 British regulars, but Hull was forced to retreat to Detroit, and to surrender in August to Brock, who thereby gained a great supply of provisions and ammunition, with command of the whole of Michigan. The British hero, who had marched three hundred miles, through a difficult country, in the space of ten days, and won this brilliant success with less than half the numbers of his foes, then hurried back to meet an invasion by way of the Niagara river, joining Lakes Erie and Ontario. He had but 1500 men, half of whom were militiamen and Indians, and an American army of 6000 men, under General Van Rensselaer, was gathered at the menaced point. On October 13th, 1200 Americans crossed the river from Lewiston, in New York State, to Queenston, on the Canadian side, and outflanked a small British force. Brock, hurrying to the rescue, and charging up hill at the head of a company of the 49th Regiment, was mortally wounded along with his aide-de-camp, Colonel Macdonell, Attorney-General of Upper Canada. Brock's successor in command, Major-General Sheaffe, with reinforcements, then won a complete victory, forcing the surrender of nearly a thousand of the foe, including Colonel Scott, afterwards the famous hero of the Mexican war. The battle of Queenston Heights, defeating the second American attempt on Canada, was a success dearly bought by the death of Brock at the age of forty-three. He was buried at Fort George, on the Niagara river, in one grave with Macdonell, while the enemy, in respect for gallant soldiers, hoisted flags half-mast and fired minute-guns at Fort Niagara. A grand monument, consisting

of a massive pedestal, a fluted column, a Corinthian capital, and a colossal statue of Brock, the whole rising to the height of 185 feet, stands on one of the finest sites in the world, overlooking the river Niagara and the south-western end of Lake Ontario. This pillar covers the remains of the two officers, and a cenotaph, near at hand, with a corner-stone laid by the Prince of Wales in 1860, denotes the spot where Brock fell. In November, other American attempts, on the Niagara river, ignominiously failed. In the same month, an United States army of 10,000 men, under General Dearborn, advanced on Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, but the vigilant and vigorous resistance of the Canadians, guarding every pass, and barricading the roads with felled trees, compelled the enemy to retire. The warfare on Lake Ontario had been mainly in favour of the Americans, Commodore Chauncey, at the head of a strong fleet, driving the Canadians under shelter of the guns at the forts.

In February, 1813, American ravages on the Canadian frontier were punished by a brilliant exploit of Major Macdonell, who, crossing the ice by daylight with about 500 men, from Prescott, on the St. Lawrence, below Lake Ontario, to Ogdensburg, on the American side, captured a fort defended by a larger force, and obtained a large supply of valuable stores. In the west, near Detroit, Colonel Proctor severely defeated, at this time, the American General Winchester, and compelled his surrender with 500 men. The contest on Lakes Ontario and Erie, during this campaign, was marked by some success for the American vessels and troops. In April, Chauncey, with 14 ships, carrying 1700 men under Generals Dearborn and Pike, issued from Sackett's Harbour, on the north-east corner of Lake Ontario, and sailed westwards for York (Toronto), defended only by 600 men under General Sheaffe. The fire of the American vessels, and the superiority of force, were irresistible, and Sheaffe retreated with some regulars towards Kingston, after blowing up the magazine with two hundred of the American storming-column, including Pike. Three hundred of the Canadian militia became prisoners, the military and naval stores were taken, and the public buildings were burned by the enemy. On May 26th, Fort George, on the Niagara river, was attacked in overwhelming force by Chauncey and Dearborn, and Colonel Vincent, the British commander, after

three hours' desperate fighting, was compelled to retire before 6000 men, having lost 350, a fourth part of his little garrison. He did not give way until his ammunition was almost spent, and the fort in ruins. He had lost no credit in this encounter, and on June 7th, within a fortnight of his ill-success, he retorted on the foe by one of the finest strokes delivered during the war. As Vincent lay on Burlington Heights, at the western extremity of Lake Ontario, a detachment of Dearborn's army, three thousand infantry, with 250 horse and nine field-guns, sent in pursuit, under Generals Chandler and Winder, were encamped seven miles off, at Stony Creek. Colonel Harvey, an officer sent out to reconnoitre the foe, reported a lack of vigilance in the American camp, and was forthwith entrusted with 700 bayonets of the 8th and 49th regiments. At midnight these daring men, assailing nearly five times their own number, flushed with recent victory, burst on the American position, and had a fierce fight, ending in the utter discomfiture of the enemy, who fled to the eastwards, while Harvey retired with four captured guns and a hundred prisoners, including both of the American generals. The tents and stores at Stony Creek were afterwards taken, and Dearborn was soon beleaguered by Vincent at Fort George. Sir James Yeo, a distinguished officer appointed to the command of our naval force on Lake Ontario, planned a descent on the American naval station at Sackett's Harbour during the absence of the enemy's fleet at Fort George, in the west, but the gross incompetence and want of spirit displayed by the commander-in-chief and governor-general, Sir George Prevost, caused a retirement in the very moment of success, though a large amount of stores and some shipping were burnt. During the summer of 1813, there was much sharp fighting between Chauncey and Yeo on Lake Ontario, with indecisive results. On Lake Erie, the American commodore Perry, with a well-equipped and well-manned squadron, defeated British vessels chiefly manned by landsmen.

In the west, Colonel Proctor was driven from Detroit and Amherstburg by superior forces under the American general Harrison. In a disastrous retreat, the brave Indian chief Tecumseh was slain. Michigan was finally lost to our arms, and the Americans were in possession of the west of Upper Canada. In November, an advance from Sackett's Harbour against Montreal,

by way of the St. Lawrence, was made by an American army of 9000 men, under General Wilkinson. The expedition was harassed by batteries along the northern shore and by British gunboats in the rear, and a severe check was given by the Canadians in the land-victory won at Chrysler's Farm, near the Long Sault Rapids. Wilkinson's men were forced to halt at St. Regis, on the southern shore, awaiting the junction of General Hampton, with 5000 men, coming from Lake Champlain. His defeat, on October 21st, at Chateauguay River, by the Canadian militia under Colonel de Salaberry, made an end of the peril that menaced Montreal.

In March, 1814, the American General Wilkinson, advancing from Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, with 5000 men, was severely repulsed at La Colle, at the head of the lake, by one-tenth of his numbers in British regulars and Canadian militia. On July 4th a fierce action took place at Fort Chippewa, on the Niagara river, between the Americans under General Brown, the commander-in-chief, and a British force of 1500 regulars, 600 militia, and 300 Indians, under Major-General Riall. The British retreated in good order, without the loss of a prisoner or a gun. Three weeks later, the greatest battle of the war, as between the Americans and the Canadians, was fought at Lundy's Lane, within sound of the roar of Niagara Falls. The British Generals Riall and Drummond, with 1600 men, there encountered General Brown, who had 5000 men on the field. The battle raged from five o'clock in the afternoon until midnight, and the utmost courage was displayed on both sides, as the Americans strove to capture the British guns, and cannon on each side were taken and retaken in hand-to-hand encounters. When 1700 men lay dead and wounded on the field, in losses almost equal, the Americans retired to Fort Erie, vainly attacked, on August 13th, by the British, who met with a severe repulse. A powerful expedition, of 11,000 men, advancing from Canada to Lake Champlain, failed through the misconduct of Sir George Prevost, who was recalled for trial by court-martial, but died early in the following year. The British fleet on the lake was defeated and partly taken by the enemy, and the war ended just as the launch, at Kingston, of the *St. Lawrence*, an oak-built ship of 100 guns, had ensured to the Canadians complete naval command of Lake Ontario.

The British public, at the outset of the conflict, were made subject to some very unpleasant surprises in the issue of naval actions. The American navy then consisted of only eight sloops and four ships bearing the name of "frigates". The government of the United States had been preparing, under this title, vessels which were not only better-modelled, and swifter and handier in movement, than most British ships of the same nominal class, but were far more numerously manned, and much stronger in hull and armament. Figures alone can give a just conception of the difference which existed between the British and American frigates, the latter falsely so called. Two of the hostile vessels, the *United States* and the *Constitution*, were 74-gun ships, slightly reduced in size, which had been taken in hand in 1794, when war with England was expected, and had been launched in 1798. In that year, a 44-gun frigate was also set afloat, under the name of a 36-gun ship. Another 44-gun frigate, the *President*, was built shortly afterwards, and this vessel was but four feet narrower than a British 74, and had masts as stout, and yards as square, as vessels of that class. This beautiful ship really carried 56 guns, with a crew of 470 officers, petty officers, sailors, and marines. The American 44-gun frigates were, in fact, "line-of-battle ships in disguise", fully equal in strength to our 64-gun ships, and such vessels were encountered by our 32-gun or 40-gun frigates with results that, under the circumstances, were inevitable. No British captain, as his opponents were well aware, could decline a combat of frigate against frigate, and no skill or courage in captain or crew could enable a vessel, with rigging cut to pieces, hull severely battered, and decks thickly strewn with dead and crippled men, to avoid striking her colours to an antagonist that could still sail round and round her, and rake her at will.

On August 19th, 1812, in the ocean south of Newfoundland and due east of New York, the British frigate *Guerrière*, carrying a broadside of 24 guns, firing shot with a total weight of 517 lbs., fell in with the United States *Constitution*, whose broadside, of 28 guns, had a weight of 768 lbs. The disparity in crew was still more formidable, as the *Guerrière* carried but 244 men against 460. The respective sizes were 1092 tons against 1533. Even this, however, by no means fully represents the inequality of the antagonists in this first naval duel of the unhappy war between

brethren on opposite sides of the Atlantic. The American vessel, fresh from port, was in perfect condition, with ample stores, and powder of the best quality. The British ship was old, and worn-out after a lengthy cruise. She was, in fact, on her way home for thorough repair, or for condemnation as not worth a refitting. She went into action with her bowsprit badly sprung, with a tottering mainmast, and with her powder, which was deficient in quantity, lacking in propulsive force, owing to damp and to long keeping. The gallant young captain, James Dacres, with this crazy craft, made a noble fight for two hours before he lowered his flag, and on the morning after the action the hapless *Guerrière*, found to be in a sinking state, was fired and blown up by her captors. It should also be mentioned that the American ships carried, as marines, a body of rifle marksmen, and that, as regards the quality of the crews, the foes of the British ships were, to a large extent, British seamen, enticed into the service before the war, and then remaining as unable to escape, or were British deserters, renegades, and traitors basely helping to slaughter their countrymen. The pick of these sailors were serving on the *Constitution* as leading men or captains of guns, and it must not be forgotten that such men would fight with the utmost desperation to avoid a capture which might lead to their own suspension on a gallows or a yard-arm. The fighting of the two ships now under review was conducted at close quarters, an American attempt to board being repelled, and the enemy's marines keeping up a fire from the tops, which severely wounded Captain Dacres and the master. The *Guerrière* lost her three masts, and then, rolling heavily in her defenceless state, and unable to continue firing, she surrendered after losing nearly one-third of her crew in slain and disabled men.

In October of the same year, 1812, the British 18-gun brig *Frolic*, severely damaged in a gale, and five years away from English dockyards as a West Indian cruiser, fell a prize to the heavier and stronger United States 18-gun corvette *Wasp*, five days out from the river Delaware. The captured vessel could scarcely use her guns in the heavy sea that was running, while the American ports were nearly six feet above the water. The British vessel was surrendered only when her enemy ran her aboard, and sixty-two officers, men, and boys, out of 109, had been killed and wounded. The *Frolic's* masts fell over the side within a few

minutes of her surrender. The *Wasp* lost fewer than 20 out of 138 fine A.B.'s, many of them British sailors. Within a few hours of the battle the British 74-gun ship *Poictiers* hove in sight, captured the *Wasp* and retook her prize. A few days later, on October 25th, the British frigate *Macedonian*, Captain Carden, was forced to surrender, after a most severe action in mid-Atlantic, to the *United States*, Commander Decatur. There was the disparity of force, in favour of the Americans, that has been above indicated, and the British ship was reduced to a mere wreck by the loss of her mizenmast, fore and main topmasts, and mainyard, with the destruction of her standing and running rigging, and the loss, in killed and wounded, of 104 men out of 254. The conquering vessel, fully able to make sail and to fire where she chose on a defenceless foe, had not lost one-third as many men as the *Macedonian*. The run of ill-fortune for the British navy was continued by the loss, at the close of 1812, of the ship *Java*, formerly a French 38-gun frigate, captured off Madagascar. From various causes, this vessel was now manned by a crew of very inferior quality for skill, not fifty of whom had ever seen a shot fired. She was also deeply laden with stores, and was in no condition to fight a well-found ship even of her own naval strength. She was destined to meet off San Salvador (Bahia), on the coast of Brazil, the U.S. "frigate" *Constitution*, whose formidable strength, for a vessel of her nominal class, has been above described. On December 30th, after a spirited action, considering all the circumstances, and when her captain, Lambert, was mortally wounded, the first lieutenant of the *Java* struck her colours. The British vessel was then completely unrigged, and, in a fight of nearly four hours' duration, had lost 124 men killed and wounded. The raw crew had made a brave defence, but the severe American fire dismounted ten of their guns, disabled many more, destroyed all the boats, shot away all the masts, and made the hull half full of water. The captured wreck was set on fire by the victors as worthless. The court-martial held in this, as in other instances, on the surviving British officers and men, here also accorded an honourable acquittal to all concerned, and the presiding admiral, in returning his sword to Lieutenant Chads, justly described his character as that of "a brave, skilful, and attentive officer".

The monotony of mishap became wearisome to British naval

captains, and it was felt both by them and by the government and country that a serious effort must be made. Some better-equipped and more powerful frigates were sent out to the sea-board of the United States, and on June 1st, 1813, a satisfactory result was attained. On that day, after a formal challenge from the British commander, Captain Vere Broke, our frigate, the *Shannon*, encountered the U.S. frigate *Chesapeake*, outside Boston Bay, Massachusetts. The American vessel was accompanied out of Boston harbour by a number of pleasure-boats containing parties desirous of witnessing the operation of "whipping a British frigate". The vessels were of almost equal force in weight of broadside, tonnage, and number of crew. Lawrence, the American captain, was reckoned the best officer in that service. Captain Broke, his worthy antagonist, had for a long period carefully exercised his men at gunnery and at boarding-practice, with the use of cutlass and pistol, and to this fact was due, in a large measure, his speedy and complete success. The vessels met about eighteen miles east of Boston lighthouse, at 5.40 P.M., and the *Shannon's* fire was at once most effective. Every shot told severely on hull or rigging. The ships quickly closed, by Captain Broke's action, and were held fast by the *Shannon's* spare anchor entering the *Chesapeake's* after-port on the quarter-deck. The boarders followed Broke on board the enemy, and the Americans, or part of them, were seized with a panic. Some laid down their arms, others kept up a heavy fire from the tops, whence they were quickly driven by some of the *Shannon's* middies and men. During further fighting on the decks Captain Broke was severely wounded, but all resistance was overcome, and the *Chesapeake* became a prize within fifteen minutes from the time of the first cannon-shot being fired. The loss of both vessels in men was very severe for the short duration of strife, the *Shannon* having 24 killed and 59 wounded, and the *Chesapeake* 47 killed and 106 wounded. Captain Lawrence and his first lieutenant both died of their injuries, and the former was buried at Halifax, Nova Scotia, with all the honours due to his position, merit, and mode of death. This famous action was a fair trial of strength between the two navies. If the gallant and well-disciplined ship's company under Broke, who was raised to a baronetcy for his success, had the advantage of five years' continuous service together under the same able leader, most of the *Chesapeake's*

crew had also been comrades for over two years, and were, physically, as fine a body of men as the United States could supply. They were, moreover, almost all really American citizens, so that the battle wholly dispelled any fanciful notions as to British degeneracy or inherent American superiority of courage or skill. It is interesting to note that one of the *Shannon's* lieutenants lived to complete his hundredth year, dying Admiral of the Fleet Sir Provo Wallis, long after Queen Victoria's Jubilee. In other naval encounters success was divided. In August, 1813, the British 18-gun brig *Pelican* captured, off the south of Ireland, the U.S. 20-gun brig *Argus*, which had been committing depredations in St. George's Channel. In the following month our 14-gun brig *Boxer* became the prize, off Portland, in the United States, of the American 16-gun brig *Enterprise*. The British commander, Blyth, was killed by the first broadside. The enemy's ship was much heavier in tonnage and better equipped, and far superior in sailing qualities. The *Boxer* was thus made helpless, but did not surrender until twenty men, besides her captain, were killed or disabled, out of sixty that composed her crew. The *Enterprise* carried just double that number.

The sea-board of the States was much harassed by our navy in various expeditions. In September, 1814, a naval and military force from Halifax attacked the north-east coast, and by vessels, with troops on board, ascending the river Penobscot, in Maine, did serious damage to the American navy. The militia of the enemy retired before half the number of British assailants, and the U.S. 26-gun frigate *Adams*, and two other vessels, were fired and destroyed by their commander's own act. The invaders then pushed forward up the river and destroyed or captured eight vessels, including an 18-gun brig and a 16-gun privateer. In December of the same year a boat-attack was made from a British squadron upon a flotilla of gun-boats on the great inlet called Lake Borgne, to the east of New Orleans. The utmost courage was displayed by the assailants, who captured the whole force under great difficulties. Five gun-boats and a sloop were taken, and an American schooner was destroyed by her own crew.

The most important and the least creditable operations of this unnatural and unnecessary struggle were those which were undertaken by British forces against the American federal capital and

two of the chief commercial centres. The close of the war with Napoleon in the spring of 1814 set free some regiments of Wellington's fine Peninsular forces, and these men were transported across the Atlantic, joined by troops from Bermuda, and placed under the command of General Ross. In conjunction with a fleet under Admiral Cockburn these troops were first employed in Chesapeake Bay. An island was taken and fortified, and the extreme measure was adopted of inciting negroes on the plantations to revolt, with a promise of emancipation. Seventeen hundred runaways were thus enrolled, and, on the conclusion of peace, our government consented to pay £250,000 as compensation to their owners—a heavy price for the use of raw recruits in a six weeks' campaign. The commanders resolved to make an attack on Washington, situated on the river Potomac. Some ships advanced up the Patuxent, flowing in the rear of the city, while another squadron went up the Potomac. The former force, on August 22nd, caused the American commodore to destroy by fire nearly all his flotilla of fifteen gun-boats, and many merchantmen, with large stores of tobacco, were seized. The latter armament captured forts and shipping, but had to fight its way back to the river-mouth, with some loss in running past new batteries skilfully and energetically prepared by the Americans. The military force that proceeded by land against Washington, under General Ross, was disembarked at Benedict, about fifty miles south-east of the city, and consisted of 3500 men, with two small guns. It was not likely that American militia, even in much superior force, could encounter with success British veterans who had beaten the best troops trained by Napoleon and his marshals. At Bladensburg, a village about five miles from Washington, a force of about 8000, with 26 guns, was defeated by our men with the greatest ease. The only bridge across the Potomac was carried at a rush under a storm of shot and shell, and a battery of ten guns was promptly taken. The enemy did not wait to see any more, but fled in confusion, after a fight of less than half an hour, in which only 1600 British came into action. The town was speedily entered by the victors, and then their brilliant success was sullied by an act of destruction worthy of Huns and Vandals. The Capitol, including the Senate-house and the House of Representatives, with a valuable library, the President's House, the arsenal, treasury, dock-

yards, war-office, and the great bridge were destroyed by fire. This treatment of the public buildings at Washington was supposed to be in retaliation for American pillage at Toronto and the burning of Niagara, in the Canadian part of the contest. The act aroused the utmost indignation in the United States, and no small disgust in England, as one wholly unworthy of a great and generous nation. The Americans themselves destroyed, in order to prevent capture, a fine frigate, a 20-gun sloop, 20,000 stand of arms, and great magazines of powder.

This sinister success was followed by two failures, one being a grave disaster for the British arms. The enemy, on recovering from the effect produced on their nerves at Washington, were actuated by the most determined feelings of hostility, and, with forces largely increased, they put forth new energy in defence of their possessions. The town of Baltimore, built on a tongue of land between the rivers Chesapeake and Susquehanna, was the next object of British attack. About three thousand of our men, soldiers, seamen, and marines, were landed for the purpose on September 11th. General Ross, the captor of Washington, was killed by a musket-ball in a fight at the outposts. His successor, Colonel Brooke, two days later, easily defeated an American army of six or seven thousand men, but it was only to find more than double that number, with a large force of artillery, stationed on the heights commanding the town. He shrank from an encounter at five-fold odds, and retired to his ships, hoping that their guns might clear the way for an assault. It was found, however, that the water-approaches had been blocked by the sinking of twenty vessels, and the whole expedition withdrew. Its fresh destination was New Orleans, the chief cotton-port of the United States, then a city of about 17,000 inhabitants. The successful operations of our boats against the American flotilla on Lake Borgne have been already described. The forces, numbering 8000 men, inclusive of seamen and marines, were under the command of General Sir Edward Pakenham, a hero of Salamanca, and one of Wellington's bravest and most skilful officers. That noble regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, was among the men who, on the morning of January 7th, 1815, advanced to the attack of works composed of earth and bags of cotton, defended by about twenty thousand of the enemy, under the command of the able General

Jackson, who became in 1829 President of the States. The arrangements made by the British leader for assaults by surprise, at various points of a complicated position, in the darkness preceding dawn, had been dislocated by various obstacles. One of our columns brilliantly stormed a redoubt of twenty guns, but the main attack, under Pakenham, met with a fearful repulse. The general's orders to provide fascines for filling ditches, and scaling-ladders for mounting ramparts, had been neglected, and our columns, exposed to a hot cannonade and to a heavy, well-directed musketry, rushed upon works that could not be scaled. Pakenham was struck down by a mortal wound, and two other generals fell. Some of the gallant Highlanders climbed over the parapet by mounting on the shoulders of comrades, but every man fell inside under a shower of bullets. It was impossible to succeed, and two thousand brave troops were uselessly sacrificed in killed, wounded, and prisoners, with a most trifling cost to the victorious Americans. It is pitiable, even at this distance of time, to know that but a fortnight before this terrible loss was incurred peace had been concluded in the Treaty of Ghent. It is still worse to remember that in that treaty not a word was written concerning the ostensible causes of the war, the rights of neutrals, and the British "right of search". Thousands of men and many millions of money had been expended on each side for little result save that of demonstrating that war between two great kindred commercial communities is a foolish, wicked, and suicidal proceeding. The trade of the American republic had been ruined for a long period in the capture of three thousand vessels of her mercantile marine, the insolvency of two-thirds of her commercial class, and the reduction of her annual exports from a value of twenty-two millions to less than a twelfth of that amount. The Americans, however, had on the whole issue shown, against a nation of vastly superior military and naval force, a capacity for defence which raised their country in the estimation of the world.

CHAPTER III.

HOME AFFAIRS AND REFORM LEGISLATION (1815 to present time).

Agitation for reform stimulated by high prices of food and depression of trade—The Luddite riots—Rise of Radicalism—Cobbett, Burdett, and Hunt—“The Field of Peterloo”—The “Six Acts”—Cato Street plot—Parliamentary representation before 1830—The First Reform Bill—Opposition in Parliament—Riots in Bristol, &c—How the bill finally became law—Changes in the franchise—The “People’s Charter”—Thomas Cooper, Ernest Jones, Henry Vincent, and Mr Stephens—Feargus O’Connor—The National Convention and “National Petition”—Frost, Williams, and Jones—Chartism extinguished—The Second Reform Act, 1867—Third Reform Act, 1884–85.

The internal history of Great Britain, from about the close of the third decade of the nineteenth century, is mainly a record of reforming legislation, and of social progress connected therewith, which are described in another section of the present work. In the account of home-events between 1815 and 1900 we are here concerned, as regards changes in the law, only with the three great measures of modification in the parliamentary franchise which are specially known as Reform Acts. These peaceful revolutions find their place here by reason of their being, on the one hand, the effect and the expression of a gradual movement from oligarchical towards democratic predominance in political power, and also themselves the forerunners and the producers of most important additions to the statutory law under which we live as citizens of the British Empire. The close of the great European war was hailed by the sanguine as an event which was about to usher in an era of prosperity and plenty, along with peace. The facts were not found to correspond to these pleasant preconceptions. The excitement of national feeling, and the exultation in victory over the ablest and most powerful foe ever encountered by British armies and fleets, were to be succeeded by the reaction which ever attends on triumphs won by supreme and exhausting efforts. A few figures will suffice to set forth the pecuniary sacrifices involved in the struggle which had endured, with a brief interval, for more than twenty years. When the war with France began in 1793, the national debt was just below 240 millions. In February, 1816, it had risen to nearly 900 millions, entailing an annual charge of above 28 millions. The revenue raised by taxation in 1815

amounted to 72 millions, or about £4, 16s. per head of the population. In 1894, the taxation was under £2 per head. There was great agricultural and manufacturing distress, with the sure accompaniments, in that age of popular ignorance as to cause and effect, of seditious words and turbulent acts. During the later years of the war, wheat had risen to so high a price that the land-owners had been tempted to make large enclosures of waste ground for the purpose of raising corn. Wheat had risen from 100s. per quarter in 1809 to 136s. in 1813, and not only had land of poor quality been sown with wheat which, at such a price, gave a profit on the expense of tillage, but the ground was exhausted by over-cropping with the same remunerative produce. A fall of prices followed the enormous harvest of 1813, and two years later a land-owning Parliament passed a law forbidding the importation of foreign corn until the price of wheat reached 80s. per quarter. Prices, however, steadily fell in that year with the cessation of expenditure on armaments that had employed large numbers of men, and both land-owners and farmers were already suffering much, in comparison with their late prosperity, when their position was aggravated by the bad harvest of 1816. While farmers and land-owners had merely straitened means, and could command fewer luxuries, the labourers who tilled the fields were almost starving. The scarcity of corn raised the price of wheat without benefiting those who had little to sell, and the peasantry, with diminished wages, had more to pay for the loaf of bread. The farmers and the land-owners could and did force some redress from the House of Commons in the abolition of the income-tax; but the labourers, paying no direct taxation, had no fiscal means of bettering their state, and the wrath of misery found a vent in the burning of corn-ricks containing the food of which they could not obtain a satisfying share.

When we turn to the manufacturing interest and the artisans of the towns, we find like causes producing similar effects. The period of the war had been one of great and continuous profit for British manufacturers. Their goods had commanded almost a monopoly in the Continental markets, because not only was labour there withdrawn from the work of production to that of waste in war, but capitalists would not spend money on new factories or machinery in regions liable to hostile occupation, with the possible confiscation or destruction of property. The restoration of peace set foreign

artisans at work with forges and looms, and the demand for British goods was greatly diminished with the revival of competition. Many a Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Midlands mill-owner became bankrupt, and many thousands of men were thrown out of employment. Then popular ignorance did its evil work in warfare waged against the machinery which was believed to diminish the demand for the use of human labour. In the centre and north of England the "Luddites" were again at work. These foes of machinery took their name from an idiot youth in Leicestershire, one Ned Ludd, who had pursued into a cottage a village-boy who teased him, and, when the lad escaped at the back, had wreaked his vengeance on the stocking-frame that stood within the room. It was in November, 1811, that these foolish criminals began their outrages, and the first place where they displayed their frenzy of destruction was the lace and hosiery town of Nottingham. During the following year the evil fashion spread through Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the mill-district in the north-east of Cheshire. In July, 1816, a vigorous revival of the Luddite riots took place, and every lace-machine in Loughborough, a small town in North Leicestershire, was wrecked. The Luddites composed an organization that was really formidable. Under a terrible oath as to secrecy and vengeance on traitors to the cause, they were enrolled in musket, pistol, and hatchet companies. Against such assailants the mill-owners defended the approaches to their property with iron gates armed with spikes at top and sides, and, in some instances, with a rude battery mounting a cannon. The government sent down cavalry regiments to the scenes of disorder, but the troops were often evaded, and fights occurred in which bodies of more than a hundred rioters attacked mills with volleys of musketry, strove to break in the doors with sledge-hammers, and were only repelled by the obstinate defence of armed workmen, and by the arrival of soldiers, sabre in hand, at the summons of the clanging alarm-bells. Military force, constant vigilance, and severe sentences at the assize-courts were successfully employed against the evil, which did not cease until many brave lads, victims of their own ignorance of economical laws, had been sent to the gallows, or to the convict settlements of New South Wales.

It was at such a time as this that the men called "Radicals" took the field in search of political remedies for social mischiefs and

wrongs. They and their friends defined "Radical" as one who wished for "root-and-branch" reform of ills, or the uprooting of social and political abuses. Their foes, the Tories and Whigs, regarded them as men who sought to root out the established institutions of the realm. There were, indeed, Radicals of a low type who aimed at reform by violent and revolutionary means. The better sort asked for political change in the shape of an altered franchise which would give a share of political power to others in addition to its present limited number of owners, mostly of the aristocratic and wealthy class. Among the foremost Radicals of the time was William Cobbett, the son of a small Surrey farmer. By his natural abilities and energy he acquired a good education of a practical kind; served in the army as a soldier and sergeant, and left it with an excellent discharge; founded the famous *Weekly Political Register*, in which he wrote fine, strong English against the personages and things that aroused his enmity. He died (1835) a member of the first reformed parliament, in which he did little worthy of his reputation in other lines. Another man of mark, in the same political party, was Sir Francis Burdett, a wealthy baronet, who entered the House of Commons in 1796, opposed the war with France, advocated parliamentary reform, Catholic emancipation, and many other changes in the direction of freedom, wrote in Cobbett's paper, and was sent to the Tower in 1810, a prisoner till the end of the session for breach of privilege in strongly denouncing the Tory majority in the Commons. In 1816, Burdett was chairman of the Hampden Club in London, one of a large number of institutions founded in the great manufacturing districts for the purpose of urging parliamentary reform. The government were alarmed when it was found that the oath taken by members of one Hampden Club bound them to use of "moral or physical strength, as the case may require", and the position was made worse by the language of a red-hot Radical and demagogue named Henry Hunt, who became famous, or notorious, as "Orator Hunt", in behalf of the repeal of the Corn-laws, and of parliamentary reform. On some occasions, at least, Hunt incited his hearers to the use of violence; and the Cabinet of Lord Liverpool soon resorted to measures of repression. In 1817 the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and a severe bill was carried against "seditious" meetings. The state of the country, as regarded

political disturbance, varied with the social conditions. In 1817 a better harvest brought a cheaper loaf, and a revival of trade provided more work. The following year was also a prosperous and quiet time, but in 1819 a glutted market for manufacturers' goods caused renewed distress amongst artisans, and the cry for parliamentary reform became louder and more menacing.

The excited state of public feeling on both sides of this question had a lamentable issue, on August 16th, 1819, in the affair known as "The Manchester Massacre", or "The Field of Peterloo". A great meeting in support of reform was gathered on that day on an open ground at Manchester, called St. Peter's Field, part of which site is now occupied by the Free Trade Hall. "Orator Hunt" was there to preside, and more than fifty thousand persons were packed on a space less than three acres in area. The magistrates had issued placards declaring the meeting to be illegal, and warning the people to abstain from attendance at the appointed spot. The authorities had then refused to convene a meeting under their own sanction and superintendence, when a requisition with numerous signatures was addressed to them in favour of an assembly "to consider the propriety of adopting the most legal and effectual means of advancing reform in the Commons House of Parliament". The meeting was then announced by its promoters for the above date. Men marched to the ground in regular array, headed by youths bearing branches of laurel, to represent olive, in token of amity and peace, and silk flags were carried bearing inscriptions in gold letters, "Liberty and Fraternity", "Parliaments Annual", "Suffrage Universal", "Unity and Strength", with a cap of liberty of crimson velvet borne aloft between them. One of the leaders in the movement, Samuel Bamford, had exhorted his column, before setting out, to steadiness and seriousness of conduct, to abstinence from insult or provocation in word or deed, and from any resistance to attempts at arresting himself or any other leader. His remarks were received with cheers, and the march began at a slow pace to the music of a band. There were some hundreds of women, mostly young wives and sweethearts of the men, dancing to the music, or singing snatches of popular songs. About noon Hunt reached the ground, standing up in an open carriage, with music and flying flags around, and he made his way to the hustings erected upon two waggons. The autho-

rities, on their side, had resolved not to attempt to prevent the meeting, but to wait till the people had all assembled, and then to execute the warrants which they issued for the arrest of the leaders. This insane plan of procedure is responsible for the tragical issue of events.

A large force had been assembled in Manchester, consisting of six troops of the 15th Hussars; a troop of horse-artillery, with two guns; the 31st Regiment of infantry; some companies of the 88th Regiment; and 350 Cheshire Yeomanry, and a troop of Manchester Yeomanry, numbering about forty, chiefly wealthy mill-owners of the town. The Manchester Yeomanry and two hundred special constables were kept under the immediate command of the magistrates, who repaired to a house on one side of St. Peter's Fields. Some of the constables were stationed close to the hustings in the centre of the ground, and the rest so as to maintain a line of communication between the hustings and the meeting-place of the magistrates, about 300 yards distant. Two squadrons of the hussars were placed in a street a quarter of a mile away from the ground, with the Cheshire Yeomanry. The other regular troops were farther off, and the Manchester Yeomanry were in a street near another side of St. Peter's Field. The band which accompanied Hunt and his party came towards the hustings playing *Rule Britannia* and *God Save the King*, during which many, or most, of the people held off their hats. The music ceased, Hunt was regularly moved to the chair, and he then advanced to the front of the stage, took off his white hat, and began his speech to the silent throng. When he had uttered but a few sentences, a confused murmur and pressure, beginning at one verge of the ground, and rolling rapidly towards the centre, made him pause. The meaning of this was that the troops were advancing upon the people. According to the sworn evidence of Mr. Hulton, the chairman of the magistrates, Mr. Nadin, the chief-constable, declared that he could not execute the warrants for the apprehension of the reform-leaders without military aid. The Manchester Yeomanry were then summoned to the house containing the magistrates, and they came trotting up to the front, where they reined up in line. The crowd set up a tremendous shout, the precise meaning of which does not appear. The yeomanry thereupon waved their swords and advanced, penetrating the crowd singly,

and being soon brought to a stand by the density of the throng. Then came up the two squadrons of hussars, and at this moment, according to the evidence of one of their lieutenants, afterwards Sir William Jolliffe, Bart., M.P., the Manchester Yeomanry were scattered singly, or in small groups, over the greater part of the ground, wedged among the mob, and powerless either to make an impression or to escape; they were, in fact, in the power of those whom they were designed to overawe, and, as the witness says, "it required only a glance to discover their helpless position, and the necessity of our (the hussars) being brought to their rescue". It does not appear that the isolated soldiers of the yeomanry were then being subjected to the slightest personal ill-treatment. Mr. Hulton, however, the leader of the magistrates, lost his head, and, as if the yeomanry were in imminent danger, ordered Colonel L'Estrange, commander of the hussars, to "disperse the crowd". At this the word "forward" was given by the officer, the trumpet sounded, and the regular cavalry dashed among the people. The multitude, the yeomen, and the constables, in their efforts to escape, ran one over the other, so that, when the hussars reached the other side of the field, the fugitives were, says Sir W. Jolliffe, "literally piled up to a considerable elevation above the level of the ground". The same witness states that the hussars generally drove the people forward with the flats of their swords, but admits that "sometimes the edge was used".

Bamford, the reformer, who was an eye-witness of the scene, and is a very trustworthy authority, tells of "sabres plied to hew a way through naked held-up hands and defenceless heads; and then chopped limbs and wound-gaping skulls were seen; and groans and cries were mingled with the din of that horrid confusion". Then, with a general shout of "Break! break!" there was a rush, heavy and resistless as a headlong sea, and a sound like low thunder, with screams, prayers, and imprecations from the crowd. In ten minutes the field was an open and almost deserted space, the hustings remaining with a few broken and hewed flag-staves erect, and some torn and gashed banners, whilst the ground was all strewn with caps, bonnets, shawls, hats, shoes, and other parts of male and female dress, trampled, torn, and bloody. Mounds of human beings remained where they had fallen, crushed down and smothered. Some were still groaning; others, with

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staring eyes, were gasping for breath, and others would never breathe more. All was silent save those low sounds, and the occasional snorting and pawing of steeds. About thirty wounded persons were carried off to the infirmary, and about forty more received slighter injuries. Most of the wounds were fractures, and there were from twenty to thirty sabre-cuts. On the evening of the same day three or four persons were wounded by the fire of the infantry ordered to clear the streets of a threatening assemblage. The number of persons killed at what the reformers, in sarcastic allusion to Wellington's victory, styled "the battle of Peterloo" was five or six, one being a special constable ridden over by the hussars, and another a Manchester yeoman knocked off his horse by a brick-bat, and having his skull fractured either by the blow or by the fall. Hunt and several of his friends were seized by the military who first arrived at the hustings, and were remanded on a charge of "high treason". Bamford and others were afterwards apprehended, and the government, abandoning the absurd charge of high treason, required all the culprits to find bail to stand their trial for misdemeanour in conspiring to alter the law by force and threats. They were found guilty at York in the following year and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The Cabinet at once exonerated the magistrates from all blame, and the Prince Regent hastened to express his "approbation and high commendation" of all the authorities concerned. The reformers, on their side, took a very different view. Sir Francis Burdett addressed a public letter to the electors of Westminster, denouncing the Manchester magistrates in the strongest terms. He was at once prosecuted for libel, fined £1000, and imprisoned for three months. Meetings were held in all parts of the kingdom, at which strong resolutions were adopted both against the Manchester magistrates and the government. An address to this effect was presented to the Prince Regent from the Common Council of the City of London, and that distinguished person replied that he received their remarks "with deep regret", and clearly hinted that they did not know what they were talking about. Addresses of the same purport, from most of the great towns, came pouring in, and great county-meetings were held. One which was attended by many thousands of persons represented the county of York, and was convened by the high-sheriff, on the requisition, amongst

others, of a lord-lieutenant, Earl Fitzwilliam, who was also present at the meeting. That nobleman was promptly dismissed from his office as representative of the Crown in the West Riding. The Duke of Hamilton, lord-lieutenant of Lanarkshire, sent a subscription of £50 for the relief of the Manchester sufferers, and expressed his strong disapproval of the manner in which the meeting had been interrupted. On the other hand, addresses in approval of the authorities came from some smaller towns and counties, and some associations were formed in the north for raising troops of yeomanry to aid the civil power. The grand-jury of the county of Lancaster threw out a number of bills indicting members of the Manchester Yeomanry "for cutting and maiming with intent to kill". On the whole, the classes representing property were inclined to support the government. The feeling in favour of reform was intensified throughout the land amongst the working and the middle classes, and the strongest language was used at countless meetings which the authorities did not attempt to prevent or to disperse. All the people met and separated in peace, save in one at Paisley, interrupted by the authorities, who thus caused three days' riot there and at Glasgow.

The ministry were greatly alarmed at what they heard from panic-mongers concerning the state of public feeling, and they hastened to meet what they conceived to be public peril by the famous legislation known as the "Six Acts". Lord Eldon, the Chancellor, and Lord Sidmouth (formerly Mr. Addington), the Home Secretary, in the House of Lords, and Lord Castlereagh, the Foreign Secretary, in the Commons, introduced and carried bills for the prevention of delay in the trial of cases of misdemeanour; for preventing persons being trained in the use of arms and in military evolutions; for punishing blasphemous and seditious libels; for subjecting political pamphlets to the stamp-duties of newspapers, with a view to restrain such libels; for the prevention of seditious meetings; and for authorizing justices, in certain disturbed counties, to seize and detain arms collected for unlawful purposes. The bills became Acts against considerable opposition. Some of them were plainly harmless or even beneficial. The improper interference with civil and political freedom lay in the restrictions on printed political discussion, and especially in the legislation directed against public meetings. It was positively

enacted that, with the exception of such assemblies as were convened by official persons, no meetings could be held "for the consideration of grievances in Church and State, or for the preparing of petitions, except in the parishes where the persons attending usually reside". No meeting for the discussion of subjects connected with Church or State could be convened at all, by official authority, save on a requisition to which the names of at least seven householders were attached.

Soon after the accession of George IV., in January, 1820, a conspiracy came to light which was held by the timid and the illogical to justify the measures passed in the last session. The plot had, assuredly, not the least connection with any plans or aspirations of parliamentary reformers or Radicals, and was merely the enterprise of a number of men, ignorant, needy, and fanatical, banded together under the influence of a desperate character of some education, and once of respectable position, now mainly actuated, as it appears, by a revengeful feeling against a prominent member of the ministry. The leader, Arthur Thistlewood, had been a subaltern officer in the West Indies, and then a resident in France during the revolutionary period at its worst phase. Returning to London, he had taken part, in 1817, in a meeting at Spa-fields, convened by "Orator Hunt", which ended in a foolish kind of riot, easily suppressed by the Lord Mayor. Tried and acquitted on a charge of treason, Thistlewood sent a challenge to Lord Sidmouth, for which offence he was punished by fine and imprisonment. He emerged from his cell in a bloodthirsty mood, and formed a plan for murdering all the ministers, seizing the Bank of England, the Mansion House, and the Tower, and setting up a republican form of rule. The conspirators met in a loft over a stable in an obscure thoroughfare called Cato Street, running parallel to the Edgeware Road, on the north side of Hyde Park. The atrocious plot was to be carried out on February 23rd, at the house of Lord Harrowby, President of the Council, in Grosvenor Square, where all the members of the Cabinet were to dine. One party was to rush in during the dinner and secure the servants, while others, with swords and pistols, shot and cut down the guests. The intentions of Thistlewood and his gang, numbering about forty, were truly formidable, so far as the lives of the ministers were concerned. But a peculiar fate, as Lord Macaulay remarks

concerning Barclay's plot against William III., has always attended such conspiracies in this country. The English regard assassination, and have during some ages regarded it, with a loathing peculiar to themselves. The ministers were in no real danger, because, as in the case of Babington's conspiracy against Elizabeth, Fawkes' conspiracy against James, and several other plots entrusted to many persons, the heart or the fidelity of one man had failed, and the authorities were well aware of all that was doing. The informer, Edwards, remained in the plot as a spy of the Home Office, and another man also turned traitor to his fellows. The preparations for the dinner went on at Lord Harrowby's, in order to deceive the intending assassins, but the guests met elsewhere, and as the hour for the dinner approached, a force of constables, followed by some men of the Coldstream Guards, made their way to the stable-loft in Cato Street. The gang were there assembled, preparing to set forth, when the police, some little distance ahead of the soldiers, ascended the ladder. The first comer, Smithers, was stabbed to the heart by Thistlewood; the lights were put out, and a rush for escape, with a confused struggle, ensued. The leader, for the time, got away with more than a dozen of the plotters, but the soldiers arrived, and the matter then ended with the capture of nine. Thistlewood and others were taken in London within three days, and five died by hanging, followed by beheading, while five others were transported for life. It is painful to have to record that the existence of this plot was used by the alarmists as an argument against popular education. The Radical leaders must be able to write, or they could not circulate proclamations, and the people, therefore, must be kept unable to read seditious words. It is a relief to turn from such a mingling of tragedy and farce to a history of the progressive steps which conducted reasonable men to the triumph known as the First Reform Act.

It was in 1821 that the continuous and finally successful agitation for Parliamentary reform began. Three motions relating to the question were discussed in the Commons during the session, and important meetings, of a peaceful character, were held. In May, a dinner at the London Tavern, in the City, was marked by vigorous speeches, one of which was delivered by Dr. Lushington, a lawyer of the highest eminence, who clearly proved that the way to all other needful reforms lay through amendment in the constitution

of the legislature. It was in vain henceforth that the government sought to repress every movement of thought and speech which betrayed a desire for political change. The nation was desirous of improving its own life, and was seeking to attain that end by the only peaceable and constitutional means. It became daily clearer to more minds that a real representation of the community in the House of Commons was the true and only way of combating sedition. Parliamentary reform became the avowed object of the enlightened part of the people, and from this time disaffection, apart from the turbulence of self-seeking demagogues, and the riotous proceedings of mere mobs, was absorbed into strenuous political action, which at last overcame the resistance of aristocratic interest, prejudice, privilege, and power. Many members of the aristocratic land-owning class set an example of generosity, self-denial, and activity in the cause, which have never received their due meed of praise. For ten years the people were learning to appreciate the value of a real representative system, as an object of legitimate aspiration, and to have clearer and more definite conceptions of political freedom and duty. The avowals and incitements uttered at the London Tavern were followed, in that and succeeding sessions, by a large number of petitions to the House of Commons in favour of reform. At this stage, the House paid little heed to the matter thus brought under its notice. A motion for a Committee of the whole House, to consider the state of the representation of the people in Parliament, was rejected, in the absence of leading members on both sides, by a majority of 55 to 43, and resolutions to the same effect, introduced by Lord John Russell, also failed. Even then, however, a morsel of change was vouchsafed in the disfranchisement of the corrupt borough of Grampound in Cornwall, and the transference of its two members to the county of York.

Two years later, in 1823, there were signs of increasing strength of opinion in behalf of a reform in the constitution of the House of Commons. A petition was brought to the bar by the Sheriffs of the Corporation of London. Another petition came up from Yorkshire which created a great sensation. It was not only 380 feet in length, but it was signed by two-thirds (17,000) of the freeholders of that great county, including a large majority of the aristocracy. It was stated, on the best evidence, that not 50 names

were attached to the petition to which exception could be taken as not being those of actual freeholders. This great demonstration from the men of property and education in the north did not, however, much move the existing House of Commons. There was, indeed, a much larger attendance of members at the annual debate, but Lord John Russell's motion for "serious consideration" of the existing state of representation was rejected, in a House of 449, by a majority of 111. In 1830, it was clear that things were coming to a crisis. A motion for disfranchising the small corrupt borough of East Retford, in Nottinghamshire, and transferring its two members to the great town of Birmingham, was rejected by 126 votes to 99, and it was this vote which gave new force to the efforts of the Birmingham association whose purpose was to raise a universal cry for reform. That body, furnished with large subscribed funds, had entered on a general course of agitation in discussions and meetings. The Birmingham Political Union began to stimulate the popular will at the time when its action and its appeals were likely to produce the greatest effect. The hour for revolution, both in France and Great Britain, had struck, and nothing could long withstand the pressure of opinion and events.

In June, 1830, a new sovereign, William the Fourth, came to the throne, and the Tory ministry, headed by the Duke of Wellington, lost many seats in the new Parliament. In the following month the revolution of July drove Charles the Tenth from his seat of power, when he claimed to rule with absolute sway, and the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe was established in France. The middle classes in England, striving to assert themselves against the land-owners who almost exclusively filled the two Houses, were greatly encouraged. In November, the Duke declared himself strongly against Parliamentary reform when Earl Grey suggested the propriety of his taking up the question. That nobleman, a leading Whig, had advocated the reform of the franchise in the early days of the first French Revolution, and his opportunity, after the lapse of nearly forty years, had now arrived. On November 15th, the Duke's ministry was defeated in the Commons, and their resignation was followed by the accession to office of a Cabinet headed by Lord Grey, and composed of Whigs and followers of the deceased George Canning, a Tory of an enlightened type.

Reverting for a brief space to parliamentary events prior to this date, we find that Lord John Russell's motion for leave to bring in a bill assigning members to Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds had been rejected by a majority of 48. The cause of reform had also been greatly served by an utterance of the Duke of Newcastle, a Tory of the most pronounced character, in reference to the borough of Newark. When his interference with the representation in the Commons of that little town was challenged, he retorted by the question, "May I not do what I will with mine own?" thus avowing his belief that the franchises of the citizens of Newark were as much at his disposal as any species of property. The actual system of representation was brought under popular view in a most startling form. The ducal influence at Newark was mainly derived from his being the lessee of crown lands, amounting to about 1000 acres, forming a belt around the town. Nearly 600 of the electors resisted his dictation, and their independent spirit, with the duke's amazing claim, expressed in words which became proverbial, greatly influenced the contest that was coming. Another sign of the times had come at the general election in 1830, on the accession of the new sovereign. Mr. Henry Brougham had been invited by the voters for Yorkshire to stand for election as one of their four representatives. This remarkable man, distinguished by eloquence, energy, and versatility rather than accuracy of knowledge, had then been for twenty-one years before public view as a champion of popular interests and rights in various regards. He had worked hard on behalf of the spread of knowledge amongst the masses, and of legal reforms. He had advocated, with the utmost power of language, the freedom of negro slaves, and had denounced in tones of thunder every species of oppression. He now became, as second on the poll, a representative of what was then regarded as the first constituency in England, and attained, in his own words, the pinnacle of his fame. In the ministry of Earl Grey he was appointed Lord Chancellor, and was thus enabled to fight the battle of the Commons of England in the assembly where he was confronted by their chief opponents.

The struggle began with the opening days of the year 1831. While the Ministers were preparing their Reform bill, the non-electors of Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester and other towns,

including vast numbers of intelligent tradesmen, and artisans of the better class, were signing countless petitions, and were forming the political unions which were, in the time now at hand, the most effectual agents in the preservation of the public peace, and in the avoidance of armed revolution. It was the middle class that was thoroughly aroused, people who had the strongest conceivable interest in the preservation of law and order in the land. The bill was prepared with the greatest secrecy, and its introduction in the Commons was entrusted to Lord John Russell. He was not a member of the Cabinet, but was selected as their instrument on this great occasion owing to his long devotion to the cause in hand. It was on March 1st, 1831, that he brought forward the measure, and both friends and foes were surprised by the extent of its scope and by the thorough and trenchant style in which it dealt with the chief vice of the representative system. That vice was the existence of what were called "rotten boroughs", towns, or phantom towns, for which members were returned to the House of Commons by the direct influence and will of great landlords, many of whom were members of the House of Peers. Under the representative system which the Duke of Wellington declared to be the perfection of human wisdom, there were members sitting for boroughs containing fifty houses, ten houses, one house, and, in the case of Old Sarum and other so-called "boroughs", no house at all. Sarum consisted of the site of a long-vanished city on Salisbury Plain. These boroughs, for political purposes, were bought and sold just like estates, and were as regular a branch of the patron's or land-owner's income as his farms. If he did not sell them to a stranger, he sold them to a prime-minister, sometimes for a pension, sometimes for a government-post or sinecure with "little to do and plenty to get", sometimes for a peerage. A land-owner might send his footman to the House of Commons as a member, and the grossest jobbery in every department of the public service was the result of a state of things in which the possession of boroughs enabled a man, through his power of directing votes which might unmake a ministry, to procure promotion for his friends and dependents. It was through such influence that men obtained the command of men-of-war, of companies, regiments, brigades, and armies; were appointed to church-livings, comfortable berths in the civil service, legal offices, and every kind of posts in which the salary

was derived from the pockets of the tax-payers. It was for lack of such influence that, all over the country, great scholars could be found starving on curacies, brave and able soldiers and sailors, fit for command, barely existing on a miserable "half-pay", and profound lawyers mouldering in the Inns of Court. The hangers-on of borough-mongers had to be sated with the good things of administration in Church and State before mere merit, patient and helpless, without a friend possessed of votes in the Commons, could hope for the crumbs of the public table. The Lords of the legislature were forbidden to interfere in elections for members of the House of Commons, and yet about 150 land-owners, including 128 peers, returned, by their command of rotten boroughs, an absolute majority of that House.

Lord John Russell supposed the case of an intelligent foreigner anxious to understand the principle of parliamentary representation in this wealthy, powerful, civilized, and enlightened country. He imagined such a man being taken to a ruined mound, and told that that mound sent to the House of Commons two representatives of the people. He might then be conducted to a stone wall, and informed that three niches in that wall sent two representatives, and again, to a park where no houses were to be seen, and further told that the park, with its sheep and deer, its umbrageous oaks, and its furry and feathered game, had its interests cared for by two representatives in the House of Commons. His astonishment would be heightened when he found that large and opulent towns, full of industry, intelligence, and commercial enterprise, containing vast magazines of every kind of manufactures, sent no representatives to Parliament at all. These matters brought forward by Lord John Russell were not fictions, but facts, and they were facts with which the country was determined to deal. It was not forgotten that the speaker was himself a member of the privileged class, a scion of the House of Bedford, whose head, the Duke of that title, held in his hands enormous power and wealth as an owner of boroughs, and such also were many of the noblemen and gentlemen of high family, who, in framing the Reform Bill, showed their readiness to lay down hereditary possessions for the public weal, while they required the same sacrifice from their fellows.

It is needless to dwell upon the outcry of the supporters of aristocratic privilege when the Bill introduced by Lord John

Russell proposed to deprive sixty rotten boroughs of the franchise, and to abolish 168 borough seats. Sir Robert Harry Inglis, M.P. for the University of Oxford, predicted that, if such a Bill were passed, ten years would see the new House of Commons dethrone the sovereign and abolish the House of Lords. Sir Charles Wetherell, a legal luminary, declared the Bill to be "republican at the basis", and "destructive of all property". On the following night, March 2nd, the measure was supported by Mr. Macaulay in a speech which received the highest praise from the most determined opponents of change. There were seven nights of debate before the Bill was read a first time, and before that stage was reached the supporters of reform had, as a body, agreed that in spite of all its deficiencies, such as the omission of the ballot and a shortening of the duration of parliaments, they would contend together for "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill". This became the popular cry, ringing through the land for more than a year. The great middle class was fully aroused, and the political unions began to reckon the numbers of men by whom a march on London could be made from each district, as a demonstration in support of the ministry against the opponents of the measure. The chairman of the Birmingham Union declared that they could send forth two armies each as large as that which won Waterloo. From the coast of Sussex, ten thousand men were ready to take the road. Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the Midlands were ready. The political unions sent forth great processions to their meeting-grounds in orderly array, and anti-reformers were afraid or professed to be afraid of violence. At no time, however, throughout the contest was any outrage committed, save by those who, always the foes of law and order, take advantage of times of popular excitement. On the second reading, the ministers, in a House of 608 members, had a majority of only one. On April 19th, they were defeated by eight, in committee, on a hostile motion of General Gascoyne that the number of the House of Commons should not, as proposed in the Bill, be reduced. Two days later the government, on a question of adjournment, were beaten again by a majority of 22, and they offered their resignation to the king, who declined to accept it, but was by them induced, on April 22nd, to dissolve the Parliament in order to take again the sense of the people, so far as the existing constituencies could convey it, at a

new general election. Before the House of Commons separated, the Bill had been withdrawn by the government, and the people thoroughly understood that their cause was now consigned to their own care.

The elections to the new House of Commons were very powerfully influenced by the moral pressure which non-voters brought to bear on those who possessed the suffrage. The electors now, to a large extent, joined the political unions of those who were still outside the constitution, and bankers and capitalists, members of the late parliament, and country gentlemen, were there enrolled along with their neighbours of lower degree, teaching and learning much at the meetings where both parties were striving for success in the same great political struggle. There were some slight disturbances during the elections in England, and serious riots in Scotland owing to the anger aroused by the fact that the opponents of reform, possessing almost a monopoly of political power, carried nearly all the seats with candidates of their own views. The state of the representation was bad enough in England, but in the northern kingdom it was a mere mockery and insult to the Scottish people. The county-voters were far under three thousand; the boroughs, in all, had about 1400 holders of the parliamentary franchise. Thirty-three persons returned the member for Edinburgh, and that number of electors sent to Westminster the representative of Glasgow. The issue of the electoral contest was striking. Out of 82 county-members only 6 were opposed to reform. Yorkshire sent 4 supporters of the Bill, and the City of London 4 more. Tory opponents, including General Gascoyne, were driven from their seats in utter rout, and the Duke of Newcastle could do nothing with "his own" at Newark. On June 24th the Bill was introduced, but the second reading was postponed until July 4th in order that the Reform Bills for Scotland and Ireland might be duly brought in. The second reading, after three nights of debate, was carried for ministers by a majority of 136 in a House of 598 members. The minority, in committee, delayed the progress of the measure in every possible way, making a fight for every borough that was sacrificed in the Bill, questioning every population return and debating every minutest point, in the hope that "fate, or Providence, or

EARL GREY APPEALS TO THE BENCH OF BISHOPS TO PASS THE REFORM BILL.

For about ten years there had been, in Great Britain, a continuous and strenuous agitation to procure Parliamentary Reform, and this agitation came to a head in 1832. The chief movers for reform were members of the middle class, while their chief grievance was what were called "rotten boroughs". These boroughs belonged to the great landholders of the country, who could send such representatives to the House of Commons as they pleased; moreover, these boroughs, for political purposes, could be bought at a price, and were, indeed, a regular source of income to their owners. To abolish this unjust system Lord John Russell, in 1832, introduced a Reform Bill which, among other things, deprived 60 rotten boroughs of the franchise. After prolonged and fierce hostility the Bill was passed through the House of Commons and ultimately sent up to the House of Lords. There Earl Grey, who was Prime Minister and also a leader in this Reform agitation, took the Bill in charge. He addressed a special entreaty to the Bench of Bishops to vote for a just measure, which would bring peace and happiness to the distracted country. But he pleaded in vain; the Bishops, with one exception, voted against the Bill, which was thrown out upon that occasion.

something" might intervene to save the constitution. The people grew angry, and the newspapers spoke their wrath. As July and then August passed away, the political unions of Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow had a conference in order to decide how long they would wait the will of the minority in the Commons. The obstructors of reform then spoke of discussion being stifled by threats, and wasted more time; but on September 7th the committee-stage was over, and a fortnight later the third reading passed the Commons by a majority of 109, and the news was received in the country with the utmost joy, expressed by cheers and floating flags and pealing bells.

On September 22nd, the day after the Bill was read a third time in the Commons, Lord Althorp, the leader there, attended by a hundred members, carried the measure up to the Peers. A debate of five nights took place, from October 3rd to the 7th inclusive, on the second reading in that Chamber. The interests of the noble speakers were most nearly and deeply concerned, and a fine display of rhetoric was the result. Lord Grey, who on this question crowned his career in a struggle which endured, inside and outside Parliament, for many months, by a display of the greatest personal devotion and of the most resolute patience and self-control, addressed a special entreaty to the Bench of Bishops, as the ministers of peace, to vote in such wise as might tend to the tranquillity and happiness of the country. The result of his appeal was that one prelate, the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Bathurst, voted in favour of the Bill. Twenty-one Bishops, exactly enough to turn the scale, voted against it, and the fathers of the Church decided to regard themselves as the humble servants of the hereditary aristocracy. The Lords threw out the measure by a majority of 41, and at once found themselves face to face with an exasperated people, in which position, for the moment, we leave them, in order to revert to a semi-tragical, semi-comical scene which is one of the picturesque incidents of this great constitutional struggle.

When the government had been defeated in the Commons early in the morning of April 22, 1831, and the King had declined their proffered resignation, he objected, at first, to the course which they considered essential, the dissolution of the new Parliament. It was known that Lord Wharncliffe, in the Peers, was about to move an address to the Crown remonstrating against such a course.

That address was sure to be carried, and it was equally certain that a like address from the Commons would follow. It would have been difficult for the sovereign to dissolve Parliament in face of such expressions of opinion from both Chambers, and Lord Grey and Lord Brougham thereupon resolved, if possible, to force his hand. They went separately to the palace, in order to avoid exciting notice, and spent a long time in vainly urging the King to dissolve. The Chancellor declared that the further existence of the present House of Commons was incompatible with the peace and safety of the kingdom. When the sovereign appeared somewhat moved by this strong utterance, the two ministers urged immediate action, and the King, reluctantly yielding to their pressure on the main point, objected that for the moment "nothing was arranged; the great officers of state had not been summoned to attend, the royal robes and crown were not prepared, nor the escort of Guards". Lord Brougham then replied that all was ready, even to the attendance of the troops. The orders for this last accompaniment of royalty always proceeded from the sovereign, and the King broke out with a denunciation of the Chancellor's act in giving orders concerning the Guards as being "high treason". Brougham humbly acknowledged that such was indeed the case, but he had been emboldened by a solemn belief that public safety demanded an immediate dissolution of the Houses. The King then cooled down; the speech was ready in the Chancellor's pocket, and the sovereign, after this daring escapade, unmatched in our history, dismissed the ministers with a kind of joking menace as to the liberty which they had taken.

We leave the King preparing to start on his way to the Houses, and fly in thought from the palace to St. Stephen's, to witness what is passing there. Both Peers and Commons were sitting, and the members were in an excited state. In the Commons, Sir Richard Vyvyan, for the Opposition, was supposed to be speaking on a reform petition, but he was subjected to interruption in the shape of cries of "Order!" from ministerialists who considered that he was trenching on the question of a dissolution of Parliament. The Speaker lost his nerve to some extent, and his utterances were not received with the usual deference, on the part of several members. Lord John Russell, with his weak thin voice, vainly tried to allay the tempest that was rising. As Sir Richard Vyvyan, after a noisy

and angry display of feeling on both sides, got under way again, the sound of his voice was drowned by the boom of the guns which told all that quarter of the capital that the King had left the palace and must now be close at hand. Cheers, cries of wrath, and shouts of laughter arose, as the cannon, at regular intervals, continued to roar, and leading members, as Lord Althorp, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir Francis Burdett, were all afoot at once, gesticulating with vehement action of command and entreaty, while their friends strove in vain to procure them a hearing. At last, cries of "Shame! shame!" procured silence for the Speaker, who decided that Sir Robert was entitled to address the House.

We shall now see what was enacting in the other Chamber. The peers had assembled, in unusual numbers, at two o'clock, and Lord Wharncliffe was about to rise and move the address against a dissolution. The Chancellor, after the scene at the palace, had taken his place on the woolsack, but at this moment he left the House, and his place was taken by another peer who was duly called to preside. Then Lord Wharncliffe rose, but the Duke of Richmond, who was Postmaster-General, but not one of the Cabinet, eager to gain time for his colleagues and to prevent Lord Wharncliffe from accomplishing his purpose, called some of the peers to order, requesting them, according to the rules, to be seated in their proper places. A storm at once arose, and several peers were on their legs, uttering sharp words as to who or what was disorderly. The Duke of Richmond then moved for the standing order against offensive language to be read out by the clerk at the table, and amidst the confusion came the sound of the cannon which startled the Commons and announced that the King was on his way. Lord Wharncliffe then read his proposed address, couched in very strong language, and the Chancellor rushed in, took his seat on the woolsack, and vehemently cried, "I never yet heard that the Crown ought not to dissolve Parliament whenever it thought fit". Cries of "Hear! hear!" were mingled with shouts of "The King! the King!", and Brougham, snatching up the seals, rushed out to meet him. The woolsack was resumed by the former peer chosen to preside, and a great noise arose, reaching the sovereign's ears as he approached. The peeresses who had come to witness, as they thought, a mere prorogation, were alarmed by the spectacle of angry lords below pushing, hustling, and defying each other with

angry gestures and uplifted hands. Again arose cries of "The King!" and the commanding voice of a high official was heard above the tumult, uttering in solemn tones, "God save the King!" The great doors to the right of the throne flew open, as one of the peers continued to declaim against the conduct of ministers, and Lord Durham, the Lord Privy Seal, appeared on the threshold, carrying the crown on its velvet cushion. The angry peer still continued to speak, and the sight of the King himself at the entrance did not stay his voice, but the lords on each side and behind laid hands on him, pulled him down, and induced him to be dumb. The King, with a flush on his cheek, unwonted brightness in his eye, and with a firm and rapid step, ascended the steps of the throne, bowed to right and left, and desired the Peers to be seated while the Commons were summoned to attend. The gentleman-usher of the Black Rod appeared at their bar while Sir Robert Peel was loudly and vehemently speaking, and continued to speak until he too was pulled down by his coat-skirts, and induced to let the Commons hear the sovereign's command for their attendance.

The close of this scene allows us to take up the events which followed the rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords on October 7th, 1831. The House of Commons, by a majority of 130, passed a resolution expressing "firm adherence to the principle and leading provisions" of the Bill, and "unabated confidence in the integrity, perseverance, and ability of those ministers who had so well consulted the best interests of the country". This vote induced Lord Grey and his colleagues to retain their offices, and Parliament was prorogued on October 20th, with a view to a speedy re-assembling, and a re-introduction of the measure for reform. The state of the country was becoming, in some respects, ominous of mischief. At a meeting of 100,000 people at Birmingham, one speaker had declared his intention to pay no taxes till the Bill should have passed, and this utterance had been received with loud cheers, without a hand held up against it. The reformers, as a body, stood calm and firm, because the ministers set them the example. The wit of Sydney Smith, at a later date, compared the action of the Lords, in striving to stem the tide, with the conduct, during a storm which occurred at Sidmouth, in 1824, of a certain worthy Mrs. Partington, a dame who was seen at her house-door near the beach, striving, mop in hand, to keep out the advancing waters of the sea.

The ocean was roused, and, though Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, the ocean won the battle. "She was excellent", said Smith, "at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

The excitement of the time called forth into view and action all the disorderly part of society. Not only the ignorant and violent supporters of reform, but thieves and rascals of every kind were engaged in riotous proceedings which, in one town, attained very serious proportions. In London, the Duke of Wellington, as a strong opponent of the Reform Bill, had his windows broken in Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner. Peers, especially the bishops, were insulted in the streets. At Derby, where some rioters had been imprisoned for window-breaking, the mob rose, stormed the jail, and released the culprits, and several lives were lost in conflict with the troops. At Nottingham, a riotous band burnt down the Castle, a new and stately residence of the obnoxious ducal owner of the borough of Newark, who, as we have seen, claimed to be the director of the political consciences of his tenantry. But by far the worst, and, to all concerned, the authorities and the rioters alike, the most disgraceful outrage was that which occurred at Bristol. The mobs of that great and historical city had always been noted for their brutality, and now an ignorant and drunken horde of labourers of the lowest class, with a mob of thieves and outcasts driven out of London by the vigilance and vigour of the new police-force, for two days held the lives and property of peaceful citizens at their mercy. The political and moral condition of Bristol were very bad. Its parliamentary elections were notorious for bribery and corruption of every kind, and there was no community of feeling on municipal subjects between its self-elected corrupt corporation and the great body of the respectable inhabitants. The lower parts of the city were filled with a worse class of seaport populace than could be found elsewhere in England, and the police-force was ineffective and demoralized. These are some of the circumstances which caused and permitted an outbreak of savage conduct that amazed and confounded the whole kingdom.

The immediate occasion was the official entry, on Saturday, October 29th, of Sir Charles Wetherell, the Recorder. We have seen this gentleman as a determined opponent, in the Commons, of the Reform Bill, and his arrival at Bristol so shortly after the rejection of the measure by the Lords had been regarded by the

local authorities with much anxiety. The mayor, Mr. Pinney, applied to the Home Office for military aid, and Lord Melbourne, the Secretary of State, sent down some troops of the 14th Light Dragoons, who were quartered in the neighbourhood of the city. The lack of good feeling between the citizens and the corporation prevented the enrolling of an adequate number of efficient special constables, such as might, under proper leading, have checked the evil at the outset. Sir Charles Wetherell could not be induced to forego his public entry, and his procession, as he rode to the Guildhall, with a great cavalcade around the sheriff's carriage, to open the city sessions, was greeted with hootings and the flinging of stones. After opening the commission, he retired about noon to the Mansion House, in Queen's Square. For some hours the special constables and the tumultuous assemblage in front of the building were engaged in what was mainly a wordy warfare, but as darkness came on, the mob grew larger and more daring, and violence began. The windows of the Mansion House were shattered, and attempts were made to force the doors. The Riot Act was read, and the mayor might then have lawfully and properly employed the troops in clearing the streets; but his spirit was fettered by "religious scruples", and his "humane" feelings restrained him from the use of prompt, determined, and salutary action against villains who, without reference to Reform Bills, were seeking only to gratify their own base passions. When the cavalry did arrive, after an attempt to set the Mansion House on fire, Colonel Brereton, the military commander of the district, either would not, or could not, from lack of orders, employ effectual force, and the useless display of troops served to stimulate the rioters.

During the night Sir Charles Wetherell escaped from the city, and workmen were employed in boarding up the lower windows of the Mansion House and neighbouring dwellings. The rioters, meanwhile, were gathering up their forces for a regular onslaught. On Sunday morning all seemed quiet, and the usual worshippers passed along the streets to the churches and chapels. The troops were withdrawn to their quarters outside the city, and then the mob went to work. The Mansion House was fairly stormed, and the feeble mayor and his household fled for their lives. The furniture was flung out into the square, the wine-cellars were emptied, and the pavements were quickly strewn with scores of drunken wretches,

helpless from huge draughts of the Corporation's choice wines, spirits, and liqueurs. It seems incredible, but it is true, that the mob of rioters never numbered a thousand persons all told; but the imbecile civil authorities left the troops without orders to charge, and the cavalry were kept fruitlessly parading the streets. When they were assailed with brickbats by some of the populace, a few shots from carbines were fired, and the soldiers were again withdrawn to their quarters. Then the hapless place was abandoned to the men who, armed with staves and bludgeons from the quays, and with iron palisades wrenched up from the front of the Mansion House, took in hand the work which they had deliberately planned during the dark hours, and to which they were encouraged by official apathy. The Bridewell, the new borough-jail, and the Gloucester county-jail, were broken open, and the prisoners were made free. The buildings were set on fire, and the rioters then reduced to ashes the Bishop's palace. Proceeding next to Queen Square, they set the empty Mansion House in flames, with the adjacent Custom-house, and then, about midnight, they gave half an hour's notice to quit to the inhabitants of each private dwelling in the square. These were fired in regular succession, until two sides, each measuring 180 yards, lay in smoking ruins. By three o'clock on Monday morning forty-two dwelling-houses and warehouses were in flames, and drunken ruffians were parading the streets, demanding "drink or blood" from the dealers in liquor. At daylight, when all the mischief was done, the soldiers were again brought on the scene, and, after due order given, some charges were made, with the use of carbine and sabre, which killed and wounded a number of the mob. Complete order was restored by the arrival of more cavalry and a body of foot.

The citizens of Bristol were, under the civil law, for many years mulcted in an annual rate of £10,000 for the compensation of the losers of property. While they were smarting under the disgrace which had befallen their city, the government were urged by them to make an inquiry into what the sufferers alleged to be calamities due to the system of municipal government under which they had taken place. The magistrates, after the lapse of a year, were brought before a special commission, which acquitted the mayor, on which the prosecution of his brother-aldermen was abandoned. The unhappy affair ended in a truly tragical event. Colonel Brereton was tried by court-martial for neglect of duty, and the magistrates of

Bristol threw upon him the blame of not having used military force when they desired him to act according to his discretion. He thought that a more express sanction was needed, and it was proved that, in his humane desire to avoid bloodshed, he had ridden among the crowd, spoken to them in mild terms, and even shaken hands with some of the rioters. For four days of the trial, he struggled on in a bitter sense of having sacrificed his professional honour to his civil sensibilities. On the evening of the fourth day he, for the first time, omitted his nightly farewell in the chamber of his two young motherless daughters. For hours, during the silent watches, he was heard walking to and fro about his room, and, when the members of the court were gathered in the morning, it was to learn that the prisoner, their comrade, had shot himself through the heart.

The efforts of the reformers were redoubled by the action of the House of Lords. On October 31st, 1831, the London Political Union held a meeting in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which ended in the secession of a minority who, adopting a revolutionary programme, invited the working-men throughout the land to come up to London for a display of strength. Soldiers were gathered round the metropolis, and a large number of special constables were sworn in, but the design was abandoned by the leaders of the movement on the quiet remonstrance of Lord Melbourne, the Home Secretary. Many deputations, of all ranks and classes, were received by Earl Grey, who was desired to induce the king to create peers in sufficient numbers to carry the measure through the House of Lords. All the commercial and social interests of the realm were suffering under the suspense, and the suggestion concerning the creation of peers was regarded as the only alternative to violent action. The prime minister kept a steadfast silence on that question, and hoped for a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Meanwhile, some of the peers, who were dubbed the Waverers, began to part company from the obstinate opponents of the much-contested Bill. On November 22nd, the government issued a proclamation, at the instance of the Duke of Wellington, against the political unions, but those bodies paid no heed, and Parliament met on December 6th. A new Reform Bill was quickly introduced, with certain alterations in the boroughs proposed to be disfranchised, caused by the returns of population in the census of the year. Early in the morning of December 18th the second reading was carried by a

majority of 162 in a House of 486, and the House then adjourned for the Christmas recess. The proceedings in committee lasted from January 20th to March 9th, with all possible means of delay exhausted by the Opposition, and, a few days later, the third reading had a majority of 116 in a House of 594. Lord John Russell, in his concluding words, before he moved that "this Bill do pass", declared his belief that if Parliament should refuse to entertain this measure they would produce a conflict, between the party which opposed all reform in the House of Commons and the party which desired universal suffrage, which would cause the shedding of much blood, and "he was persuaded that the British constitution would perish in the struggle".

The House of Lords was, by this time, in an agitated state. The Waverers, on divers grounds, were going to vote the Bill into committee. The anti-reformers were enraged by this conduct, after all their efforts to arouse opposition throughout the British islands, one effect of which had been the presentation to the King at the levée, on February 28th, 1832, of a petition against reform signed by 230,000 Irish Protestants. At daylight on the morning of April 14th, when the waxlights in the chamber had grown dim, and the slanting rays of the morning sun shone in upon the wool-sack where the keen eyes of the Chancellor, Lord Brougham, shot glances still as wakeful as ever, the second reading was carried by a majority of nine. Seventeen peers had turned round, twelve, including five prelates, who had been absent before, voted for the Bill, and ten previous opponents had stayed away, including one bishop. The reformers in the country, during the Easter recess, lasting till May 7th, took vigorous means to apply the pressure from without which might prevent the spoiling of the measure in the Lords' committee. On April 27th, the Birmingham Political Union met, and invited all the unions of the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford to congregate at Newhall Hill in Birmingham, on the day that Parliament reassembled. Monster meetings were held in all the great towns, and monster petitions begged the sovereign to create more peers. At Edinburgh 60,000 persons assembled, under the eyes of the dethroned monarch of France, Charles X., who there, in Macaulay's emphatic words addressed to the Commons when the first Bill was introduced, showed "the roof of a British palace affording an ignominious shelter to the exiled heir

of forty kings". He heard the vast multitude cheering for "King William, the father of his country", and saw an orderly host of citizens gathered to express their concord with their sovereign, and their resolve to aid him in obtaining their rights. The petitions from all the great towns to the Lords were in precisely the same strain, and almost in the same words. That from Birmingham implored the peers "not to drive to despair a high-minded, generous, and fearless people, or to urge them on, by a rejection of their claims, to demands of a much more extensive nature, but rather to pass the Reform Bill into a law, unimpaired in any of its great parts and provisions". The National Union, on May 3rd, four days before the Houses met, informed the Lords in a petition that, if they denied or impaired the Bill, "there was reason to expect that the payment of taxes would cease, that other obligations of society would be disregarded, and that the ultimate consequence might be the utter extinction of the privileged orders". On May 7th the unions invited to Birmingham met to the number of nearly 150,000 men. There were seventy-four members of the Society of Friends, men of education, and, by their religious principles, most emphatically men of peace, who had just joined the Union. The stirring Union Hymn, in words and music then familiar to every child in the land, was sung with a power of sound which never died away in the hearts of those who heard it. It was a serious time for Great Britain when such an assemblage joined in such a chant as we here record.

"Lo! we answer! see, we come,
Quick at Freedom's holy call.
We come! we come! we come! we come!
To do the glorious work of all;
And hark! we raise from sea to sea
The sacred watchword, Liberty!
"God is our guide! from field, from wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom,
We come, our country's rights to save,
And speak a tyrant faction's doom.
And hark! we raise from sea to sea
The sacred watchword, Liberty!
"God is our guide, no swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle-fires;
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires.
We raise the watchword, Liberty!
We will, we will, we will be free!"

After the singing of the hymn, every man bared his head, and uttered slowly, one by one, the words dictated by one of their leaders, as he said, "in the face of heaven and the God of justice and mercy". The solemn pledge now given by this vast number of earnest men was this:—"With unbroken faith, through every peril and privation, we here devote ourselves and our children to our country's cause".

Meanwhile, the opponents of reform had been intriguing with the King, and had succeeded in unfitting him, by the creation of apprehensions in his mind, for the discharge of his duty towards his ministers and his people in the course to which he had hitherto remained fairly firm. The Duke of Wellington and his followers in the House of Lords had resolved to destroy the Bill in committee, and, on a motion for postponing the clauses to disfranchise the rotten boroughs, they at once defeated the ministry by a majority of thirty-five. On the next day, May 8th, 1832, Lord Grey and his colleagues determined to request from the King a creation of new peers in a number sufficient to carry the measure through the Lords. The prime minister and Lord Brougham went to Windsor on this errand, and, on the sovereign's refusal, the ministry tendered their resignations, which were accepted. For nine days the country remained without a government, while the Duke of Wellington, called to make a Cabinet, was endeavouring to induce his friends to take office on the understanding that, according to the King's insistence, "some extensive measure of reform should be carried". None would aid him, and, on May 15th, the Duke was compelled to report his failure to the sovereign.

During the interval the nation had been as busy as the Duke. All reformers laid aside their private business for an earnest consideration of public affairs. The roads for miles were sprinkled with people on the watch for news from London, brought by the mail-coaches, and the streets of the towns were full of agitation. The National Union was in permanent session, and in one day 1500 new members, all men of substantial position, were added to its ranks. A resolution was passed to the effect that "whoever advises a dissolution of Parliament is a public enemy". A petition from Manchester to the House of Commons, signed in four hours by 25,000 persons, prayed the House to grant no supply till the Bill was passed unimpaired, and documents to the same effect came

pouring in from other great towns. The member who presented the Manchester petition declared his firm conviction that "if the borough-mongering faction should prevail" the people would, in a body, refuse to pay taxes. The Common Council of the City of London begged the House of Commons to refuse supplies; they declared all opponents of the Bill to be enemies to their country, and appointed a permanent committee, to sit from day to day till the measure should be secured. Matters had a serious aspect when it became known that the political unions were discussing plans of marching peaceably to London, there to bivouac in the squares and parks, until the Reform Bill should become law. The Birmingham Union, 200,000 strong, was to encamp on Hampstead Heath, or some other great open space near the metropolis. It was generally believed that the Duke of Wellington and his followers had sounded the heads of the new London police, and had been informed that the men could not be relied upon to act against the people, and there was good reason to believe the same concerning the troops. Some of the corps of yeomanry, with a remembrance of "Peterloo", sent in their resignations to the Lord-Lieutenants. It is certain that the Scots Greys, quartered at Birmingham, were determined not to act against any peaceable public meeting. The Birmingham Union, meeting in their vast numbers, resolved to pay no taxes till the Bill was passed. This resolution was carried on Monday, May 14th.

Two days later, news arrived that all was over for the anti-reformers. On the 15th, Lord Grey in the Lords, and Lord Althorp in the Commons, announced that they were again in communication with the King, and this tidings, which could have but one meaning, spread with wonderful speed through the land. On Wednesday morning, the streets of Birmingham were placarded, and the members of the Union flocked in thousands to Newhall Hill. A thanksgiving for a bloodless victory was offered, and all felt that a fitting sequel had come to their recent solemn vow. The truth was soon known in its full extent. The opposing peers had yielded to the direct intervention of the King. A circular-letter, dated from St. James's Palace, pointed out that "all difficulties to the arrangements in progress" (meaning the resumption of office by Lord Grey's ministry in order to carry the Bill) would be "obviated by a declaration from a sufficient number of peers, that,

EARL GREY

This distinguished Whig statesman, born in 1764, and educated at Eton and Cambridge, entered the House of Commons as M.P. for his native county, Northumberland, in 1785, and in 1806, being then "Lord Howick", heir to the earldom, he became, on the death of Charles James Fox, Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons. In 1807, having retired from office with the ministry, he became Earl Grey on his father's death, and for eighteen years ably led the Whigs in the House of Lords. In 1830 he became Prime Minister, and gained lasting fame by carrying the First Reform Bill two years later. Earl Grey resigned office in 1834, and lived in retirement at Howick until his death in 1845.

in consequence of the present state of affairs, they have come to the resolution of dropping their further opposition to the Reform Bill; so that it may pass without delay, and as nearly as possible in its present shape". The Duke of Wellington and about 100 peers absented themselves from the House during all the remaining discussions in committee, and the third reading was carried on June 4th.

The Reform Bill became law by the royal assent, given by a commission of peers, on June 7th, 1832. The representative system was, by this great measure, made subject to a change which was nothing less than a revolution in the constitutional arrangements. In England the county-constituencies, which had before been 52, returning 94 members, were increased by the division of counties into 82 constituencies, returning 159 members. In Ireland no change took place in the counties. In Scotland the number of constituencies and members remained as before, with some changes in order to secure a more equitable representation. The increase in the county representation was that which caused Lords Grey and Althorp to predict that the Act would soon come to be styled "the most aristocratical measure that ever passed the House of Commons". The county franchise, or right of voting for county members, was extended by the admission to the vote of copy-holders (tenants of land which is part of a manor, held in accordance with the custom of such manor, as proved by the old court-rolls, or a copy of the same), leaseholders, and certain occupiers, to the value of 40 shillings a year. The franchise had previously been confined to freeholders, and this class was now prohibited from voting in both county and borough elections. In the opinion of advanced reformers, the most unfortunate, as being the most aristocratic, part of the Act, was the famous clause carried by the Marquis of Chandos (in the Commons, where he sat, being eldest son of the Duke of Buckingham), by which tenants-at-will in the counties had the franchise, if they were occupiers of land and tenements to the annual value of £50. A very large number of tenant farmers thus became subject to the power of the great landed proprietors. The new arrangements greatly enlarged the county constituencies in Scotland. In Ireland the county franchise had been resettled in 1829, and was now only affected by the admission of certain copy-holders, occupiers, and leaseholders.

Passing to the boroughs, we first deal with the great disfranchisement. All boroughs whose population, according to the census of 1831, came under 2000, ceased to return any member to Parliament. In England 56 boroughs, which before returned 111 members, were thus extinguished as constituencies. Apart from the shameful cases of the phantom-boroughs containing no house or population, most of these places were mere villages, which had either declined to that condition, in the natural process of decay, or had never been anything more important, but had been made constituencies in Tudor times in order to serve the tyrannous or corrupt purposes of the Crown. Their very names are now mostly unknown to Englishmen, save to local dwellers in the divers counties which contain them. Cornwall and Devon were notorious for these "close", petty boroughs, each sending two members to Parliament, such as Lostwithiel, Okehampton, Plympton, Tregony, Bossiney, Camelstord, Newport, St. Michael's, Saltash, West Looe, Beeralston, Callington, East Looe, Fowey, St. Germain's, and St. Mawe's. In other southern counties, we find cases presenting an equally scandalous condition of affairs; in Bedwin, Downton, Ludgershall, Heytesbury, Hindon, and Wootton Bassett, all in Wiltshire; in Blechingley and Haslemere, of Surrey; in Bramber, Seaford, Steyning, and East Grinstead, of Sussex; in Ilchester, Milbourne Port, and Minehead, of Somerset; in Yarmouth (Isle of Wight), Newtown, Stockbridge, and Whitchurch, paltry places in Hampshire; in Romney and Queenborough, belonging to Kent; and in Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire. In the eastern counties very bad cases of the same kind were cured by extinction in Dunwich, Orford, and Aldeburgh, in Suffolk; and in Castle Rising, Norfolk. In various quarters of the country the Act of 1832 suppressed parliamentary representation for Amersham and Wendover, in Bucks; Appleby, in Westmoreland; Hedon, Aldborough, and Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire; Weobly, in Herefordshire; Brackley and Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire; Bishop's Castle, in Shropshire; and Newton, in Lancashire. Such were the boroughs placed in the famous list called Schedule A of this at once destructive and beneficent measure. In Schedule B we have the boroughs, thirty in number, with a population under 4000, which, having hitherto sent two representatives to Westminster, were henceforth to send one. The united boroughs of Weymouth and Melcombe

Regis, in Dorset, would have two members instead of four. These changes in the boroughs gave 143 members for disposal among new constituencies, of which there were 63 created in England and Wales. In London, eight more members were assigned to the four new boroughs of Marylebone, Finsbury, the Tower Hamlets, and Lambeth, and, throughout the country, towns with a population of 25,000 and upwards were now to return each two members. Among these were Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and many towns that had risen to importance in the north and the midlands of England. In Scotland, the number of town representatives was raised from 15 to 23, the total representation of the country being increased from 45 members, appointed by the Union Act of 1707, to 53. Ireland had 5 more members, including one for Dublin University, and her representation in Parliament thereby consisted of 105. In England, 21 new boroughs, with populations of 12,000 and upwards, were to return each a single representative.

Important changes were made in the conduct of elections by the settlement of convenient polling-districts, and by the shortening of the time for polling in county elections, from the previous term of fifteen days, to two in England, Wales, and Scotland, and to five in Ireland. In the great matter of the qualification for borough-voters, a compromise was made between the advocates and the opponents of reform. The corporate bodies, self-elected and largely corrupt, had created a great number of new voters, under the name of "freemen", for the purpose of defeating, if possible, the Reform Bill whose success meant speedy destruction to the old municipal system. The "freemen" were permitted to retain their votes, on condition of residence within the borough, and of having become freemen prior to March, 1831. The new borough-franchise rested on the basis of residence, and was conferred on all inhabitants of abodes, of various kinds, of the yearly value of £10, with certain conditions as to registration, payment of rates and taxes, and length of residence. In Ireland, great changes were occasioned by this settlement of the borough-franchise, because the corporations there had been, to the last degree, corrupt in the use of their powers for creating voters. In Scotland, the people became, in some measure, for the first time really represented at all, the town-councils being deprived of the powers which they had long and grossly abused.

We have dwelt at this length upon the circumstances which

attended the struggle for, and the triumph of, the Reform Bill of 1832, with its chief provisions, because this measure, after the close of the great war in 1815, was quite immeasurably the most important event occurring to the British Empire within the whole range of the nineteenth century. The first, and, because it was the first, the greatest franchise-reform Act, was the prolific and beneficent parent of the legislative and social progress towards higher things which have made the century, and especially the Victorian age, illustrious to the end of time. No event of an importance approaching this had come in our civil history since the Revolution of 1688. That Revolution had decided that the people, as then represented by the House of Commons, should be the chief power in the state. In course of time, however, the House of Commons itself had, to a large extent, ceased to represent the nation, because the choice of members had so greatly come within the control of a landed aristocracy which, including the enlightened, unselfish, and public-spirited men who took a chief part in carrying franchise-reform, was also, to a deplorable extent, composed of selfish oligarchs who, not satisfied with the possession of hereditary wealth in landed and other property, sought to retain, in the interest of themselves and their dependents, a large control over votes in the other branch of the legislature. That control was for ever abolished in June, 1832. The manufacturing and the commercial elements of the nation, men who had long been rising in numbers, wealth, and enlightenment, had wrested, for their own middle class, an ample share of political power out of the hands of those who had long enjoyed, and, in many gross instances, misused its possession. Wealthy peers and other capitalists could no longer buy votes in Parliament in the shape of boroughs whose parliamentary seats should be filled by the purchasers' subservient nominees. They could now purchase seats only by bribing the voters to poll for their candidates, at the risk of success being undone for such venality. Corrupt municipal bodies could no more hold the usurped rights of citizens, and return members for towns. The great hives of industry and wealth, in the centre and the north of England, and thriving ports of recent growth, could now make their will felt by the speech and vote of representatives within the walls of the House of Commons. The cotton-towns of South Lancashire, the woollen trade of West Yorkshire, the iron of South Staffordshire and bordering districts, the

colliers on the banks of the Tyne, the shipping of the Tyne and the Wear, became a power in the addition of more than half a million of new voters to the possessors of the borough-franchise. The change brought about in Scotland was even more startling and decisive, and the Scottish people were now, for the first time since the Union, to be really influential at Westminster, instead of their members, by mockery styled "representatives", being in the hands of the minister who distributed patronage for the government. A new era had opened, and, while the prejudiced, the timid, the ignorant, the blind went about declaring, with moans, that the sun of England had set for ever, enlightened minds looked forward, with confident hope, to better days. The greatest gain of all, in the calculations of those who wisely loved their country, was seen in the proof just afforded of expansive power in our constitutional system. The world had seen that the will of an intelligent and united people could, by the sole forces of reason and resolution, avail to modify the system of rule, in a beneficial sense, and to strengthen our institutions by widening the base upon which they repose.

Chartism was a political movement which, for more than ten years, from the opening of Queen Victoria's reign till 1848, caused much agitation and some disorder in England. The conditions of life, especially among the masses in the great towns, were extremely bad, partly owing to the lack of due sanitary work, since provided by legislation, and partly to a depressed state of trade, involving want of work, and aggravated by the high price of food, which was mainly due to the restriction on importation under the Corn Laws. The "condition of England" question at this period is treated with great force by Thomas Carlyle in his *Chartism* and *Past and Present*, respectively published in 1839 and 1843, to which works we may refer those who desire full light on the social causes of what we are now describing. The more thoughtful and earnest men among the class of artisans were much dissatisfied with the limitations of direct political power imposed by the Reform Act. They had, by their great gatherings and determined demeanour, assisted the middle class to obtain a large share in the government, and those who had been admitted within the pale as possessors of the parliamentary franchise, satisfied with their own success, showed little sympathy with demands for a wider extension of

political influence. The Whigs, or Liberals, who had carried the Reform Bill, and especially Lord John Russell, spoke of "finality" in connection with the recent parliamentary reform, and seemed to regard further change as needless. Large numbers of those who were still excluded from the power of choosing men to govern the state began to clamour for an extended franchise, and when their aspirations were reduced to form, and focussed in specific demands, the result was a document called the *Charter*, and the movement styled *Chartism*. A real political grievance, apart from social and industrial evils, lay at the root of the agitation, and it was from this that its real power was derived. The Reform Act had not only left the bulk of the working-class, in a political sense, "out in the cold", but it deprived working-men, in not a few towns, of peculiar franchises which had given them a vote at parliamentary elections. An example is found in the Lancashire town of Preston, where, under the old system, almost universal suffrage had existed. It was widely believed, among the class suffering from various causes of discontent, that a great extension of the franchise, with other changes connected with elections to the House of Commons, would have a wonderful effect in diminishing social wrongs. There were Radicals in high places, such as the Earl of Durham, who were prepared to go very far in the way of a wider suffrage, and there were men of good standing in the House of Commons who held what were then generally regarded as democratic doctrines. When, in the first Parliament of Victoria's reign, Mr. Wakley, M.P. for the new metropolitan borough of Finsbury, moved a resolution for a wider franchise, he was seconded by Sir William Molesworth, an intimate friend of Jeremy Bentham and James Mill, and the leader of the body known as "philosophical Radicals", of whose organ, the *Westminster Review*, he had lately become proprietor. The motion was supported by only 20 members, but among these was Mr. George Grote, the banker, M.P. for the city of London, the persistent and able advocate of vote by ballot, and destined to become illustrious for all time as the author of the grand *History of Greece*, in which the democracy of ancient Athens was, for the first time, fairly and fully presented to modern readers. On the same side appeared the highly respectable Joseph Hume, a powerful and practical and thoroughly honest reformer of economic, legal, and social abuses of every kind.

More than 500 votes were given against the motion, and this overwhelming defeat within the Commons was the immediate cause of Chartism in its concrete form. A conference was held between a few of the Parliamentary Radicals and some leaders among the working-men. "The People's Charter", an admirable name for starting a political campaign or series of campaigns, was drawn up as a programme of the cause now launched. It contained six points. These were (1) universal (manhood) suffrage, or, a parliamentary vote for every male native of the United Kingdom who should be twenty-one years of age, of sound mind, and unconvicted of crime; (2) equal electoral districts; (3) vote by ballot; (4) annual parliaments; (5) abolition of the property qualification for members of the House of Commons; and (6) the payment of members of parliament for their services. The state of things now existing in what concerns the House of Commons amply proves that the advocates of change according to the above programme were not very formidable revolutionists in their political demands. They were simply men who were about a generation in advance of their time. Taking in order the "points" which made the Whigs, or moderate Liberals, as well as the Tories or Conservatives, of 1837 bristle up with indignation or smile with contempt, we find that the first, universal suffrage, has been nearly approached in the householder and lodger franchises. The second, equal electoral districts, has been almost reached in the redistribution of seats arranged in 1885. The third, vote by ballot, has at this time been in operation for about twenty-five years. The fourth, annual parliaments, is absurdly unpractical, and would be an unendurable nuisance, both to voters and to elected legislators. The fifth, demanding the abolition of what was always evaded with impunity, has long been formally conceded by statute. The sixth, payment of members, is probably near at hand.

The *Charter* was received with great enthusiasm by large numbers of the working-classes, and vast meetings in behalf of the cause thus promulgated were held in many parts of the country. The word *Chartism* first makes its appearance in the *Annual Register* for 1838, and it was thenceforth, for ten years, not merely a "topic of the day", but a disturbing element to be reckoned with by governments. There soon came to be a division into "moral-force" and "physical-force" Chartists. The leaders of both classes

were, in many cases, no mere vulgar self-seeking demagogues, but included men of fine eloquence and ability, earnest and devoted fanatics, real self-sacrificing lovers of their fellow-men. Mr. Attwood, the distinguished head of the Birmingham Political Union during the agitation preceding the Reform Act, and a member of the House of Commons for that great borough, was a Chartist, as was also his colleague, Mr. Scholefield. Mr. Fielden, member for Oldham, a man of very benevolent and disinterested character, a great promoter of factory legislation on behalf of the workers, was another supporter of Chartism. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist poet, was a shoemaker's apprentice who learnt Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French, became a schoolmaster and Methodist preacher, then a newspaper reporter, and, finally, a leader of the Chartists at Leicester. In 1842, he lectured in the Potteries at a riotous time, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Stafford jail on conviction for conspiracy and sedition. It was during this confinement that he wrote, in the Spenserian stanza, *The Purgatory of Suicides*. Mr. Ernest Jones, a sincere and zealous advocate of the cause, was the son of Major Jones, equerry to the Duke of Cumberland who became King of Hanover in 1837. Called to the bar in 1844, he soon became associated with the most advanced politics of the day, and was the most prominent leader of the Chartists during its later time. He resigned a fortune of about £2000 a year rather than abandon his principles, and he became, like Cooper, a sufferer, in his own person, on behalf of Chartism, at the hands of the government. In 1848, he was sentenced to two years' solitary confinement for the part which he took in certain proceedings at Manchester. A gentleman and a scholar, by birth and education, Ernest Jones was almost a man of genius in his literary powers. Henry Vincent, a working-man of some ability and of spotless character, an excellent popular speaker, was another man who suffered imprisonment for his Chartist utterances. Among the less wise of the supporters of Chartism was a dissenting minister named Stephens, a man of excitable character and eloquent speech, who used language that caused him to be imprisoned for eighteen months. Mr. Feargus O'Connor, a member of the Irish bar, was one of the chief Chartist leaders. In 1832 he became M.P. for Cork, and devoted himself with great zeal to the cause of the English working-classes. He was a man of huge size

and bodily strength, enthusiastic and eloquent, but with a weak part in his brain which afterwards brought him to a state of incurable insanity. He acquired a great popularity with the mass of the working-men who, in industrial centres, were the supporters of Chartism, and his newspaper, the *Northern Star*, which was the most influential of a large number of Chartist publications, had a weekly circulation of 50,000 copies.

It was in 1839 that the Chartist question first assumed serious proportions. At the opening of the parliamentary session Mr. Duncombe moved an amendment to the Address to the effect that the suffrage should be largely extended, as the only means of assuring something like a balance of political power, and giving the poor a chance of obtaining some of their rights. The motion was rejected by a majority of more than 350, but there were 86 supporters, and the Chartists outside Parliament were stimulated to new efforts. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Vincent was committed to prison on a charge of having uttered seditious language at Newport, in Monmouthshire, his words being such as would scarcely now cause any intervention of authority. In May, a general effort of the Chartists resulted in the formation of a body called the National Convention, composed of working-men delegates, or deputies chosen by working-men, from all parts of the country. They met in London, and held continuous sittings, in which the Charter and the condition-of-the-people question were freely discussed. On June 14th a "National Petition", purporting to bear 1,200,000 signatures, in favour of the Six Points, was presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Attwood. The huge document needed to be propelled into the House, like a roll of carpet, by six athletic Radical members, amid some laughter. On July 12th, Mr. Attwood's motion to refer the petition to a Select Committee was rejected by a majority of 235, and this decisive majority strengthened the hands of those who wished to appeal to physical force. Riots had already taken place at Birmingham. The Radicals there had been enraged by the despatch from London of a body of armed policemen, and by the arrest of the two secretaries of the Convention. The town-council refused to allow the Chartists the use of the Town Hall, and they resorted in crowds to a space called the Bull Ring, a spot formerly used for the popular amusement of bull-baiting. The police from London endeavoured to disperse the

assemblage, but were met with forcible resistance, and a troop of cavalry only succeeded in clearing the ground after some blood had been shed by the use of bludgeon and steel. There were other riotous proceedings, which culminated, on July 15th, after the rejection of Mr. Attwood's motion, in a serious outbreak. The smashing of windows and street-lamps, and the tearing up of iron palisades for weapons, were followed by the forcing of houses, the pillaging of warehouses, and the burning of their contents in bonfires. The street-lamps were then extinguished by the mob, and some houses were burnt down. The exaggeration of political prejudice is seen in the Duke of Wellington's declaration that he had never seen a stormed and sacked town in so bad a plight. He must have forgotten the aspect presented by Badajoz after the atrocious outrages committed by his own troops in 1812, on the persons and property of our Spanish allies. The cavalry and the Rifles succeeded in restoring order, but it was some days before the peaceable citizens of Birmingham could feel at ease. There were also serious disturbances at Sheffield, and the cause of the Charter was greatly damaged. At Newcastle, Stockport, Manchester, and other towns, assemblages intended to intimidate authority were dispersed with some difficulty.

The National Convention, which had no connection with the above wicked and senseless acts of ignorant and criminal elements in the population, now sought to coerce the legislature by recommending a general run on the savings-banks for gold, abstinence from the use of all articles paying duty in excise, and, in the last resort, universal cessation from labour. Some of the Chartist leaders, including the two secretaries of the Convention, Lovett and Collins, with Stephens, the dissenting minister, and Henry Vincent, were brought to trial, and sentenced to imprisonment. Some of the Birmingham rioters were condemned to death, but that punishment was commuted to transportation, and large numbers of minor offenders went to jail. The Convention was dissolved, after hot debates, the matter being carried only by the casting-vote of the chairman. Towards the end of this year, 1839, Newport, the Monmouthshire town, saw an outbreak which assumed the proportions of an insurrection.

At Newport there was a linen-draper named John Frost, who had, some years before, been created a magistrate of the borough at

the request of the townsfolk, who admired him for his advanced political opinions. The town was in the centre of a hilly mining district where most of the working-class held Chartist doctrines. In February, 1839, this man was called to account by Lord John Russell, the Home Secretary, for violent language at a public meeting. He replied in a tone of extreme insolence, and was soon afterwards removed from the commission of the peace. Frost then took into council a beer-shop keeper named Zephaniah Williams, and William Jones, a watchmaker, and, relying upon the aid of the mining population, who were mostly Chartists of the physical-force school, they formed a conspiracy for the release of Vincent and other prisoners from Newport jail. The night of Sunday, November 4th, was appointed for the enterprise, which was to be conducted by three divisions of insurgents marching on the town. The bridge over the Usk was to be broken down, the troops were to be attacked, and the mail was to be stopped. It was hoped that the non-arrival of the mail-coach at Birmingham would be followed by a rising, according to arrangement, in the Midlands and the North. The weather was bad, the junction of the columns of attack was frustrated, and the intended night-surprise could not take place. It was not until ten o'clock on Monday morning that Frost, at the head of six or seven thousand rudely-armed men, came down upon Newport. The mayor, Mr. Thomas Phillips, had made skilful arrangements for defence, and had garrisoned with troops the chief hotel of the town, the West Gate Inn, standing in the market-place. About thirty infantry and a party of special constables were called upon to surrender, and a prompt refusal was followed by a volley from the mob, directed against the bay-window of the chief room. The rioters, almost at the same moment, broke in the door and poured into the house. The mayor, with due decision, gave the officer in command his orders to fire, and a crashing volley, poured down the passage, put the assailants to flight. Mr. Phillips, who showed great courage and coolness throughout, fearlessly opened the three shutters of the chief window that looked upon the street, and enabled the troops to pour a continued fire upon the throng outside. The mayor and several others were wounded by slugs from the muskets carried by some of the insurgents, most of whom were armed with bludgeons, pikes, and pickaxes. When about twenty of the mob had been shot dead and many more wounded,

with its extinction for a time as a political force. The final and fatal impulse came from the French Revolution of February, 1848, when the Orleanist king, Louis Philippe, was driven to abdication and exile as a just retribution for years of misrule, under a system of mingled corruption and repression, administered by M. Guizot. The Chartists began to lift up their heads, and many meetings were held at which violent speeches were made, and the forcible establishment of republican rule was advocated. A new "National Convention" began to sit in London, and a new petition was prepared. Coolly assuming that the working-classes constituted the whole British nation, the extreme Chartists now demanded the Charter or a Republic for "the English people". A vast meeting was to be held on Kennington Common, in London, on April 10th, and a great procession was to take the petition to Westminster for presentation to the House of Commons. A display of physical force was to overawe the legislature and the government, now represented by Lord John Russell as Premier, with Sir George Grey as Home Secretary. The Duke of Wellington was commander-in-chief, and his military arrangements were marked by the utmost skill, sagacity, and prudence. Every great public building was duly guarded, and the strategical points of a vast capital were occupied by troops carefully concealed from public view, but ready to appear in strength for instant action in a way that would have signally defeated any violent attempts. The intended procession to the House of Commons was forbidden, and the younger and more excitable Chartists were rejoicing in the prospect of a collision with the authorities. Little was known to them or to the public at large concerning the military preparations, but a great effect was produced by the uprising of the orderly elements of society, the upper, the middle, and the best part of the working classes, on behalf of the interest in which all have an equal stake, the preservation of peace. Nearly two hundred thousand special constables were enrolled, and this demonstration completely overawed the party of physical force. Instead of half a million, about one-tenth of that number gathered at Kennington Common. They were allowed to meet in peace, but the leader, Feargus O'Connor, who was himself opposed to any violence, was informed by a police-commissioner that the procession would be stopped at Westminster Bridge. In spite of O'Connor's advice, some thousands of men did

form in rank and march with the petition to the Surrey side of the bridge. There they found themselves confronted by a police-inspector and a few constables, behind whom appeared the muzzles of two field-guns, with the gunners beside them, lighted match in hand. A dozen of the Chartists were allowed to proceed, in charge of the petition, and the rest, not caring to attempt the storming of the bridge, faced round, walked back to Kennington Common, used much bad language, and melted away. Chartism was thus slain at the last by that terrible solvent, ridicule. The petition to the Commons was the final blow. That document was declared by O'Connor to contain over five millions of signatures. The House resolved to bring the matter to a test, and the Committee on Public Petitions were desired to minutely examine into it. A host of law-stationers' clerks went to work, and they found that the whole number of signatures was under two millions. An analysis of the signatures produced ludicrous results. Not only were whole sheets of them written in one and the same hand, but the signers, according to the written words, included the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, "Punch", "Davy Jones", and all kinds of absurd and fictitious persons. The exposure of this document's real character did not, indeed, brand its promoters with any conviction of fraudulent intent, but it proved the gross carelessness and haste involved in its production, which had left it liable, as its sheets lay about in all kinds of places, to the mischievous work of schoolboys and other practical jokers. The general shout of laughter that arose from the nation, when the matter was made known, was really a volley fired over the grave of Chartism in its existing semi-revolutionary form. There were in the same year, 1848, some riots in Lancashire, and some arrests were made both there and in London, where Mr. Ernest Jones, as we have seen, was sentenced to imprisonment on a charge of sedition. The doctrines of the Charter, stifled for a season in the hands of unwise agitators, were alive in the hearts and minds of many earnest men, both inside and outside of Parliament, who, trusting only to reason, argument, growing education, and the great worker, time, were destined, in some cases, to witness their substantial acceptance during the course of the following forty years. The social discontent on which Chartism had been largely based for the least discerning of its supporters died away with the

prosperity that came after the repeal of the Corn-laws. Cheap food, higher wages, a great industrial and colonial expansion, combined with better knowledge and greater thrift, wrought wonders for the working-classes whose members had, in evil days, been led astray in demanding remedies which were either beyond their reach, or were no remedies at all.

“Slow but sure” is the motto of British constitutional change. Thirty-five years were to elapse, after 1832, before a second Reform Bill received the assent of the sovereign, and was enabled to influence elections to the House of Commons. The question of Reform lay over from 1848 till 1851. In June, 1848, Mr. Joseph Hume had moved a resolution in favour of household suffrage, vote by ballot, triennial Parliaments, and a large redistribution of seats. He was supported by Mr. Cobden and Mr. C. P. Villiers, champions of free-trade, the latter of whom represented in Parliament the same great borough, Wolverhampton, for more than 60 years, a fact unexampled in the history of the House of Commons. The motion was, of course, defeated by a very large majority. In 1851, Mr. Locke-King’s Bill for reducing the county-franchise from a £50 to a £10 rental was defeated, on the second reading, by a majority of 216. In the following year, Lord John Russell (February, 1852), just before he was driven from office, brought in a bill proposing to reduce the borough-franchise from £10 to £5, and the £50 county-franchise to £20. The matter ended with the defeat of the ministry on their Militia Bill, but is noteworthy as showing that the Whigs were, after twenty years, beginning to find out that the existing representation of the people was inadequate. In the same year, Mr. Hume, returning to the charge with a Tory government in office, was defeated by 155, and Mr. Locke-King again failed in an effort to assimilate the county to the borough franchise. Again, in February, 1854, Lord John Russell proposed to lower the borough-franchise to a £6 rental, but the outbreak of war with Russia caused the abandonment of the Bill. Two or three years later the Tory party began to show signs of interest in the question of franchise-reform, as if they intended a kind of rivalry on the subject with the Liberals. We may mention that it was in 1858 that Mr. Locke-King carried a Bill for the abolition of the property qualification for English and Irish members, and thus secured one of the “Six Points of the Charter”.

In 1859, a Tory ministry, headed by Lord Derby, with Mr. Disraeli as leader in the Commons, brought in a Bill to amend the franchise. The measure was of no service whatever to the working-classes, except that it proposed to equalize to £10 the county and borough franchises. It was "lateral extension" that was aimed at in the Bill, or the bestowal of a vote for members of the Commons on certain small fundholders, pensioners, petty capitalists, and professional persons, under a system of what were called, with damaging effect, "fancy franchises". An amendment of Lord John Russell's for an extension of the borough-franchise was carried by a majority of 39, and the ministry left office after a general election.

Under Lord Palmerston's sway, from 1859 to 1865, little could be done for the cause of franchise-reform. The Premier cared nothing for it, and a measure introduced by Lord John Russell, then Foreign Secretary, in 1860, for lowering the county-franchise to £10 and the borough-qualification to £6, with a large redistribution of seats, was withdrawn by its author amid chilling indifference. Mr. John Bright made eloquent speeches in various parts of the British isles, to stir up interest in the question. In 1864, Mr. Locke-King's county-franchise bill was defeated by only 27 majority, and during the same session Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, pronounced strongly in favour of granting the franchise in larger measure to working-men. A resolution of Mr. Baines for a £6 borough-franchise was defeated by 272 against 216.

The general election of 1865 brought into the House of Commons the eminent "philosophical Radical", John Stuart Mill, and the party of franchise-reform in the Commons was then headed by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Bright, and the new-comer. On Lord Palmerston's death in October, 1865, Lord John Russell became again Premier, as Earl Russell, and the session of 1866 saw the question at once brought to the front. Without seeking to revive half-forgotten sarcasms, witticisms, and political party-cries, we may at once record that a Whig secession caused the defeat of a measure which proposed to reduce the county-franchise to £14, and the borough-franchise to £7 annual rental. It is supposed that about 400,000 voters would have been added to the register. The ministry at once resigned office, and then at last, in 1867, through a Tory leader, Mr. Disraeli, with much manipulation and pressure contributed by the Radicals, a real measure of borough-franchise

reform was carried. The change thus effected, along with the Reform Acts for Scotland and Ireland in 1868, was striking and substantial enough. The Reform Acts of 1867-68 raised the number of electors from nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions to nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions. Seven seats were transferred from England to Scotland, reducing the English members from 500 to 493, and raising the number in Scotland from 53 to 60. All boroughs with a population under 10,000, of which there were 38, were reduced to a single-member representation, and the seats thus placed at disposal were transferred to large towns and to newly-made borough-constituencies. Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Leeds had now each three members, and one member was given to represent graduates of London University. The borough-franchise was assigned to all householders who paid rates, and a new lodger-franchise gave a vote to occupants paying rent, for rooms unfurnished, to the clear annual value of £10. In the counties, tenants of land or houses to the annual value of £12 received the parliamentary vote. We must note that in London two new boroughs, Hackney and Chelsea, each with two members, were created. Twenty-five borough-seats, in England and Wales, partly taken from four towns disfranchised for gross bribery, and partly from boroughs of less than 5000 inhabitants, were assigned to new divisions of counties. In Scotland, the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews had jointly one seat, and the same representation was given to the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen in conjunction. In Ireland, the occupation-franchise was reduced from £8 to £4. Such was the beginning of democratic rule in Great Britain and Ireland. The artisans of the towns had at last obtained much of the political power to which Chartism had pointed.

The end had been attained in a generally peaceful way, through the readiness of the House of Commons to reform its own constitution, under a certain amount of pressure from without exerted by the members of a number of Reform Leagues and Reform Unions, of which the London Reform League was headed by Mr. Edmond Beales, a barrister of high character and ability. The only disturbance which occurred in connection with the agitation was due to the unwise action of Mr. Walpole, the Home Secretary, in prohibiting a meeting of Reformers in Hyde Park. Mr. Beales and his colleagues, being refused admission, retired with a large crowd and

held a peaceful meeting in Trafalgar Square, at which resolutions were passed demanding the extension of the suffrage, and thanking Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and others who had just been striving to obtain it. Meanwhile, a large assemblage, containing some real Reformers, but mainly composed of sight-seers, mischievous lads, and London roughs, was gathered round the Marble Arch and along Park Lane. The iron railing between that thoroughfare and the Park was very insecure, and in a few minutes the mob, by the mere pressure of their bodies, overthrew half a mile of the barrier, and swarmed into the enclosure. A fight with the police-force ensued, in which stones and truncheons were freely used, but there was no serious damage done. A body of the Guards, received with loud cheers by the people, helped to restore order, and the "Hyde Park riot" of July 23rd, 1866, came to an end, after causing at the West End a panic as if a revolution had arisen. There can be no doubt that this incident had its effect on the Tory ministry which had just come into office, but the greatest influence in promoting the cause of Reform was exerted by the meetings which were held in the great towns during the autumn and winter prior to the session of 1867. The processions which marched along in these demonstrations contained large numbers of orderly and stubborn working-men belonging to the Trades Unions, and their presence, imposing in its display of silent and united strength, made clearly known the existence of a new element of power with which statesmen must henceforth carefully reckon.

Seventeen years more passed away, and, with a Liberal ministry in power, headed by Mr. Gladstone, the question of Parliamentary Reform was again to the front. The toilers of the towns had obtained a voice in public affairs. The tillers of the soil and the tenders of the flocks and herds were still, politically, dumb as the cattle which they drove afield, or as the clods which they trod in their daily task. The matter of franchise-reform in the counties had been stirred from time to time in the House of Commons by Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Trevelyan, in successive motions. Notably, in 1877 and the two following years, his proposals to this effect had been rejected in a House which, under Mr. Disraeli's (Lord Beaconsfield's) second ministry, contained a strong majority of Tories, with many lukewarm Liberals. The resolutions moved by Trevelyan in 1877 were for uniformity of borough and county

franchise, and for a redistribution of seats. He contended that the voice of the county-householders, in other words, of the cottagers or agricultural labourers, needed to be heard, by direct representation on several important subjects in which they were nearly concerned. His motions failed by majorities varying from 50 to 60, and the matter was left aside for some years of excitement concerning foreign affairs and of activity in legislation for other interests.

In 1883 the question was raised again by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in a letter to a Radical Association, and a great meeting was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, at which resolutions were carried in favour of further franchise-reform. This was followed by a great conference held at Leeds, where 2500 delegates appeared, representing 500 Liberal Associations. Mr. John Morley was in the chair, and resolutions were passed in favour of immediate action. Under the democratic system of rule, the Ministry accepted this demonstration as a mandate, and on February 29th, 1884, Mr. Gladstone introduced a Bill, in which he proposed to admit to the franchise the inhabitants of the counties not yet possessed of a parliamentary vote, including smaller tradesmen, skilled labourers, artisans of a lower class, the great class of miners, and the peasantry. The redistribution of seats was to be left over to the next year. In the face of strong opposition from Tory members of the Commons, the second reading was carried by a majority of 130, and the third reading passed without opposition. Then came a struggle with the House of Lords, the majority of which Chamberlain insisted that the redistribution of seats should go along with the extension of the franchise. The measure was there rejected by a majority of 205 against 146, and the Government at once resolved to prorogue Parliament at the earliest possible time, and to hold an autumn session for the re-introduction of the defeated Bill. The matter was promptly taken up by the country, and a series of great meetings was held during the autumn. A mass-meeting in Hyde Park included some thousands of agricultural labourers, who were brought up to London and marched to the ground by way of the Thame Embankment, Parliament Street, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly. At a Liberal gathering in Manchester; at St. James' Hall, London; at Birmingham, and elsewhere, some strong language was directed against the House of Lords, and the Tory leaders began to see the need of a compromise. In November, 1884, the second reading c

the Bill was carried by a majority of 140, and the measure finally passed the Lords, after an arrangement had been made between the leaders on both sides, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, for the introduction of a Redistribution of Seats Bill on lines to which both had given their assent. The preparation of the latter measure was a work of great labour, for which the country was largely indebted to the energy and skill of Sir Charles Dilke.

The general result of the two Acts was as follows:—The electorate of the United Kingdom was raised from about three to over five millions by the granting of votes to every householder in the counties who did not possess the borough-franchise. The lodger-franchise was now extended to the counties, and a new boon, called the “service-franchise”, was accorded, bestowing a vote upon any man inhabiting a dwelling-house by virtue of any office, service, or employment. It was provided that all boroughs with a population of less than 15,000 should have no separate representation, but that the householders and lodgers of such places should join in electing members for the county-divisions in which they were situated. Boroughs between 15,000 and 20,000 in population, represented by two members, lost one seat. By these changes 81 English, 2 Scottish, and 22 Irish boroughs lost separate representation, and 36 English and 3 Irish boroughs each lost one of two members. Two English counties, Rutland and Hereford, each lost a member, and the representation of the City of London was reduced from four members to two. These facts alone show the revolutionary character of the redistribution part of the whole scheme. Besides the very large number of seats placed at disposal by the above changes, there were six seats which had belonged to boroughs disfranchised since 1867, and twelve seats were added to the total number of the House of Commons, now raised from 652 to 670. The most startling alteration in the assignment of seats was in the great increase of representation accorded to London, which now, for the first time, obtained her fair share of members in the House of Commons. Her parliamentary boroughs were subdivided, and new constituencies were created, giving to the metropolis, apart from the City, not less than 60 members. Many new county-subdivisions were created, each returning one member, and the great towns were divided into single-member constituencies, in number according to population, so that Liverpool returns nine, Birmingham and Glasgow seven

each, Manchester six, Leeds and Sheffield each five, and so on in proportion; there being, roughly speaking, at this time, one member for every 70,000 people in the larger English boroughs. A near approach was thus made to the Chartist "point" of equal electoral districts, or representation in proportion to numbers. This change, and the creation of the single-member divisions in the counties and great boroughs, were the most remarkable features of the measure which launched democracy in full strength on a career which must influence to a vast degree the future of the Empire. We must note that the increase of population and wealth in Scotland was duly recognized by the assignment to the northern kingdom of twelve additional seats, raising her representation from 60 to 72. Ireland now, for the first time, was placed on an electoral equality with the two other countries in the possession of pure and simple household-suffrage. The Reform Acts of 1884-85 made the constitution of Great Britain and Ireland that of a republic, with powerful aristocratic and plutocratic elements, but a republic with the inestimable and unparalleled advantage of a hereditary dynastic president in the person of a sovereign whose pedigree goes back to the earliest times of English history, and, embracing every line of descent and every strain of blood, British (Welsh or Tudor), English, Norman, Danish, Scottish, German, Lancastrian and Yorkist alike, Stuart and Hanoverian in one, binds up every claim connected with right of birth along with the constitutional power due to the Parliamentary title to the throne granted in the Act of Settlement. The history of British royalty thus includes every stage in the growth and development of the realm over which it presides.

CHAPTER IV.

FOREIGN POLICY AND WARS IN EUROPE (1815 to present time).

Relations with France—Tahiti and Queen Pomare—The Orsini outrage—The Commercial Treaty—Relations with Austria and Prussia—The Holy Alliance—Lord Palmerston's sympathy with Kossuth—Spain and Portugal—Ferdinand VII—The South American republics recognized—Portugal saved from Spanish invasion—Sweden and Norway—The Treaty of Stockholm—Italy—Desire for unification—The Carbonari—Mazzini organizes “Young Italy”—Garibaldi—Mr. Gladstone exposes the tyranny of the Neapolitan government—Baron Poerio—Policy of Count Cavour—Greece made independent of Turkey—Lord Palmerston and the Don Pacifico affair—Belgium and Holland—British policy of non-intervention—Civil wars in Portugal and Spain—Schleswig and Holstein taken from Denmark—Russia—Her designs upon Turkey—The Crimean War—Fall of Sebastopol—Renewed war between Russia and Turkey—The Treaty of Berlin—War between Greece and Turkey—Crete made independent of Turkey.

The relations existing between Great Britain and France, during the eighty-five years since the battle of Waterloo, have been, for the most part, pacific, and have more than once, in Europe and in the East, shown the nations allied in warlike operations. There have been, however, several occasions when, from divergence of interests, or accidental causes, the friendly feeling between the Governments was severely tried, and an outbreak of hostilities was thought to be impending. The great figure in British diplomacy, for nearly forty years after the death of Canning in 1827, was the strong-willed, restless, somewhat dictatorial Lord Palmerston, whose energetic vindication both of the national dignity and interests, and of the cause of constitutional freedom in Europe, made him hateful to foreign tyrants and oppressors. Palmerston held the office of Foreign Secretary from 1830 to 1841, and from 1846 to 1852, and, at other times, his influence on the conduct of foreign affairs, either as a colleague in the Cabinet or as Prime Minister, was strongly marked.

A serious dispute arose in 1844 between the two Governments concerning incidents at Tahiti (Otaheite, in Captain Cook's day), the largest of the South Pacific group called the Society Islands. France, eager for colonial extension in that quarter of the world, had compelled the native queen, Pomare, to place her dominions under a French protectorate. She was a convert to Christianity, under the teaching of English missionaries, and was very friendly

to our country. The protectorate had been twice offered to Great Britain and twice refused, with a promise of our assistance against the interference of any other nation. The queen's subjects were much averse to the French assumption of control, and certain displays of a hostile feeling towards French residents were attributed to the influence of the English consul, Mr. Pritchard. A French admiral arrived, in his man-of-war, required the queen to hoist the French flag above her own, and, on her refusal, landed with a force of seamen and marines, hauled down her colours, and proclaimed her deposition, with the annexation of the island as French territory. Pomare appealed, in a letter couched in pathetic terms, to Queen Victoria for aid, and the Frenchman's act was promptly disavowed and strongly condemned by the French minister, M. Guizot. A large party of excited and susceptible Frenchmen were enraged at the thought of withdrawal from the position assumed by their hot-headed countryman at Tahiti, and much strong language was being exchanged by the newspapers on both sides of the Channel, when the British government and people were justly aroused by the tidings of an outrage perpetrated on the person of our consul, Pritchard. Without the slightest reason he was arrested by the French admiral, flung into prison, and, after some detention, expelled from the island. His arrival home with the story of the treatment which he had received caused an outburst of indignation, and Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, and the Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen, denounced the action of the French admiral in the strongest terms. A demand for satisfaction was addressed to the French government, and, after much resistance, due to Louis Philippe's and Guizot's fear of public opinion in France, an apology and a promise of pecuniary indemnity were extorted, at the risk of war, for the wrong done to our consul and to the national dignity. The Queen of Tahiti, nominally restored to power, lived for thirty-four years as a shadowy sovereign under the French protectorate, and the island, since 1880, has been fully a French possession.

Passing over the affair of the Spanish marriages (1846), in which the French king and Guizot showed the most disgraceful perfidy towards our government, and especially towards Queen Victoria in person, and leaving to another place all British relations with France in connection with the "Eastern Question", we come to the year 1858, and the famous affair of the "Orsini bombs".

Louis Napoleon had, at this time, been for five years Emperor of the French. Felice Orsini, an Italian who had escaped from the hands of Austrian jailers in a prison at Mantua, was a conspirator, in his country's cause, against German domination in northern Italy, and he had conceived the idea that Louis Napoleon was the main obstacle to the emancipation of his native land. This delusion turned Orsini from a soldier and a patriot into an assassin. On January 14th, 1858, three bombs, filled with detonating powder, were flung down by himself and some fellow-plotters in the Rue Lepelletier, at Paris, under or near the carriage of the emperor and empress as they drove to the Opera. The intended victim escaped, but ten of the people in the street were killed, and more than 150 were wounded. Orsini and a companion were taken and executed, and the trial proved that both the plot and the bombs had been fabricated in England. French wrath was greatly aroused against this country, and the Foreign Minister, Count Walewski, wrote a strong despatch to our Government, demanding security against a repetition of such enterprises, and complaining of English legislation as "affording hospitality to assassins", and "contributing to their designs". The Duc de Persigny, in reply to a deputation from the Corporation of London, visiting him as French ambassador, stated that French opinion required either the putting down of conspiracies for assassination by the action of existing English law, or the strengthening of our law for that needful purpose. The greatest offence to English feeling came, however, from the utterances of certain French colonels, who, in congratulatory addresses to the emperor, spoke of "monsters sheltered by English laws", and requested their sovereign's order to "pursue them to their stronghold", London, which, it was declared, "should be destroyed for ever". These wild words seemed to receive an official sanction from their appearance in the *Moniteur*, but the French government, through Walewski, expressed regret for the fact as due to inadvertence. London had, indeed, long been the haunt of revolutionary refugees, among whom Louis Napoleon himself had, in past days, been numbered. Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, sought leave to introduce a Bill with regard to conspiracy to murder, making it a felony instead of a misdemeanour. The English people resented this proposal as a truckling to France, and, in the House of Commons, a union of the

Tories, led by Disraeli, with many Liberals, caused the defeat of ministers, and Lord Palmerston's retirement from office. The state of feeling in London was clearly proved on the acquittal of Dr. Simon Bernard, a French refugee, who was tried at the Old Bailey as an accomplice in Orsini's plot. The evidence against him was by no means satisfactory, but Mr. Edwin James, his counsel, became a kind of popular hero for his declamation against tyrants in general, and his impassioned appeal to the jury for the absolution of his client as an answer to the French tyrant in particular. The matter, as one between the British and French governments, was ended in a friendly way by Lord Derby's ministry succeeding the Cabinet headed by Palmerston. The incident had a most important permanent effect in the establishment of the Volunteer Corps as a reply to the French colonels' plain hints at the invasion of our shores.

The Commercial Treaty with France of 1860, which was negotiated between the Emperor and his advisers on the one side, and Mr. Cobden, in an unofficial capacity, on the other, was a movement in extension of free-trade which, for a time, threw open an immense market to British productions, and caused a vast development of our Continental commerce. One effect of this treaty was the substitution, in English social use, of the French light wines of Bordeaux for the brandied ports and fiery sherries of Portugal and Spain.

Austria and Great Britain are Powers which, since the conclusion of the great war, have had little direct concern with each other's interests or aspirations. In 1815, when Lord Castlereagh was Foreign Minister, the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia concluded a convention, known as the Holy Alliance, in which they undertook to govern their own peoples, and to deal with foreign states, on Christian principles, "the precepts of justice, charity and peace". What they really intended was to maintain the power of their respective dynasties, to aim at territorial aggrandizement, and to repress all popular desires after freedom and reform. All the European rulers, except the Pope, joined this league, but it never gained much sympathy in Great Britain, and the Duke of Wellington, when he was asked to append his signature to the declaration, remarked that the English Parliament would require something more precise. Mr. Canning was Foreign Secretary from 1822 to 1827, and his influence was at once thrown into the scale against

the same three sovereigns who, in conference at Laybach, near Trieste, had proclaimed the doctrine that "useful or necessary changes in legislation, and in the administration of states, ought only to emanate from those whom God has rendered responsible for power". This declaration of war, by despotic rulers, against constitutional government, proceeded, in the cases of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, from monarchs who had already denied to their own subjects the representative government which they had once promised.

Lord Palmerston was a special object of aversion to the Foreign Office at Vienna. At every turn he strove to thwart their movements against freedom for oppressed peoples, and, though he was a moderate Conservative in home-politics, he appeared almost a revolutionist in dealing with foreign nations. When the failure of the Hungarian rebellion against Austria, in 1849-50, had aroused deep regret in England, and the heroic and able Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian leader, arrived in London in 1851, Palmerston, who was then Foreign Secretary, was hardly dissuaded by his colleagues from accordinng a reception to the distinguished exile. He gave offence later on, both to them and to the Queen, by receiving at the Foreign Office addresses from deputations bringing votes of thanks to himself, carried at public meetings, for the influence which he had exerted in preventing the surrender of Kossuth to Austria by the government of Turkey. On one of these occasions, the head of our Foreign Office heard the Austrian emperor denounced as an "odious assassin" and a "merciless tyrant", and, though he mildly disclaimed approval of these expressions, his unguarded conduct gave reasonable umbrage to the Austrian government.

With Prussia, during the nineteenth century, the relations of Great Britain have been wholly friendly. The policy of non-intervention in Continental affairs, which has, during the reign of Queen Victoria, become a cardinal point in British administration, caused us to stand aloof while Austria and Prussia deprived Denmark of territory in 1864; during the struggle between the two Powers in 1866; and at the period of the great Franco-German War in 1870. The Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville, strove to prevent that contest by conciliatory counsels, and, when his efforts had proved vain, our Government concluded a treaty with France and Prussia to guarantee the integrity and independence of Belgium.

Mr. Canning, as Foreign Minister, was much concerned with affairs in the Peninsula. In the autumn of 1822 the Duke of Wellington, representative of this country at the Congress of Verona, found France much aggrieved by a recent Spanish rising which had forced the faithless King, Ferdinand VII., to grant a free constitution. Portugal had followed the example, and the Inquisition, with other older wrongs and mischiefs, had been swept away. Louis XVIII., the Bourbon king of France, feared the spreading of the fever of Liberalism, and was projecting an interference in Spanish affairs. Canning's instructions to Wellington required a frank and peremptory declaration at the Congress that the British sovereign would not be a party to any such intrusion on the affairs of the Spanish nation. This utterance prevented the Congress from adopting any measure hostile to the Spaniards, and was a decided success for the new system of our Foreign Office. When, in the spring of 1823, French troops crossed the frontier to aid Ferdinand against his revolted subjects, Canning, in the House of Commons, gave an emphatic warning as to British action in defence of Portugal, if she were involved, and let events take their course in Spain. The French intervention had been welcomed by the clergy and a large part of the people, and the Spanish sovereign was enabled to overthrow the Liberals, and to resume his rule as an absolute monarch. When it appeared that France was wishing to subjugate the Spanish revolted colonies in South America, either for Spain or for her own aggrandizement, Canning at once intervened with decisive effect. "We will not permit", he declared to the French government, "any third power to attack or reconquer those colonies for Spain." It was two years later, in 1825, that Canning, in defending himself against party-attacks for not having gone to war in behalf of the Spanish Liberals, pointed to his action in regard to the South American colonies. "I resolved," he said, "that if France had Spain it should not be Spain with the Indies. I called the New World into existence, to redress the balance of the Old." In February, 1825, the royal speech virtually recognized the new South American republics, and treaties of amity and commerce were concluded with those countries. The great minister, at the close of 1826, amply and nobly redeemed his undertaking in behalf of Portugal. It was on Friday, December 8th, that our Government received a letter from the Princess-Regent, earnestly

seeking aid against Spanish invasion, provoked by her neighbour's adoption of constitutional rule. On Saturday, the Cabinet met and arrived at a decision. On Sunday, that decision received the sanction of the King. On Monday, it was communicated to both Houses of Parliament, and on Tuesday, Canning cried in the House of Commons, "At the hour in which I have the honour of addressing you, the troops are on their march for embarkation". "We go", he said in conclusion, "to plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted foreign dominion shall not come." In less than a fortnight the British armament was in the Tagus, and the Spanish forces re-crossed the frontier without having fired a shot. The policy of Lord Palmerston, as Foreign Minister under William the Fourth, and in the earlier part of Victoria's reign, was always directed in support of constitutional principles in the two Peninsular realms. At a later period, when the chronic internal troubles of Spain were enhanced by the French Revolution of 1848, the unscrupulous minister Narvaez, the head of the more absolute party, resented Palmerston's advice, sent through our minister at Madrid, Sir Henry Bulwer, to adopt Liberal measures, and to admit some of the progressive party to office. In May, 1848, Bulwer was abruptly dismissed by the Spanish government, and, the Spanish ambassador being sent away from London, the two countries, for several years, were wholly estranged.

The connection of Great Britain with the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway during the nineteenth century has been mainly one of commercial intercourse, and, in the case of the latter country, of agreeable visits made by tourists, during the later decades of the period, to the land of countless fiords and islands, with the special attraction, in midsummer, of viewing, at the North Cape, the spectacle of a midnight sun. Our wealthier people have made the coasts of Norway the resort of their shapely, luxurious, white-winged yachts, and her streams have yielded many a silvery salmon, her woodlands many a blackcock, hazel-grouse, and capercailzie, to the rods and the guns of British sportsmen. In political and international affairs, these realms received, about the middle of the century, signal benefit from British intervention. Their position lays them open to Russian attack, and in 1809 Sweden, before her

union with Norway, suffered the loss of Finland, after much warfare, at the hands of her powerful and unscrupulous neighbour. The question of security for Sweden and Norway against Russia was re-opened by the Crimean War. The great northern Power, always eager for extension of her vast territories, and especially desirous of obtaining outlets on unfrozen seas, had long cast the eyes of ambitious greed westwards from the Gulf of Finland. The cession of Finland, in 1809, had given Russia possession of the group called the Aland Islands, at the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia, the largest of them, Aland, being only about 25 miles distant from the coast of Sweden. The Emperor Nicholas there constructed strong fortifications at Bomarsund, and this post, from its contiguity to Stockholm, made the Russian occupation a direct menace to the Swedish capital. In 1854, the guns, sailors and marines of the Anglo-French fleet in the Baltic were usefully employed in the capture and destruction of the Russian works, and Sweden was thus relieved from imminent peril. The Treaty of Stockholm, concluded in November, 1855, between Great Britain, Sweden and France, was a document of special importance to this country and to Sweden. Russia had long aimed at obtaining a foothold on the Atlantic shore of Norway, with the view of erecting a naval fortress, a northern Sebastopol, in that quarter. The sinister significance of her action in the north-west of Europe attracted the attention of British and French diplomacy, and the time for decisive action came when it was found that Russian statesmen, by threats, tempting offers, and cajoleries, were striving to induce the Swedish monarch to give their country a slight strip of territory, "merely for a fishing station", on Varanger Fiord, north of Lapland. This specious request covered a design of creeping westwards to the Atlantic, and was now dealt with by the allied Western Powers. The Treaty bound the Scandinavian government not to cede to Russia, nor allow her to occupy, any portion of territory belonging to the crown of Sweden and Norway, nor to concede any rights of pasturage, or any fishing-ground, on any portion of the Norwegian coast. If any such proposition were made, it was to be at once communicated to the British and French governments, who undertook, for their parts, to provide naval and military forces for resistance to any act of aggression.

The regeneration and unification of Italy constitute one of the greatest European events, and the greatest triumph of the principle of nationality, known to the nineteenth century. In 1815, that historical, beautiful and hapless peninsula was left disintegrated, parcelled out among divers possessors, monarchs and petty sovereigns mostly alien to Italy in race and speech, with rights of possession derived only from conquest in the days of Italian degeneracy, disunion and seemingly hopeless decay. The King of Sardinia ruled in the great island of that name, and in Piedmont, Savoy and Genoa. The hated Austrian was master in Venetia and Lombardy. In dependence on the German power, Tuscany, Lucca, Parma and Modena were subject to as many dukes or grand-dukes. In central Italy, the Pope held sway over the States of the Church. The Bourbon sovereign of "the Two Sicilies" played the tyrant in the kingdom of Naples, extending to the southern extremities of the land, and in the splendid island cut off by the Strait of Messina.

A desire for union and independence existed in the hearts of the people of Italy, and the governments at Naples and other centres of tyranny were in continual conflict with secret political societies, such as that whose members were called *Carbonari*, "charcoal-burners", from the chief occupation of the people in the Abruzzi, a rugged district of the central Apennines, where their first association was founded, in 1808, by republicans from Naples. After the Bourbon restoration in 1815, this society reached its highest point of development, and included priests, army-officers, Charles Albert (afterwards King of Sardinia), Lord Byron, the historical prisoner Silvio Pellico, and the noble patriot Mazzini. The organization, in 1820, probably numbered half a million of persons, comprising most of the patriotism and intelligence of the land. The strength of revolutionary Italy, in this form, was broken through the failure of risings in 1820 and 1821, and despotic rule became more rigorous than ever.

After the French Revolution of 1830, insurrections took place in Modena, Parma and Bologna, but they were suppressed by Austrian troops, and then Giuseppe Mazzini, a native of Genoa, of high education and attainments, formed the organization known as "Young Italy". In the journal sent forth from his head-quarters at Marseilles, he called for a popular insurrection and the union of all the separate states into one powerful nationality. Expelled in

turn from France and Switzerland, Mazzini took refuge in England, and lived a life of poverty in London from 1841 to 1848, doing good by educating his neglected young countrymen, the organ-boys, in night-classes, and carrying on an active correspondence with the patriots of Italy. It is at this point that the cause of Italian freedom comes first into direct contact with the action of British statesmen, and, in this instance, greatly to their disgrace. In 1844, the Earl of Aberdeen was Foreign Secretary, and Sir James Graham held charge of the Home Office, in the ministry of Sir Robert Peel. In an evil hour for their own fame, these men yielded to applications from the Neapolitan and Austrian governments, and, for the space of four months, sanctioned the secret opening of letters at the post-office in London, including those of Mazzini, and of several members of Parliament and other Englishmen who were known to sympathize with the cause of Italian freedom and unity. The Italian patriot took the matter up, and it was brought forward in the House of Commons by Mr. Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury, whom we have seen as a sturdy Radical in behalf of the first Reform Bill. He was supported by his colleague, Mr. Wakley, by Mr. Joseph Hume and other liberals, and Mazzini's charge of detaining and opening letters, resealing them in such a way as to avoid detection, and then forwarding them to their address, was fully proved. Legal power for this action was claimed under statutes of Queen Anne and George the Third; but public disgust was aroused by such a system of espionage, and this feeling was deepened into horror which spread through the civilized world when it was found that the two British officials had, by the information which was given to the Neapolitan police, caused the deaths of two young Italian patriots. Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, young Venetians of high birth, devoted to what they, and assuredly most Englishmen, held to be the good cause of freedom, were entrapped from their refuge at Corfu to Naples, and shot in July, 1844, with seven of their comrades, crying "Viva l'Italia!" with their last breath of life. Lord Aberdeen, during the investigation made by committees of both Houses, was guilty of deliberate public falsehood, and Sir James Graham was forced to apologize in the Commons for the calumnies which he had uttered against Mazzini. As that great and good man has been, at various times, maligned by other Englishmen, we may quote in his favour the testimony,

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

Giuseppe Garibaldi, one of the noblest hero-patriots and ablest irregular warriors of all time, was born at Nice, then an Italian town, on July 4th, 1807. After a youth and early manhood spent at sea, he became an exile in the cause of Italian freedom in 1836, and fought for liberty in South America against Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres. In 1848 he started for Europe with a small band called the "Italian Legion", and aided in the great defence of Rome against French troops in 1849. Becoming again an exile, after warfare against Austria, he passed the next ten years in the United States, at sea, and in fighting Austria in the Alps in 1859. In 1860 he landed at Marsala, in the west of Sicily, with his famous "Thousand", conquered the island in a brilliant campaign, crossed to the mainland, forced army after army to surrender, and drove the Neapolitan tyrant, King Francis, from his capital and his throne. Garibaldi then withdrew to his little property, the islet of Caprera, on the north-east coast of Sardinia, and after more fighting against French and Austrian troops (1862, 1866, 1867), and for France against Germany in 1870, he died at Caprera on June 2nd, 1882.

addressed to the *Times* newspaper, of the strongest of anti-revolutionists and opponents of the Italian patriot, Thomas Carlyle. He describes him as "a man (if I have ever seen one such) of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity; one of those rare men . . . who are worthy to be called martyr-souls". From such an opinion, delivered by such a man, who "had the honour" (as he wrote) "to know Mr. Mazzini for a term of years", there can be no appeal.

We go next to the time succeeding the French Revolution of 1848, and, passing swiftly along, we see Charles Albert of Sardinia routed by the Austrians in March, 1849, on the fatal day of Novara, and the succession of his son, Victor Emanuel, who pursued a steady course of liberal reform in Piedmont and Sardinia, and of development of the resources of his territory. Mazzini and Garibaldi, after a gallant defence, were driven from Rome, where they had set up a republic, by the action of French, Austrian and Neapolitan troops, in July, 1849, and Italian freedom and unity seem still far distant. In all these last patriotic movements the English people had felt much sympathy, and Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary (for his second term, 1846 to December, 1851), was giving a general support to the cause of reform in his diplomatic despatches and his advice to foreign governments. His feeling was strikingly shown in connection with Mr. Gladstone's famous letters concerning Naples, revealing the tyranny and cruelty there practised by the Government. In the winter of 1850-51 the English statesman was residing at that city, and took occasion to visit the prisons where Poerio and many other Italian gentlemen of high position, education and character, but, in the eyes of their rulers, with the foul taint of Liberal opinions, were confined. Baron Carlo Poerio, under the constitution forsown and trampled under foot by the King of Naples, had been a minister of the crown, and a most distinguished figure in the Parliament. Mr. Gladstone saw Poerio and his fellow-victims living in dens of horrible filth, fed on the coarsest of black bread, and on nauseous soup that nothing but extreme hunger could force human beings to swallow. The political prisoners, arrested and detained under "incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it", were placed among murderers, thieves and criminals of every kind, and, after condemnation at a trial worse

in iniquity than the worst judicial wickedness of our Stuart days, these victims were linked together by pairs with chains that were never removed by day or by night. On his return to England, after a careful inquiry into the whole system of Neapolitan misrule, Mr. Gladstone, in two letters addressed to Lord Aberdeen, arraigned the tyrant and his instruments before the judgment-bar of the civilized world and of historical records. He proved, with the utmost cogency of testimony, illustration and argument, that their system was a violation of every law, unwritten and eternal, human and divine; a wholesale persecution of combined intelligence and virtue; a bitter and cruel hostility to all real life, movement, progress and improvement in the nation; an awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral rule; a perfect prostitution of the judicial office in the reception, as testimony, of the vilest forgeries, wilfully got up by the advisers of the crown in order to destroy the peace, the freedom and even the life of men who were amongst the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished and refined of the whole community. Never was indictment of any human rule, here justly denounced as "the negation of God erected into a system of government", more tremendous; and never was proof more convincing and complete. The persons assailed by Mr. Gladstone's burning words were foolish enough to attempt replies which left Mr. Gladstone's case wholly untouched. The attitude and action and speech of Lord Palmerston in this matter did the highest honour to himself and the British nation and government which he represented. In reply to a question addressed to him in the House of Commons on July 17th, 1851, he stated, firstly, his opinion that Mr. Gladstone's energetic and unselfish conduct, in searching out the gross abuses which he had exposed, had done himself very great honour, and, secondly, that he had sent copies of the pamphlet containing his letters to the British ministers in the various courts of Europe, directing them to give a copy to each government, in the hope that they might use their influence in promoting a remedy for the evils described. This statement was received with loud and general cheers. The Neapolitan envoy in London afterwards sent one of the "replies" to Lord Palmerston, and requested him to send that also round to the European courts, but our Foreign Secretary declined to give

his aid in circulating a composition which he described as "only a tissue of bare assertion and reckless denial, mixed up with coarse ribaldry and commonplace abuse of public men and political parties". He then proceeded to give a severe lecture, through the envoy, to the Neapolitan monarch and his advisers, warning them of the certain consequences of "long-continued and wide-spread injustice". The recipients of his discourse were past all shame and all reformation, but the moral effect of the whole affair was very great in securing the sympathies both of the British people and the British rulers with Italian efforts towards freedom. Abundant help, both in purse and person, came from English men and women, at a later time, as private supporters of that noble cause.

The doing of the work does not directly concern British history, but we here give the facts in the briefest outline. The King of Sardinia's chief minister, Count Cavour, one of the greatest of modern statesmen, had lived for years in England, where he had thoroughly learned the principles and practice of constitutional government. After doing wonders for the trade, commerce and finance of the country, he proceeded to carry out his far-reaching plans for the unification of Italy under the rule of his master, Victor Emanuel, a bluff, brave monarch of straightforward and steadfast character, called by his subjects *Il Re Galantuomo*, "the honest king", in contrast with the perfidious despot Ferdinand of Naples. In January, 1855, Cavour, by a master-stroke of policy, brought his country before the world in an honourable way, and established a claim on the sympathy and service of Great Britain and France. The allied armies encamped before Sebastopol were at that time short of men, and in a position of discouragement and difficulty. The Italian statesman made an offer which was readily accepted, and on the House of Commons voting an advance of a million pounds he despatched to the Crimea a well-equipped force of 10,000 men, under the command of General La Marmora. These soldiers, in August, 1855, fought with distinguished gallantry and success at the side of the French in the battle of the Tcher-naya or Traktir Bridge, and aided in the decisive repulse of 60,000 Russians. When the war had ended, Cavour, admitted to a seat at the Congress of Paris in 1856, brought before the representatives of the Powers the unhappy condition of his countrymen outside Piedmont and Sardinia, and denounced Austria as the arch-

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enemy of Italian independence. A due impression was made, and in 1859 Cavour's efforts to embroil Austria with France were crowned with success. The Franco-Austrian war gave Lombardy, as far as Peschiera and Mantua, to Victor Emanuel, and the same year saw him master of the duchies of Tuscany, Parma and Modena, and of Bologna, in the Papal States. In 1860, the sword of Garibaldi, an ideal hero and patriot, aided the Sardinian army in conquering the kingdom of Naples, after his volunteers had driven the Neapolitan king's troops out of Sicily. The Papal dominions, except the city of Rome, held by a French garrison, were annexed, and before his death, in June, 1861, Cavour saw Victor Emanuel "King of Italy", reigning over all the land except Venetia and the city of Rome, with a small territory around it. In all these later transactions Cavour had been aided, against French jealousy and Austrian hostility, by the powerful moral support of the British government, represented by Lord Palmerston, who was Premier, and Lord John Russell, the Foreign Secretary. The completion of Italian unity was effected by the cession of Venetia from Austria after the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 and the occupation of Rome by Italian troops in October, 1870, when the downfall of Louis Napoleon had removed the French garrison. In June, 1871, the capital was transferred from Florence to Rome, and Italy assumed her full position as the sixth great Power of Europe.

The modern kingdom of Greece is one whose establishment, with the freedom of her people from Turkish misrule, is largely due to British intervention, sympathy and aid. The Greeks, from 1453 till 1821, were under the rule of Turkey. In March of the latter year a rising took place under a leader named Ypsilanti, and the desperate struggle made for independence included the noble efforts of Bozzaris, Constantine Kanaris, and Mavrocordato, and soon aroused European sympathies. Lord Byron joined them in 1823, and aided them with money and counsel until his death at Missolonghi in April, 1824. The great British seaman, Lord Cochrane, helped the patriots to organize their fleet, which was handled with great skill and valour. Kings and people subscribed money for the redemption of Greek captives, and the support of Greek outcasts, and, in spite of all prohibitions of governments, many volunteers from France, England, Italy and Germany sought

service under the patriotic leaders. All efforts would, however, have proved vain but for the armed interference of foreign Powers. Happily for the Greek cause, George Canning was in chief command at our Foreign Office. In his youth he had written a poem on Greece—a lament on her slavery,—and when the outbreak of insurrection seemed to open a prospect of her freedom, no heart beat higher than his with sympathy and hope. As a minister, he was bound by his duty to a course at variance with his predilections as a man. He maintained a strict outward neutrality in regard to the struggle, while he used all his moral influence to alleviate the horrors of war, and in favour of Greek independence.

In the earlier days of 1827 the Greek cause appeared to be in a hopeless condition. The Turks had captured Athens, and the whole of the mainland was again in their power. In February, Canning became Prime Minister, and by this time, from different motives, three of the chief Powers, Great Britain, France and Russia, were prepared for armed intervention. In July, a treaty was signed between them, declaring that the fate of Greece no longer exclusively concerned the interests of Turkey. They proposed an armistice, and required an answer within a month, on pain of their interference for that purpose. In the following month, August, 1827, Canning died, and was succeeded as premier by Lord Goderich. The squadrons of the three Powers were assembled in the Levant, the English ships being commanded by Sir Edward Codrington. The Turkish government practically defied the allies to do their worst, and a strong reinforcement of Egyptian men-of-war joined the Turkish fleet in the harbour of Navarino, on the south-west coast of the Morea. On October 20th, a volley of musketry, fired from a Turkish ship upon an English boat, led to a general action, in which the Ottoman fleet was almost destroyed, after a four hours' battle, wherein the English suffered a loss of about 300 killed and wounded. The event was cleverly described in the royal speech to Parliament delivered in January, 1828, as "untoward", but Codrington and many of his officers were rewarded with honours in the Order of the Bath, and their conduct received nothing but praise from members of both Houses. In the same year, war broke out between Russia and Turkey, ending in 1829 with the capture and the treaty of Adrianople, followed by Turkey's acknowledgment of

the independence of Greece. Great Britain, France and Russia decided on the form of government for the new state, and, after the crown had been declined by Prince John of Saxony, and by Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, widower of our Princess Charlotte, and afterwards king of the Belgians, it was finally conferred on Otho, a Bavarian prince, who became King of Greece in 1832. He ruled in a tyrannical way, and filled the government with his German friends, causing a rebellion to break out in 1843. He then granted a constitutional form of rule, but never became popular.

In 1850, Greece became embroiled with Great Britain on a matter which seemed of trifling moment, but Lord Palmerston, then at the head of the Foreign Office for his second term, was playing another part than merely bullying, as his enemies affirmed, a nation that could not dream of resisting British arms. The government of Greece was being secretly supported by France both in misrule at home, and in certain arbitrary and irritating acts towards British subjects, including the boat's crew of one of our men-of-war. Palmerston resolved to make an end of this, when his opportunity came, and he found it when the Greek rulers declined to pay compensation for injuries done by an Athenian mob, in April, 1847, to the property of Don Pacifico, a Jew of Portuguese origin, whose birth at Gibraltar made him a British subject. There is no doubt that this man was a greedy rascal claiming forty times his due, but at the close of 1849 Palmerston, seeing behind Greek resistance the stimulating action of both French and Russian diplomacy, carried matters with a high hand. In January, 1850, the British fleet, under Admiral Parker, went to the Piræus, the port of Athens, and on further refusal to settle the claims within twenty-four hours, the port was blockaded and Greek men-of-war and merchantmen were seized. After much diplomacy between Great Britain and France, the Greek government yielded in April, and the French ministry, angered by their vain attempts to have a hand in the settlement, recalled their ambassador, M. Drouyn de L'Huys. Assailed in the House of Commons by a formidable coalition, including Peelites headed by Sir James Graham, Palmerston won a signal triumph by a speech of five hours' duration, in which he went straight to the heart of the House by his avowed determination to protect our subjects in all lands by "the watchful eye and the strong arm of England". A majority of forty-seven,

in a division of nearly 600 members, was thus gained for the ministry headed by Lord John Russell, who fully supported his colleague.

In 1862, the Greek people could no longer endure the rule of King Otho, and he was forced to abdicate. The throne was offered first to our Prince Alfred, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh, and now Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, but was wisely declined, on his behalf, by the Queen and ministry, and it was accepted in March, 1863, by Prince George of Denmark, brother of the lady who had just become Princess of Wales. He has since held the throne for more than thirty years, and governed well as a constitutional sovereign. In 1864, Great Britain resigned the protectorate of the Ionian Islands, and they were, greatly to the satisfaction of the people, annexed to Greece. In 1870, the king and all good citizens of Greece were horrified by the murder, at and near Marathon, within a few miles of the capital, of a party of British tourists, including Mr. Herbert, a brother of the Earl of Carnarvon. The criminals were brigands, a class of men with whom the country had long been infested, so that it was impossible to visit safely many of the historical scenes of the classic land. The incident caused a close pursuit, and the capture and execution of several of the band, and since that time persistent efforts have cleared the country of those pests of peaceful traffic and travel. From time to time, the influence of Great Britain has been usefully employed in preventing Greece from embarking on dangerous conflict with Turkey, mainly in connection with chronic insurrection in Candia, the ancient Crete, due to Turkish misrule, and the desire of the people for political union with Greece. In 1881, the kingdom obtained a very substantial and useful accession of territory in Thessaly and part of Epirus, a boon largely due to the British government, which brought the pressure of the Powers to bear upon Turkey in accordance with suggestions in the Treaty of Berlin (1878).

The flourishing little realm of Belgium is another of the minor European states owing its independent existence to the diplomatic action of the vigilant and energetic Palmerston, during his first term of office as Foreign Secretary. We have seen that, by the European settlement of 1815, Holland and the Austrian Netherlands had been formed into one state as the "Kingdom of the

Netherlands". This step soon proved to be a mistaken policy. The southern Netherlands were an agricultural and manufacturing country, and most of the people were Roman Catholics. Holland was commercial, maritime, and chiefly Lutheran in religion. In the parliament three different languages were spoken—French, Flemish and Dutch,—and the members could not readily understand each other in debate. There was thus a divergence of material and religious interests, combined with practical and administrative difficulties, and the people of the southern provinces strongly desired a separation. The revolution of July, 1830, in Paris, was as flame to tow in the neighbouring country, and a revolt broke out, in which the volunteers of Liège, Tournay, and Mons were saluted by the Flemish insurgents as "Belgians", according to the ancient name of Julius Caesar's day, and this was taken as the patriotic designation of the revolted people. The Dutch troops were driven from Brussels, and the citadel of Antwerp was reduced by the vertical shell-fire of a French force under Marshal Gérard, a Napoleonic veteran of Austerlitz. A congress of the Powers assembled in London, and the cause of Belgium was warmly embraced by Lord Palmerston, who succeeded in overcoming resistance in Parliament, in inducing the French government to withdraw their troops without claiming any territorial advantage, and in gaining the consent of the Powers to the construction of the new kingdom. In December, 1830, the separation of Belgium was recognized as an accomplished fact, and in June, 1831, after the crown had been offered to and declined by the Duc de Nemours, a son of Louis Philippe, the new king of the French, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg became sovereign of the new state, and reigned for thirty-four years of progress and prosperity. Great Britain was again closely concerned in the interests of Belgium at the time of the Franco-German war. The cynical candour of the Prussian minister Bismarck revealed a project, in July, 1870, by which the French ambassador at Berlin, M. Benedetti, had proposed, in the name of his government, to obtain possession of Belgium for France in exchange for certain concessions to be made to the German Power. The independence of Belgium was a chief and traditional point in our foreign policy, and Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's first ministry, took up the matter with a promptitude and vigour corresponding to the indig-

nant feeling aroused in this country. On August 26th, a special treaty was signed by Great Britain and the two belligerent Powers, France and Prussia, binding each party to join the others in arms against any interference with the integrity of Belgium.

The existing policy of non-intervention in the internal affairs of foreign states is in striking contrast to much that has been here recorded, and to other cases of British interference with the minor realms of Europe that occurred in the earlier half of the nineteenth century. The policy of George Canning's political pupil and heir, Lord Palmerston, was mainly directed towards the establishment and conservation of constitutional forms of rule, but he was not always happy in the choice of countries wherein he sought the control or adjustment of dynastic arrangements. In 1828, trouble arose in Portugal through the usurpation of the throne, as an absolute monarch, by Dom Miguel, the regent, who thus deprived of power his niece, the young queen Maria da Gloria. She arrived in England from Brazil in September, and was received with royal honours, but in 1829 she returned to her father, Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, when it was explained that Great Britain was only bound, as had been lately shown, to aid Portugal against foreign aggression, but was not permitted by treaties to interfere in her domestic struggles. At this time, Lord Aberdeen was Foreign Secretary, but Lord Palmerston, his successor in 1830, did in some sort allow British forces to intervene for the young queen's restoration to her rights. In 1832, Dom Pedro, resigning the crown of Brazil, returned to Europe and took up arms on behalf of his daughter. He landed at Oporto with a force chiefly raised by means of a loan obtained from Englishmen, while the fleet was commanded by a British officer, Captain Charles Napier, a brave and adventurous man who had served at sea during the great war, had fought as a volunteer under Wellington at Busaco, and taken part in the operations on the coast of the United States, in 1814, up the Potomac and at Baltimore. In 1833, he almost annihilated Dom Miguel's squadron off Cape St. Vincent, and, after passing up the Tagus with his victorious ships, Napier, with some British marines, had a share in the land-warfare against the Miguelites. That worthless personage, Dom Miguel, was compelled, in the following year, to renounce his claims to the throne and to quit the country.

The affairs of Spain, during this period, drew British soldiers into the field. In 1830, Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain, under the influence of his wife, Maria Christina, a Bourbon of Naples, abolished the law which excluded females from the throne, and the succession thus passed from his brother, Don Carlos, to his infant daughter Isabella. On the death of Ferdinand, in 1833, a terrible civil war broke out, and the rival names of Carlists and Christinos resounded throughout Europe. A body of British troops, called the "Spanish Legion", under Colonel Sir De Lacy Evans, fought for the young queen against the Carlists in the Basque country of northern Spain during 1835-37. Some brilliant successes were gained, especially in the storming of the Carlist lines near San Sebastian, and the war ended, in 1840, with the success of the queen's party. Both there and in Portugal there was a troubled time for many years, with occasional armed outbreaks, and, in 1868, a revolution which drove Isabella from Spain. Another Carlist civil war arose in 1872, when Amadeus of Savoy was king, and his abdication in 1873 was followed by the establishment of a republic, and severe fighting against the Carlists in the north. In none of these matters did British statesmen actively intervene. They had unconsciously adopted the views of Mr. Cobden, as expressed in 1847, that "all attempts of England to control or influence the destinies, political and social, of Spain are worse than useless. They are mischievous alike to Spaniards and Englishmen."

The growing distaste of the British public for interference in foreign affairs wherein British interests are not directly concerned was increased by the somewhat ignominious issue of two such attempts made by Earl Russell, when he was at the head of the Foreign Office from 1859 to 1865. In 1852, a "Treaty of London", after the Schleswig-Holstein war, had guaranteed the integrity of the Danish monarchy. In 1863, Prussia and Austria interfered, on the death of the Danish king, and demanded from the new sovereign, Christian IX., the withdrawal of arrangements granting a form of self-government for Holstein. Bismarck and the Austrian minister were merely picking a quarrel, with a view to the incorporation of the territories of Schleswig and Holstein in the Germanic Confederation. The little country was invaded in overwhelming force, and the fortress of Duppel was stormed, after

a gallant defence by the Danish troops. According to the treaty of 1852, it was the plain duty of France and this country to take up arms in defence of Denmark, but Lord Russell merely called a Conference in London, which began its sittings in May, 1864. The Prussian envoy repudiated the arrangements of 1852, as being annulled by war. France and Great Britain held to the Treaty of London, but would not fight for it, and Lord Russell meekly suggested that Denmark should cede absolutely Holstein, Lauenburg, and the southern or German part of Schleswig. The Danes were thus left helpless, and the renewal of war caused their loss of the whole territory in dispute.

During the Polish insurrection of 1863, caused by Russian tyranny, Lord Russell, without the intention, or the least opportunity, of employing force, had taken upon himself to go back to the Vienna Treaties of 1815, and require Russia to grant to Poland a national constitution. The Russian minister, Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, a diplomatist and statesman of high ability, repudiated all British claims to interfere in the internal affairs of Russia, and practically told Lord Russell to mind his own business.

The Eastern Question, which means, decaying Turkey and ever-growing, aggressive Russia, is the one matter on which the foreign policy of Great Britain has been concentrated, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, whenever our diplomacy has been employed in a form that led to, or that threatened, active and forcible interposition. British interests are vitally involved in matters which concern our empire in the East, and our road thither by the Mediterranean Sea and the Suez Canal. In tracing briefly the history of affairs connected with this question, we shall see that it really divides itself into two parts. On the one hand, we have the incessant decline of Turkish power, and the recurring diminution of Turkish territory in the loss of provinces through revolt induced by persistent and incurable misrule. On the other hand, we find the systematic and often successful attempts of Russia to increase her own territory, both in Europe and in Asia, at the expense of the Ottoman empire. The keys to Russian intrigue, diplomacy, and aggression, so far as Europe is concerned, lie in the two words, "Constantinople", and "Mediterranean". On both fanatical and ambitious grounds, Russia eagerly desires to possess the former capital of the Greek or Eastern Empire. For

ambitious reasons alone, and with a view to naval development, she desires a free outlet to the great southern sea of Europe.

The Eastern question may be regarded as first opened in 1774 by the Peace of Kainardji, in Bulgaria, which gave to Russia, after a war with Turkey, the chief ports on the Sea of Azov, free navigation of the Black Sea, a free passage to the Mediterranean through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and, more than all, the protectorship over all the Greek Christians within the Turkish empire. The Christianity of Russia was received from Constantinople at the close of the tenth century. At the middle of the fifteenth century, Constantinople was captured by the Turks. Before the close of that century, Ivan III. freed Russia from Tartar domination, and it was he who, married to the niece of the last Byzantine emperor, or Greek ruler at Constantinople, introduced into the Russian coat-of-arms the double-headed eagle of her house. Russia was henceforth devoted to the task of restoring the fallen Greek Church at the olden centre of that faith, and of changing the crescent for the cross on the mosque of St. Sophia. In 1792, the Treaty of Jassy, in Moldavia, near the river Pruth, confirmed Russia in the possession of the Crimea, and the fortress of Sebastopol, or "City of the Czar", began to rise, on a fine natural harbour, as a maritime arsenal giving its possessors a command of the Black Sea. The other powers of Europe began to look askance at Russia, France and England having heed to the Mediterranean, and Austria to her Danubian trade. The Peace of Bucharest, now the capital of Roumania, in 1812, advanced the Russian frontier to the Pruth and to the northern mouth of the Danube. The Treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, besides acknowledging, as we have seen, the independence of Greece, gave to the ambitious and strong-willed Czar Nicholas the protectorate of Moldavia and Wallachia, from which Turks were henceforth excluded as residents. In 1833, by giving aid to Turkey against Ibrahim Pasha, an adopted son of Mehemet Ali, the viceroy of Egypt, who had revolted from Turkey and conquered Syria, Russia, in the famous Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, engaged the Porte, or Turkish government, to close the Dardanelles, in case of need, to the ships of all foreign powers. Constantinople was thus laid open to attack from the Black Sea squadrons of Russia, while all help from the nations of western Europe was to be excluded at the

demand of the Czar. The other Powers were not prepared to sanction this, and in July, 1841, the Treaty of London closed the Dardanelles against the war-ships of all nations, so long as Turkey remained at peace. Any attack on her by Russia would at once open the Dardanelles to fleets which might be summoned to the aid of Turkey.

In 1842, the famous British diplomatist, Sir Stratford Canning, better known as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, became our ambassador at the Porte, and he soon acquired a great influence over the Sultan, Abdul Medjid, and his advisers. By the year 1844, Nicholas, the Russian emperor, had begun to look forward to an early dissolution of the Turkish empire, and he wished Great Britain and Austria to join with him in sharing the spoil. Lord Aberdeen was at this time Foreign Secretary, and he had signed a note which was taken to imply a promise of supporting Russia in her claims to the active protectorate of the Greek religion within the bounds of the Turkish empire. When Lord Palmerston became Foreign Secretary, for his second term in that office, from 1846 to December, 1851, the Eastern question came directly under his survey and management, and he, with a belief in the possible "regeneration" of Turkey through an improvement in her system of rule, was decidedly in favour of maintaining her independence and integrity. In 1853, Lord Aberdeen, a weak man of pacific tendencies, and a warm friend of the Czar, became the head of a coalition ministry, which included Palmerston as Home Secretary. Nicholas thought that his opportunity had come, and that nothing would induce Great Britain to go to war for Turkey. Still less did he anticipate the alliance, on such a question, of this country and France. His envoy, Prince Menschikoff, demanded at Constantinople that the Greek Church in Turkey should be placed entirely under Russian protection. The Sultan, thus required to surrender a share in his sovereignty, relied upon the support of the British ambassador, and his firm attitude drove the Russian minister away in wrath in May, 1853. In July, the Russian army crossed the Pruth, and occupied Moldavia and Wallachia. After much diplomatic jargon had been expended, and the Turkish fleet destroyed at Sinope, on the south coast of the Black Sea, by Russian ships from Sebastopol, in November, the allied fleets of England and France entered the Euxine in January, 1854, and in

March, on the virtual refusal of Russia to withdraw her troops again beyond the Pruth, the two western Powers declared war against Russia. On the Danube, the Russian forces were completely beaten by the Turks, without any help from the French and British armies sent out to their support.

The Crimean War brought no advantage to Great Britain beyond the demonstration of what was already known, that the British and Irish troops are men unsurpassed in the history of the world both for daring attack and for heroic resistance against numerically superior forces. A splendid army, the finest in physical qualities that ever left our shores, and nearly seventy millions of money, were sacrificed without any permanent benefit either to this country or to Turkey. We shall here only touch on the main incidents of the struggle that took place in the Crimea, the peninsula lying on the north of the Black Sea. The capture of Sebastopol became the object of the allies, after they had lost largely by cholera and fevers in the armies encamped on the west coast of the Euxine. On September 20th, 1854, between 50,000 and 60,000 troops, of whom one-half were British, drove the Russians from the heights above the little river Alma, as they blocked the road from our landing-place, Eupatoria, on the west coast of the Crimea, southwards to the great fortress lying a few miles east of Cape Khersonese, near the south-western extremity of the peninsula. The British commander, Lord Raglan, a Waterloo veteran, wished to follow up the victory by a rush upon the forts on the north side of Sebastopol harbour. They were practically undefended, and would have easily fallen, and as their fire commanded the town and works on the southern side, the reduction of Sebastopol would have been an affair of a few hours, or, at most, of some days. It is only fair to state that St. Arnaud, the French commander, was almost in a dying state after an attack of cholera, and his objection caused Lord Raglan to yield the point. A flank march was made round to the south side of the place, which the fleeing Russians had just entered in a state of disorder and demoralization. An immediate attack on the works would have inevitably succeeded, but now Sir John Burgoyne, the commander of our engineers, blocked the way, and another opportunity was lost.

A formal siege was begun, and it was soon found that a formid-

able task confronted the allied armies. The Russians had men that well knew their business in the persons of Colonel von Todleben, an officer of engineers who chanced to be in the town, and of Korniloff, the admiral of the Russian fleet. The harbour-mouth was blocked by the sinking of seven line-of-battle ships; their crews had been landed to reinforce the garrison; their guns were used to arm earthworks on the south side which were raised with wonderful energy and skill. In a few days, while the allies were preparing for a bombardment, Sebastopol had been made, for a long time, impregnable. The first bombardment, begun on October 17th, was a failure. The French fire was crushed by that of the Russians; the attack of the fleets on the Russian forts at the entrance of the harbour was decisively repulsed with severe loss.

Then came Russian attempts to raise the siege by attacks from the exterior, involving the famous cavalry-actions of Balaklava (October 25th), and the battle of Inkerman on November 5th, an action in which about 9000 British infantry, bearing the chief share in repelling the attacks, during eight or nine hours, of five times the number of Russians, gained a glory unequalled in the whole of their records. Here again, a lack of enterprise in the French commander, Canrobert, who had succeeded St. Arnaud, caused a grand opportunity to be thrown away. The enemy were retiring in sullen mood, dismayed by the repulse which had caused them a loss of one-third of their force. The British troops were exhausted by their efforts, but there were 6000 Frenchmen on the ground who had scarcely fired a shot, and Lord Raglan urged an immediate and close pursuit, which would have turned repulse for the Russians into utter rout, and have ensured the capture of every gun of their numerous artillery. Canrobert, a skilled tactician, but no man for such a time, thought "enough had been done", and declined to follow up the success achieved.

Inkerman was followed by the terrible and historical Crimean winter, during which our troops, ill-sheltered, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and overworked, perished by thousands in the trenches and in camp. The sick and wounded in the hospitals at Scutari, near Constantinople, happily came under the charge of a body of volunteer lady-nurses from England, headed by Miss Florence Nightingale, a Hampshire lady of high accomplishments, who had for ten years devoted her abilities to the art of nursing. She had visited and

inspected hundreds of European civil and military hospitals, and had acquired a knowledge of sanitary needs and systems that, combined with her intense devotion to the work of alleviating human suffering, acquired for her immortal renown. In a few months after her arrival at Scutari she had 10,000 sick and wounded men under her care. Early in 1855, she was stricken down with fever caused by excessive anxiety and toil, but she would not quit her post until the country was evacuated by British troops at the close of the war.

The sufferings of the British troops were mainly due to the breaking down of a military administration which had never been well organized for war as regarded the supply of necessaries and the tendance of the disabled. The circumstances of the campaign and the locality did the rest of the mischief. A parade of war, involving one battle, and the immediate fall of the Russian fortress, had been the programme of the allied generals, and in the fatal winter of 1854, the British troops found themselves from seven to ten miles, according to their position, from our base of operations at Balaklava Harbour, with no proper road, but what was often a sea of mud, or a depth of snow, between themselves and the supplies brought into the harbour from England and other sources of help. Want of transport for the men engaged, and lack of men for the warlike work in hand, were the evils that caused misery and loss arousing wrath at home. The ministry was defeated, by an immense majority, in the House of Commons, in resisting a motion for a committee of inquiry into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, and Lord Palmerston, in February, 1855, became prime-minister. A railway was made early in the spring from Balaklava to the camp, and reinforcements of men, with abundant supplies of every kind, put a new aspect on affairs. The bombardment of the Russian works on the southern side was vigorously resumed in April, and the siege-works were pushed nearer to the foe. A third bombardment took place early in June, and some important outworks were captured, but the first assault, made on June 18th, after a fourth bombardment, was repulsed by the Russians, and, ten days later, Lord Raglan died, and was succeeded by a wholly unfit man, General Simpson. The determined General Péliſſier had replaced Canrobert in the French command, and the Russians were now headed by the resolute Prince Michael Gortschakoff,

cousin of the famous diplomatist, always assisted by the great Todleben in the engineering needed for continued defence. The fire of the allies grew daily in strength, and another attempt of the enemy to raise the siege from the outside was defeated, on August 16th, at Traktir Bridge, on the river Tchernaya, by the French, Turks, and Sardinians. On the following day, the fifth bombardment began, and the French soon captured an out-work of the Malakoff, the key of the whole Russian lines of defence. The long siege ended on September 8th with the capture of the Malakoff by the French, after a terrific bombardment along the whole line of works for the three previous days. The British troops entered the Redan, one of the main Russian forts, but were unable to hold it from lack of support due to the incapacity of General Simpson, who had an army of fifty thousand men at his disposal. The Russians withdrew to the forts on the north side by a bridge of boats laid across the harbour, after blowing up the southern forts, and the splendid docks of the great maritime arsenal and stronghold were afterwards destroyed by the conquerors.

The allied fleets in the Black and Baltic seas performed nothing worthy of note save the bombardment of Sveaborg, a fortress in the Gulf of Finland, the capture of Bomarsund, in the Aland Isles, above recorded, and the destruction of large Russian stores at Kertch, Yenikale, and other places in the Sea of Azov. The war practically ended with the taking of Sebastopol. In the spring of 1856, the British and French armies were in force and condition that would have enabled them, in the exhausted military condition of Russia, to march, if it had been so determined, to Moscow, and inflict a well-merited humiliation, but we were now to experience, not for the first time, the inconvenience of warfare in conjunction with allies. The French emperor had gained his ends, and was weary of the struggle. He had entered on the war partly from resentment against the late Czar Nicholas (succeeded, on his death in February, 1855, by his son Alexander II.) for his refusal to recognize his new position as Emperor of the French; partly because he aimed at securing credit in Europe by a British alliance, and by success acquired for his arms in war. He was not willing further to alienate, by pressing the advantages already gained, a Power that might become a useful ally in future European complications. The losses of the French army by disease in the

Crimea, though better concealed than our own by the absence of outspoken agents of a free Press, had been very great, and France had no good reason for a continuance of the struggle. The Treaty of Paris, concluded in March, 1856, made the Black Sea neutral, freely open to all mercantile marines, but closed to all ships of war (save petty cruisers for revenue-purposes and coast-defence against piratical attack), not only of nations outside that area, but also of Turkey and Russia. Turkey was admitted to what may be called the "comity of nations", and henceforth disputes between the Porte and any of the great Powers were to be referred to their joint decision. The Christian subjects of the Sultan were to be protected by a firman or decree of their ruler's voluntary issue, and Russian claims to interference were thereby annulled. The navigation of the Danube was thrown open; the principalities on and near that river, Wallachia and Moldavia, were made practically independent under the suzerainty of the Turkish monarch. An important change in maritime law, not connected with the Eastern Question, was effected at the same time. Great Britain, for her own probable advantage, yielded the claims which had, during previous periods of warfare, endangered peace between herself and neutral maritime Powers. Henceforth, the neutral flag was to protect all goods carried at sea, except only stores known as "contraband of war", and the property of neutral nations, even under a hostile flag, with the same exception, was not liable to capture. These concessions, which seemed to wrest from our hands a chief weapon for impairing the resources of hostile nations, were held, by Lord Palmerston, to be amply compensated by the abolition of privateering, which would afford a new and great security, in the event of war, to our world-wide commerce. The United States alone declined to accede to this last arrangement, on the ostensible ground that the European Powers would not exempt private property from capture at sea. Dealing in order with the chief terms of this treaty, as compared with the state of things existing in 1900, we find that Russia, in 1870, taking advantage of the Franco-German war then waging, declared that she would no longer be bound by that article of the Treaty of 1856 which neutralized the Black Sea. Great Britain was not prepared to endeavour (alone) to enforce it, and in March, 1871, a Conference removed the clauses which closed the Black Sea to

ships of war owned by Turkey and Russia. The fleets of other nations were still excluded by the closure of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus in time of peace. The effect of this change has been that Sebastopol, captured and destroyed at so vast an expenditure of money and human lives, is once more a mighty naval arsenal and fortress, and that Russia has again a Black Sea fleet to menace the coasts of Turkey, and to bear down, when opportunity may serve, on coveted Constantinople. As for the Christian subjects of the Porte, the Turkish government has never even attempted to carry out the obligations imposed by the treaty, and the present condition of the Christians in Armenia is a terrible commentary on Turkish promises and Turkish rule. After the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, Roumania, composed of Wallachia and Moldavia, became wholly independent of Turkey, and in 1881 rose from a principality to a kingdom, under the rule of Carol (Charles) I., a prince of the Prussian house of Hohenzollern.

The last struggle between Russia and Turkey arose from a serious insurrection in the north-west of her European territory, the province called Herzegovina. The rising, due to Turkish tyranny over Christians, occurred in August, 1875, and soon spread to the neighbouring Bosnia. In July, 1876, Servia and Montenegro joined in the contest for freedom, and the Eastern Question was again before Europe in a formidable shape. The Servian insurrection, joined by many Russian volunteers, was suppressed by the Turkish troops. In May, 1876, the atrocious massacres perpetrated in Bulgaria, between Roumania and the Balkans, by the Circassian and other irregular levies of the Sultan, brought Russia into the field, and her troops crossed the frontier in April, 1877. Since the period of the Crimean War the military strength of Russia had been vastly developed, and much ill-handling of her forces, save where Todleben, Skobeleff, and Gourko were in charge, did not prevent her from overwhelming, at great cost to herself, the gallant defence made by the Turkish armies. Avoiding all details of the party-animosities which raged in this country, making the Eastern Question a forbidden topic at London dinner-tables, we proceed to record that in the spring of 1878 the Russian armies, victorious over all opposition, were almost at the gates of Constantinople. The government headed by Lord Beaconsfield took prompt measures, sending our Mediter-

ranean fleet through the Dardanelles to an anchorage in the Sea of Marmora, but a few miles distant from the Turkish capital. The progress of the Russians, if indeed they had ever intended to enter Constantinople, was at once arrested, and the uselessness of the Crimean War was thoroughly proved. No hostile power could possibly hold the Turkish capital under the guns of a British fleet, which the Porte could always summon to her aid. In July, 1878, the Treaty of Berlin, concluded at a Congress of the Powers, now including Italy, once more settled the perennial Eastern Question. This instrument gave great advantages to Russia, in the possession of the powerful fortress of Kars, in the north-east of Asia Minor, already taken by her troops, and of the port of Batoum, on the eastern coast of the Black Sea. This country gained possession of Cyprus, under a tribute payable to the Sultan as suzerain, and we were believed to have therein obtained a valuable post for our power in the Mediterranean, and especially as regards the security of the Suez Canal. The Turkish empire was greatly contracted in Europe by the loss of Servia, which became an independent kingdom; of Bosnia and Herzegovina, ceded to Austria; of Montenegro, finally released from Turkish claims; of Bulgaria, north of the Balkans, now becoming a nominal tributary, and really an independent principality. The cession of Thessaly and part of Epirus to Greece in 1881 has been already noticed. In 1885, the territory south of the Balkans known as Eastern Roumelia was added to Bulgaria, and the Sultan's dominions in Europe were thus reduced to the strip of territory south of the Balkans representing the ancient Thrace, Macedonia, part of Epirus, and Illyria, between the Black Sea and the Adriatic.

In 1896 the European Powers intervened through events connected with a revolt in Crete. War between Greece and Turkey ensued, ending in September, 1897, after the collapse of the Greek forces, in a peace which rectified the frontier in favour of the Porte. After hostilities in Crete between allied troops and the Mussulman forces, Turkey was compelled to withdraw her army, and the matter ended in the liberation of the island from Turkish rule, in December, 1898, with Prince George of Greece as High Commissioner for the Powers.

CHAPTER V.

FOREIGN POLICY IN ASIA (1815 to present time).

The Syrian war—Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha—Bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre—Massacre of Christians by the Druses—The first China or Opium war—Seizure and destruction of opium—Chusan Islands occupied by the British—Capture of Chinese cities—Treaty of Nanking—Second China war—Affair of the *Arrow*—Canton bombarded and Commissioner Yeh captured—Treaty of Tien-tsin—Third China war—The allies repulsed at the Taku forts—The allies march upon and enter Pekin—Treaty of Tien-tsin finally ratified—European exploitation of China—The Boxers—Siege of the foreign legations at Pekin—Anglo-German agreement regarding China—Opening of trade with Japan—Murder of Mr Richardson—Submission of Satsuma—Constitutional rule on European models introduced.

Early in the reign of Victoria, when Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary, the affairs of the Turkish Empire gave employment to a British armament, and endangered the friendly relations between this country and France. The trouble was a phase of the interminable Eastern Question, and the source of the trouble was Egypt. The able and ambitious Mehemet (or, Mohammed) Ali, Pasha of Egypt, was the most powerful of all the Turkish Sultan's feudatories, and his forces, early in 1839, under the command of the brave and skilful Ibrahim Pasha, Mehemet Ali's adopted son, had made him master of all Syria. At this juncture, the death of Mahmoud II., Sultan of Turkey, gave the throne to Abdul-Medjid, a youth in his sixteenth year. Mahmoud, a wise and energetic man, had effected many administrative reforms which promised well for the continuance of Turkish sway, and his death, followed by the revolt to the Egyptian ruler of the whole Turkish fleet, was a severe blow to the empire. Lord Palmerston, at once desirous of maintaining Turkey as a barrier to Russian ambition, and a believer in Turkey's possible regeneration, came forward at this crisis. In 1838, he had concluded a commercial treaty of great advantage both to the subjects of the Porte and to the traders of Europe who dealt with them. He now induced Russia and Austria to join Great Britain in intervention against the Egyptian viceroy. France, then ruled by Louis Philippe and his chief minister, M. Thiers, held aloof in jealous dread of British designs with regard to Egypt. Our government was by them suspected of a wish to secure that country as a direct road to India, and a war-

party in France, eager to espouse the cause of Mehemet Ali, was enraged at the convention made by Palmerston with the two other Powers. There was much talk on the Paris boulevards of war with "perfidie Albion", but Louis Philippe was not prepared for such a course, and the resignation of Thiers, who was succeeded by Guizot, allowed France to join the other Powers in the Treaty of London, concluded in July, 1841, which, as we have seen, settled Turkish affairs for a time.

The Syrian war was a brief and decisive contest. The British fleet in the Mediterranean, a very powerful armament under Admiral Sir Robert Stopford and Commodore Charles Napier, with a few Austrian and Turkish men-of-war carrying troops, blockaded the Egyptian and Syrian ports. The Egyptian soldiers were driven from works along the coast of Syria; Sidon was stormed, and the army of Ibrahim Pasha, in the mountains near Beyrout, was defeated by Turks led by Napier, who was equally adventurous on sea and land. In November, 1840, the strong fortress of St. Jean d'Acre was severely bombarded by the British ships and those of their allies, and the garrison were driven to surrender, after fearful loss due to the explosion of the chief magazine. The power of Mehemet Ali in Syria was brought to an end, and he was reduced to his former position, being now permitted to hold Egypt alone, as an hereditary pashalic under the Turkish Sultan.

In 1860, four years after the conclusion of the Crimean war, British and French diplomacy and action were required in Syria through the disastrous effects of Christian and Turkish fanaticism and the misrule of a Turkish governor. The Druses and the Maronites, two religious sects in the Lebanon mountains, were engaged in one of their frequent quarrels, and a Turkish officer, at a town under Mount Hermon, permitted the Druses to massacre a large number of their Christian foes, disarmed by his authority under promise of protection. The excitement spread to Damascus, and in July a Turkish mob assailed the Christian quarter of the city, and burnt most of it down, including the foreign consulates. About two thousand Christians were slain, in spite of the efforts of some of the best Mussulman citizens, and the Turkish governor, with a large military force at his disposal, made no serious attempt to save them. A convention of the Powers allowed Great Britain

and France to restore order, French troops being, in the first instance, employed for the purpose. The Sultan despatched to Syria his able minister, Fuad Pasha, directing foreign affairs, and Lord Dufferin went thither as British Commissioner. Prompt punishment was dealt out to the guilty. The governor of Damascus, Achmet Pasha, had his epaulets torn from his shoulders, and was executed along with the commander of the Turkish troops, and about sixty persons, chiefly belonging to the Turkish police-force, were publicly put to death. The Sultan, in his position as a sovereign protected by the Powers, and so liable to be corrected and directed by the Powers, was obliged to nominate a Christian governor for the Lebanon, to the great advantage of all the people. Louis Napoleon, having some of his troops in Syria, under the convention, clearly showed his desire to keep them there with ulterior views, but Lord Palmerston, our Prime Minister, was the wrong man on whom to try such an enterprise, and his firmness caused the French withdrawal in June, 1861.

The first quarrel that arose between British rulers and China, known as the Opium war, had its real origin in the spirit of ignorance and scorn with which Western civilization had long regarded the Chinese people, institutions, and modes of life, and in the collision of our traders, eager for gain, with the regulations laid down by an Oriental government administered by men who, on their side, had often displayed a contempt for Western nations, based on incapacity to believe in the existence of any excellence apart from their own traditional standards, consecrated by many centuries of hereditary usage. The Chinese rulers and people had for ages been noted for the exclusive policy which, barely allowing foreigners to trade at the outports, forbade their admission to the interior of the country, and declined all diplomatic or friendly intercourse with European powers. In 1816, an embassy headed by Lord Amherst, afterwards Governor-general of India, sought to obtain leave for a British minister to reside at Pekin, and the opening of ports on the northern coast to British trade. Amherst did not even succeed in seeing the Chinese emperor, owing to his refusal to perform the ceremony of *Koutou*, or prostration at the "Celestial" ruler's feet, and he returned to England with a letter from the emperor to the Prince Regent, containing the words "I have sent

thine ambassadors back to their own country without punishing them for the high crime they have committed" (in approaching me).

The East India Company, trading with Canton for tea, silk, and other products, had introduced, before the close of the eighteenth century, a traffic in opium manufactured in India, eagerly bought by some of the Chinese, but strictly forbidden by imperial edict. As long as the China-trade was solely in the hands of the Company's agents, the illegal traffic was peacefully arranged by bribery of the Chinese local officials. The opium was thus smuggled into the country, and all parties, save the high imperial authorities at Pekin, were well satisfied. In 1834, however, the Company's monopoly in the China-trade came to an end, and trouble began. The adroit agents of the Company were superseded by British officials inclined to carry matters with a high hand, and the illicit trade in opium was greatly increased in the hands of the individual speculators who were now engaged in commercial dealings with China. Quarrels arose between the native officials and the new British superintendents, and the imperial government ordered the suspension of trade in every class of goods. The opium on shore was seized, along with other British property, and in September, 1834, two British frigates, summoned from India, were in conflict, at the first pass of the Canton river, with the Bocca Tigris or Bogue forts, and with a crowd of Chinese war-junks, the fire of which was easily silenced. For some years after this use of force, matters drifted on, with occasional interruptions to trade, until, in 1839, the High Commissioner Lin caused the seizure and destruction of all the opium in the Canton river and elsewhere on the coast, amounting to twenty thousand chests, and surrounded with Chinese troops Captain Elliot, the British superintendent, and all our countrymen in the Factory, or trading-station, at Canton. In October, two British frigates arrived, Canton was blockaded, and the Opium war began in earnest.

In January, 1840, an imperial edict directed all trade with Great Britain to cease for ever, and in June an attempt was made with fire-junks to destroy all our shipping. A powerful British squadron arrived off the coast, carrying 4000 troops, and in July, the Chusan islands were occupied. The east coast was blockaded, and the display of force so far intimidated the Pekin government as to cause them, in August, to remove Commissioner Lin from office,

and to negotiate for peace. A truce was then violated by an edict ordering the destruction of all British subjects and ships in or off the coast of China. Some forts on the Canton river were then stormed by our men, and a squadron of war-junks was destroyed. Hong-Kong, an island at the entrance of the Canton river, was seized; the Bogue forts were all reduced, and the British squadron went up to Canton. In March, 1841, Sir Hugh Gough, a Peninsular veteran, arrived from India to command the land-forces, and the contest was vigorously carried on. In May, the heights to the north of Canton were occupied by the storming of two forts, and an assault on the city, defended by 20,000 brave Tartar troops, was imminent, when a flag of truce was hoisted on the walls, and the authorities of Canton paid five millions of dollars as ransom. The trade in the Canton river was resumed for a time, but the imperial officials at Pekin, as well as the British government, paid no heed to any local arrangements, and the struggle continued at other points. In August, Amoy was captured by our forces, and in October, Shanghai and Ningpo fell, with little or no resistance. In December, other towns were taken, and in March, 1842, two Chinese armies, attempting to recover Ningpo and Shanghai, were defeated with great loss. The Chinese had opposed to our efforts a resistance far more obstinate and courageous than had been expected, and on one occasion their Tartar troops displayed a desperate heroism. In July, our fleet, having passed up the great river Kiang, landed the troops near the city Chin-kiang-foo, at the point where the river intersects the Grand Canal. The place was strongly defended by walls in good repair, by steep, hilly ground, and by the Canal, but a weak point was found, and on July 21st the city was stormed by three columns of our troops. The fighting took place under a burning sun which struck down some of our soldiers, and the Tartar enemy made a fierce and resolute fight from before noon till six o'clock. When the place was at last won, the houses were found almost deserted, as the defenders had, at the last, slain first their wives and children, and then themselves. On August 9th, the fleet arrived before Nanking, the ancient capital of China, a fortified city containing half a million inhabitants, and Gough was preparing for an assault, when the British plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, bade him stay his hand, and await the result of negotiations which he was then conducting with

the high officers of the empire. On August 29th the Treaty of Nanking, signed on board the British ship *Cornwallis*, concluded a satisfactory peace. China undertook to pay compensation for damage to British property, with war-expenses to the amount of 21 millions of dollars. The ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-choo, Ningpo, and Shanghai were thrown open to British merchants, with resident consular officers, and just tariffs and inland transit-duties. The island of Hong-Kong was ceded to Great Britain. All British subjects were promptly released, and correspondence between the officials of the two governments was henceforth to be conducted on terms of perfect equality, without any of the absurd and arrogant pretensions hitherto made by Chinese etiquette. The Chinese government firmly refused to give a legal sanction to the opium-trade, and replied to the British arguments as to the improvement of their revenue thereby, that they declined "to put a value upon riches and to slight men's lives". The trade in this drug therefore remained illicit, and the Chinese authorities, afraid to enforce their laws against it, were obliged to see it revive on an ever-growing scale, for the benefit of the Indian revenue and to the detriment, as many allege, of their own people. The chief advantage to Great Britain derived from this first China war, was the breaking-down of Chinese exclusiveness, and the opening of the northern ports to trade, at points of the coast nearer to the tea-growing districts, of which Shanghai now became one of the principal outlets.

The interests of truth are higher even than those of patriotism, and truth compels us to admit that the second China war, of 1857-58, was due to flagrant illegality and injustice on the part, firstly, of British officials at Canton; secondly, of the ministry of Lord Palmerston, who supported those officials, instead of disavowing their action; and thirdly, of the majority of British electors who, at a general election, endorsed at the polls the policy of that ministry. In October, 1856, the Chinese authorities at Canton seized a native ship, a light sailing-vessel carrying guns, built in the European style, but rigged like a junk, and styled, from a Portuguese word, a "*Lorcha*". This famous vessel, whose name was the *Arrow*, became a word of dread in the House of Commons, from the long and bitter controversy connected with her capture by Chinese officials. She was, rightly or wrongly,

believed by them to be a pirate, but she was flying at the time the British flag. Her proprietor was a Chinese, not a British, subject; and her right, as a vessel registered by our government at Hong-Kong to carry the British colours for a year, had expired in the previous month. Her seizure in nowise concerned our officials, but Mr. Parkes, our consul at Canton, demanded the surrender of the captured crew from Yeh, the Chinese governor of the city. The British plenipotentiary at Hong-Kong, Sir John Bowring, acknowledging that the *Arrow* had no right to carry our flag, supported the demand for surrender on the ground that the Chinese officials did not know that her licence had expired. He further required, on a threat of hostilities within 48 hours, an apology, and a formal pledge that no such act should ever be committed again. The evident effect of this was that the Chinese authorities could be safely bearded in their own waters by a pirate-captain or any other rascal who had the impudence to hoist British colours. Commissioner Yeh refused reparation, and Bowring summoned the British fleet under Sir Michael Seymour. On October 23rd some forts near Canton were taken, and then Yeh surrendered the men, but requested that two should be returned for trial on a charge of piracy. Mr. Parkes sent back the men, declining to receive them without a formal apology, and then he and Bowring set the fleet to work. The Bogue forts and other works were taken, junks were destroyed, the suburbs of Canton were battered down, and the city itself was bombarded. The Chinese, for their parts, burnt down the foreign factories, or trading-posts, and massacred the crew of a British merchantman. Commissioner Yeh so far lost his self-control as to offer a price for the heads of "the English and French dogs", the French authorities having now urged certain claims on the Chinese. A repulse of our ships by some strong works in one branch of the Canton river caused the despatch of troops from England, but this force, in the autumn of 1857, was diverted to India on account of the outbreak of the Sepoy war.

At home, a union of Tories with Radicals defeated Lord Palmerston's ministry in the Commons by a majority of 16, but he returned to power after a general election in which many of his opponents, including Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, lost their seats. His election-address to the voters at Tiverton, denouncing

Yeh as "an insolent barbarian", who had "violated the British flag", &c., had a great success with constituencies that knew little, and cared less, about the rights of the unhappy quarrel. In January, 1858, the war was resumed with vigour, Canton was entered, Yeh was captured and sent off as a prisoner to Calcutta. The British and French commissioners, on receiving no answer to demands forwarded to Pekin, went with the allied fleets to the mouth of the river Peiho, where the forts were taken or destroyed, and the armament went up as far as Tien-tsin. In July, the Chinese government gave way, and the Treaty of Tien-tsin settled that a British minister should permanently reside at Pekin, that more ports should be opened to foreign trade, with resident consuls, and that the rights of the Chinese and British governments over their subjects in judicial matters should be clearly defined. The arrangement thus made by Lord Elgin, afterwards Viceroy of India, and Baron Gros, the French plenipotentiary, proved to be nothing but a truce, and in 1859 the contest broke out afresh in what is sometimes known as the third China war.

The ratifications of the treaty made at Tien-tsin were to be exchanged, at Pekin, within a year, and Lord Elgin's brother, Mr. Bruce, was sent out for that purpose. Admiral Hope, the naval commander in the China station, and the French admiral, supplied an escort of nineteen vessels, mostly gun-boats, for Mr. Bruce and the French envoy. The Taku forts, at the mouth of the Peiho river, were found to have been restored in far greater strength, and the passage was encumbered by booms and other obstructions. The allied attempts to force a way met with a severe repulse, several gun-boats being at once sunk or disabled by a powerful and well-served artillery, while an effort to storm the forts by a landing ended in disastrous failure on mud-banks lashed by a hot fire from the works. Nearly 500 men, mostly British, fell, and the loss would have been still greater but for the generous help afforded by the captain of an American man-of-war, who, disregarding international law, and vowing that "blood is thicker than water", interposed to draw off some of the fire from "Britishers" who were being destroyed by Chinamen. After this, the British and French governments had no choice but a regular war with the Chinese. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, as the diplomatic authorities, were now backed up by armies under Sir

Hope Grant and General Montauban, with attendant fleets. The Taku forts were captured, after severe fighting, Tien-tsin was occupied, and a march on Pekin was begun. Unable to meet the allies in the field, and eager to prevent an entrance into the capital, the Chinese commissioners, sent to conclude peace, induced Elgin and Gros to consent to a settlement being signed at Tung-chou, a few miles from Pekin. Lord Elgin's secretaries, Mr. Parkes and Mr. Loch, with some English officers, Mr. Bowlby, the *Times'* special correspondent, and some members of Baron Gros' staff, were treacherously seized by the Chinese, and thirteen British subjects, including Mr. Bowlby, died of the cruel treatment which they received. After their capture, but before any knowledge of their fate had been received, the British army, under Sir Hope Grant, attacked and routed the large Chinese force that confronted them, and, as all Lord Elgin's demands were refused, the march on Pekin was resumed, and one of the great gates was about to be blown in by shell from the allied guns when the Chinese came to terms. The allies entered the city, and the British and French flags were hoisted on the walls. Mr. Parkes, Mr. Loch, and the other British prisoners were surrendered, and then Lord Elgin, learning the fate of his countrymen, ordered the complete destruction of the number of great buildings, standing in a large park, collectively known as the Summer Palace. This place had been already plundered by the French troops, and our envoy caused its extinction by fire as a signal and enduring proof of European power to inflict condign punishment on Oriental treachery and cruelty. Two days were occupied in the execution of this order, which made an end of countless artistic and archaeological treasures and curiosities. In October, 1860, the Treaty of Tien-tsin was ratified, with the opening of that place, and four other fresh ports, including Formosa and Hainan, to European trade. A small territory on the mainland, near Hong-Kong, was ceded; a British minister was admitted to the court of Pekin; British subjects, with passports, could travel throughout China; Christianity was to be tolerated, and a large war-indemnity to be paid. Thus was China laid open at last to the western world, and the people of Paris and of London have since had in their midst a most enlightened and excellent Chinese envoy in the person of the late Marquis Tseng.

In the last years of the nineteenth century, China came again prominently before the world, and the famous "Far East Question" arose as a matter of diplomatic arrangement between the Tsung-li-Yamén, or Chinese Council for Foreign Affairs, and Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, and the United States. We can here only indicate, in the barest outline, the results attained, and the present territorial modifications in China in behalf of some of the Western Powers. The Chinese question is, in truth, one of vast complexity and of far-reaching issues which no man can venture to predict. The trade interests of foreign Powers are very deeply concerned with a region so great in extent and with a teeming population of peculiar intellectual, moral, and physical character; a country of enormous undeveloped wealth, at present sorely wanting in communications, and thus presenting a most tempting sphere of action for Western capital and energy.

Unrest in China and movements against foreigners, including several fierce attacks on missionaries and converts, have been due to the fact that there are two parties in the empire with reference to foreign influence. There is a so-called "British party", eager to "save the empire", as its leaders believe, by the adoption of radical reforms. There is a conservative party, including the vast majority of the mandarins, hating the foreign element and strenuously opposed to all European innovations. In the autumn of 1898 two mandarins, one of whom, Chang-yen-Hoon, was a British "Jubilee Knight", created an Honorary Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George in 1897, were urging the young emperor, Kuang Hsu, who assumed power in 1887, in his sixteenth year, to enter on a course of progress according to British ideas. His aunt, the dowager-empress, strongly conservative in her views, was roused to wrath, and she at once virtually deposed him from power, sparing his life, but beheading six of his advisers, and sweeping the whole reforming party into death or exile. The old Chinese party then resumed complete control of the central government.

Some of the Western Powers, running a race for the commercial exploitation of the country, had already begun to advance their interests, as they supposed, by the occupation of certain points. Russia, whose Asiatic territory is so extensively conterminous with the northern Chinese empire, and who believes

herself to have a moral claim, based on economic necessity, to an ice-free outlet in the Yellow Sea for her great Siberian Railway, had, in December, 1897, caused a large squadron to enter Port Arthur, on the promontory north of the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, for a "temporary" anchorage. In March, 1898, Port Arthur and the adjacent Talienshan, under diplomatic pressure, were transferred to the Russian government on "lease". In the following month, Great Britain obtained from China a "lease" of Wei-hai-Wei, on the promontory south of the entrance to the same gulf, "in order", as was affirmed, "to restore the balance of power disturbed by Russia's acquisition of Port Arthur and other territory". In January, 1898, the German Empire obtained a ninety-nine years' lease of the town, harbour, and district of Kiau-chau on the eastern coast. In April of the same year, France obtained from the Chinese government a ninety-nine years' lease of the Bay of Kwang-chau-Wan, on the coast opposite the island of Hainan, and in November, 1899, she also received possession of the two islands commanding the entrance of the bay. A further advantage was gained by Great Britain in the acquirement, for defensive purposes as regards her important possession Hong-Kong, of a ninety-nine years' lease of territory on the opposite mainland to the amount of nearly 400 square miles.

The new British territory at Wei-hai-Wei comprises all the islands in the bay, and a belt of land ten miles wide along the coast of the inlet, which is six miles broad, three to four in length, and easy of access, with the anchorage protected by an island two miles long. The place is now provided with the works needful for defence by a force of artillery, infantry, and engineers, and the old battleship *Superb* is stationed in the bay. We may note that the new Russian territory has been formed into a province called Kwang-Tung, the capital, Port Arthur, being reserved as a naval port for Russian and Chinese men-of-war. The place is a small but naturally impregnable stronghold. One part of the harbour of Talienshan is also reserved for Russian and Chinese men-of-war, but the remainder is left as a commercial port open to merchant-ships under any flag. As between Great Britain and Russia, the truth seems to be that, as regards China, these Powers have practically agreed to a mutual self-denying ordinance. Great Britain promises to

abstain from any attempt to push for railway-concessions north of the Great Wall; Russia alone is to have the right of making railways in Manchuria. In return for this, Russia undertakes not to attempt to obtain from the Chinese government any concessions for railways in the basin of the Yangtse-Kiang.

In the early summer of 1900, a fresh "China Crisis" arose through the outbreak of the members of a secret society known as "the Boxers", who violently attacked foreigners at Tientsin and Peking, with the covert support of the dowager-empress and the "old Chinese party". The Powers—Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, and the United States, along with Japan—acting in unison, took prompt naval and military measures for the protection of their subjects and of foreign interests.

On May 29th, the foreign ministers at Peking sent for guards from the men-of-war. Early in June the Chinese were breaking up the Peking-Tientsin railway, and on June 10th Admiral Seymour, with a combined force, started for the capital, where a massacre of native converts and foreigners was proceeding. On June 17th, the Taku forts opened fire on the allied ships, and in the ensuing bombardment two of the forts were blown up, and the other two carried by assault. A few days later, the Chinese were bombarding Tientsin, and the allied garrison was severely pressed by the besiegers. Admiral Seymour, unable to reach Peking by railway, had been forced to retire on Tientsin, near which he was surrounded by the enemy, and in sore straits. At the end of June, the British leader was relieved by the efforts of fresh forces from the coast, and the allies were soon masters of Tientsin. Meanwhile, at Peking, the German minister, Baron von Ketteler, was murdered by the mob, and the foreign legations, closely invested, were in deadly peril. A large British force of native troops was sent from India; the Japanese government despatched reinforcements; and a great combined force marched for the relief of the people besieged at Peking. The Chinese were in great force and there was much hard fighting as the capital was approached. Two squadrons of the Bengal Lancers, in a brilliant charge, defeated the Tartar cavalry, and captured the standards of two Chinese generals. On August 15th, the British, Americans, Russians and Japanese, after a day's bombardment,

AN ATTACK ON A CHINESE FORT

On more than one occasion during the campaign in China, British troops have distinguished themselves in the capture of fortified places. They took a leading part in the storming of the fortifications at Taku and at Tientsin. The illustration shows an attack upon a typical Chinese fort. The Chinese have been partially dislodged, but, contrary to their usual practice when the enemy have obtained a footing, are stubbornly disputing the further advance of the storming party.

(22)

made an assault on the city and stormed the defences. The Imperial Palace, on August 16th, was occupied by the Japanese troops, who rescued the foreign missionaries and Chinese Christians there imprisoned. The British commander of the China Expeditionary force, Sir A. Gaselee, with the other foreign corps, pushed on for the Foreign Legations, and the people there beleaguered were saved after a defence worthy to rank with that of the Residency at Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny War.

For over two months, from June 13th to August 14th, 500 armed men of nineteen different nationalities had resisted the attacks of from 5000 to 10,000 Chinese soldiers and "Boxers". The British Legation was the place of refuge for all women and children. The men, by great exertions, had brought in supplies of food before the position was fully invested. Rude fortifications were constructed, the ladies working hard at making sandbags. Major Sir Claude Maxwell Macdonald, K.C.B., the British minister, acted as commander-in-chief. The besieged party included 256 men, of whom about 150 were volunteers; 247 women, 49 children, 400 sailors and marines, and about 1000 Chinese Christians and Legation-servants. By day and night the fire of the enemy was felt, and over 3000 shells were flung into the position. Bold sorties were made from time to time against the enemy's barricades, and a hard fight was maintained at every point. The enemy's final attack was made on August 14th, with severe loss to the besieged. At 1 p.m. on that day, a party of Bengal cavalry, with the British general and staff, suddenly marched in, followed by other British, with American and various foreign soldiers. The 500 defenders had suffered a loss of 66 killed and 140 badly wounded.

In October, an important agreement was concluded between Great Britain and the German Empire, by which those Powers undertook, so far as in them lay, to keep the Chinese ports free and open to the trade of all nations, and to oppose any schemes for the territorial partition of China. As regards the formidable Chinese difficulty, the close of the nineteenth century found the European Powers, with the United States and Japan, engaged in negotiations with the Chinese government and with each other for a permanent peace.

It was not till after the middle of the nineteenth century that Great Britain was brought into any direct relations with the government and people of Japan, an empire which, for more than two centuries, had pursued towards foreign nations a policy even more exclusive than that of China. The Portuguese, who first landed there in 1543, and carried on a lucrative trade, were finally expelled in 1638, and the most rigid isolation was afterwards maintained, under an absolute, feudal system of rule enforced by a strict and cunning espionage. No foreign vessel was allowed to touch at any Japanese port, and Japanese sailors, wrecked abroad, could barely obtain permission to return home. The Dutch alone among Europeans were permitted to trade, and their presence was restricted to their "factory" at Deshima, an island in the Bay of Yokohama. In 1853, however, the Japanese, living "like frogs in a well", according to their own proverb, were suddenly aroused by the advent of a squadron of men-of-war, under Commodore Perry, of the United States. The *Shiogun*, the hereditary military ruler, better known to Europeans by the Chinese title *Tycoon*, was awed into a treaty, concluded in March, 1854, which restored Japan to a place within the family of nations. The citizens of the United States obtained certain rights of trade, and the same privileges were granted by degrees to other nations. In 1858, Lord Elgin, after concluding with China the Treaty of Tien-tsin, signed a treaty of trade and friendship with the Tycoon at Yedo. Five ports, including Yokohama, Hyogo, and Nagasaki, were opened to British trade, with consular agents, and a resident British diplomatist at Yedo. Foreign quarters or settlements were established at these places, with permission to travel inland within a radius of twenty-five miles. The ice was thus fairly broken, but for some years trouble was caused by the jealousy of the more conservative Japanese under a decay of the old feudalism, a process hastened by the intrusion of foreign elements. The Japanese government was not responsible for the outrage which caused the only warfare that has occurred between the British nation and the people of Japan. In September, 1862, Mr. Richardson, a member of our embassy, riding with some friends along a road open, by treaty, to foreigners, was attacked and killed by the retinue of a *daimio*, or noble, Prince Satsuma, one of the most powerful of the feudal rulers. The Tycoon

readily made, on application, a full apology, and paid £100,000 as compensation, but Satsuma, who was required to pay one-quarter of the sum, and to exercise his jurisdiction against the murderers, required the application of force. There had been other isolated acts of assassination perpetrated on foreigners, and the British embassy, as a precautionary measure, was removed from Yedo to Yokohama. Satsuma persistently refused to comply with our just demands, and a hostile spirit was shown in the closing of the ports to Europeans. In August, 1863, the British squadron in the Eastern seas, under Admiral Kuper, came upon the scene, and, in bombarding the forts which fired on his ships after the seizure of some Japanese steamers, the large wooden town of Kagosima, Satsuma's capital, was almost destroyed. Few lives were lost, as non-combatants had withdrawn, and the Japanese prince finally submitted, paid the required sum, and promised justice on the assassins of Mr. Richardson. There were some further troubles of the same kind, and a settled state of peace with the Japanese people was due to an internal revolution very rapid and complete in character. In a struggle which ended early in 1868, between the Tycoon and his supporters and some of the most powerful nobles and their clans, the power of the military governor was overthrown, and all rule was placed in the hands of the *Mikado*, or emperor, as both the temporal and spiritual head of the realm. The imperial party then abandoned the old traditions, and strove to bring Japan abreast of western ideas and civilization. The name of Yedo, the large and splendid capital, the centre of Japanese political, commercial, and literary activity, now containing more than a million inhabitants, was changed to Tokio, or "eastern capital", and the emperor set up his court therein, with a publicity in strong contrast to the old secluded style of life. The *daimios*, or feudal nobles, resigned their fiefs, and were pensioned by the state, and a system of constitutional and administrative rule, at all points arranged on good European models, was quickly established. Hundreds of young Japanese are receiving education in European capitals, and the country is, in all respects, on the highroad to a prosperous, powerful, and brilliant future. Japan imports from Great Britain and her colonies produce and manufactured goods to the value of about five millions sterling.

The one thing needed to prove the completeness of Japan's conversion to European ways was a demonstration of her strength in the modern style of warfare. In August, 1894, a dispute concerning Corean affairs caused Japan to declare war against China. In September, the Japanese army defeated the Chinese forces with great loss at Ping Yang in Corea. On the same day, the Chinese were worsted in a great naval action in Corea Bay. On October 24th the Japanese troops crossed the Yalu River and invaded Chinese territory, and early in November Kinchau and Taliewan were captured by them. This success was followed by the occupation of Port Arthur. Early in February, 1895, the greater portion of the Chinese fleet, attempting to escape from Wei-hai-Wei, was sunk by the Japanese ships stationed outside the harbour. This succession of severe blows, showing the decisive superiority of reforming Japan to conservative China, in warfare both by sea and land, caused the Chinese government to sue for peace, and on March 16th, 1895, a treaty ceded Formosa and the adjacent Pescadores Isles to Japan, and undertook the payment of a large indemnity.

The importance of this success for British interests in the far East needs no demonstration. Japan thereby stood forth as the great native power of the Eastern world, with a territory much exceeding in area that of the British Isles, and a population of about forty-five millions. The feeling entertained towards Great Britain is very friendly, and she may be regarded as our probable ally in the event of any conflict in the far East between this country and Russia. A main object of Japanese policy is the strengthening of her fleet, for which new vessels have been recently built in British ship-yards. At the close of the nineteenth century, Japan possessed 6 first-class battleships, 7 armoured cruisers and 13 protected, and a splendid torpedo-flotilla of 70 boats and "destroyers", with crews exceeding 20,000 men trained as in European navies. The army, with the reserve and "landwehr", exceeds 400,000 men, all male subjects between the ages of 17 and 40 being liable to service, with a three-years term of active employment. The fire-arms, ordnance, and ammunition are manufactured at the arsenals of Tokyo and Osaka, the rifle used being one of Japanese invention.

CHAPTER VI.

FOREIGN POLICY IN AFRICA (1815 to present time).

Piracy and slavery in Algiers—Lord Exmouth's expedition—Abyssinia—Capture of Magdala—Abyssinia at war with Dervishes—Menelek II. king—His contest with Italy—British mission in 1897. Egypt under Said Pasha and Ismail—The Suez Canal—Tewfik Pasha—Arabi Pasha as dictator—Bombardment of Alexandria—Arabi defeated at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. The first Sudan war—Appearance of the Mahdi—Hicks Pasha's defeat—General Gordon at Khartum—Lord Wolseley's relief-expedition—Osman Digna in eastern Sudan—Battle of El-Teb—General Graham at Suakin—Battles of Tamasi and Hasheen—The Australian contingent. The invasion of Egypt by the Khalifa—His forces defeated at Ginnis—Osman Digna near Suakin—Recapture of Tokar—Dervishes again invade Egypt—Their defeat at Toski—The Khalifa's tyranny—The second Sudan war—Causes of British intervention—General Kitchener as Sirdar—His past career—The 1896 campaign—Battle of Ferkch—Capture of Dongola—The 1897 campaign—Making the desert railway—Hunter's seizure of Abu Hamed—Advance of the railway—The 1898 campaign—British troops in the field—Battle of the Atbara—Advance in the autumn—The victory at Omdurman—Escape of the Khalifa—Defeat of Dervish detachments—The French at Fashoda—General Kitchener and Captain Marchand—Amicable settlement with France—The Sirdar in London—Honours rendered to the victor—Lord Kitchener's “Gordon Memorial College”—Completion of conquest of eastern Sudan—Colonel Wingate takes the field (1899)—Defeat and death of the Khalifa—Capture of Osman Digna—Settlement of affairs in eastern Sudan—The new Sirdar and Governor-general—Extent of the conquered territory—Anglo-French settlement of Sudan spheres of influence

Apart from colonial wars, the British forces, during the nineteenth century, were actively employed in several parts of the vast African continent. The city and sea-board of Algiers had been, for more than two centuries, the seat of a piratical power, nominally subject to the Sultan of Turkey, and engaged in preying upon the Mediterranean commerce, and even carrying off to slavery the defenceless inhabitants of the Italian shores. The corsairs had been treated with a forbearance unworthy of the greatest naval and commercial country in the world, and the Dey of Algiers, during the great war with Napoleon, had even received rich presents from our government, as if to bribe him to leave British trade unmolested. In the year 1815 the United States set a good example to Europe in this matter. A fleet under the gallant Stephen Decatur came before Algiers, and forced the liberation of American prisoners, with indemnity for all losses, and pledges for future conduct. The Dey was made to declare the inviolability of the American flag, and Decatur then obtained compensation for the violation of treaties from the Bey of Tunis and

the Pasha of Tripoli. In the spring of 1816, the British government took the matter in hand for the general good of peaceful dwellers on the Mediterranean shores. Lord Exmouth, a brilliant and brave commander in the great war, as Sir Edward Pellew, took a squadron to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and effected the release of nearly 1800 Christian slaves, with treaties of peace and amity in behalf of the minor states on the Mediterranean. Tunis and Tripoli solemnly renounced the practice of kidnapping Christians as slaves, but the Dey of Algiers refused to agree to this stipulation without the consent of his suzerain, the Sultan. A delay of three months was granted for this purpose, and Exmouth returned to England with his ships. An unworthy clause of the arrangement with Algiers provided that the Sicilian and Sardinian governments should pay ransom for the release of their subjects, and the piratical ruler actually received a very large sum under this stipulation.

The British fleet was dismantled and the crews were paid off, when news arrived of an outrage which had really been committed before Exmouth's ships had left the Mediterranean. In 1806, our government had made an arrangement with the Dey of Algiers for the occupation of Bona, a town with a good harbour on the Algerine coast, for the coral-fishery to be there carried on under the protection of the British flag. On May 23rd, 1816, during the fishery season, a large number of boats from the Italian shores was there assembled, and the crews were preparing to hear mass for the festival of the Ascension falling on that date. A gun was fired from the Algerine fort, and a force of infantry and cavalry came rushing down on the fishers who had landed, with volleys fired at those who were still on board the boats. The guns from the fort joined in the massacre, and then the British flag was torn down and trampled under foot, and the house of our vice-consul was plundered. The incident was due, as it appears, to no orders from Algiers, but to a sudden outbreak of ferocious fanaticism on the part of the Moslem soldiery. The British cabinet at once resolved on instant action, and a powerful armament, carrying many volunteers, was equipped at Portsmouth. The ships went forth with not a man impressed for the service on board, and on July 28th Lord Exmouth sailed from Plymouth on the 100-gun ship *Queen Charlotte*, with the *Impregnable*, of 98 guns, three seventy-fours, a

THE LIBERATION OF CHRISTIAN SLAVES AT ALGIERS BY A BRITISH NAVAL FORCE.

The numerous and impudent acts of piracy by the Dey of Algiers had at length become so intolerable that, in 1816, the British government determined to bring them to an end. For this purpose a naval expedition was despatched to Algiers, and its commander, Lord Exmouth, sent a demand to the Dey for redress in the case of certain recent misdeeds. This demand having been treated with silent contempt, the British squadron opened fire upon the town and fortifications. In about six hours the enemy's defences were utterly destroyed, while the Algerine fleet in the harbour was a mass of flame. Then the Dey surrendered; and in the treaty which he was compelled to sign he agreed to abolish Christian slavery, and liberate all the Christian slaves—nearly eleven hundred—who were at that time dying of despair in his dungeons.

Before the year 1867, there were few of the British public who knew much or thought much concerning the mountainous region south of Nubia which has been known for ages as Abyssinia. The people, partly of Semitic and partly of African origin, are Christians of a debased type, whose conversion dates from the 4th century, under the spiritual direction of the Patriarch of Alexandria. The Mohammedan conquest of Egypt in the 7th century cut the people off from the rest of the world, driving their frontier back to the limits of the huge rugged table-land, with an average elevation of 7000 feet, cut by streams into sections divided by ravines of vast depth, and containing the source of the Blue Nile. In the 18th century, the country had fallen under the control of several great chiefs, ruling in independent provinces. It was in 1770 that the famous Scottish traveller, James Bruce, arrived from Egypt at Gondar, the capital of the country as a single state, and spent about two years in the land. His *Travels*, containing strange accounts of the manners and habits of the people, were published in 1790, and were received in some quarters with accusations as to the fictitious character of many statements, but his general accuracy has been proved by modern research.

In 1850, an adventurer of some ability, ambitious, cruel, and energetic, began a career of conquest which, in 1855, made him *Negus* (king) of Abyssinia, with the assumed name of Theodore. He acquired for a time the mastery of the whole country, and, under the advice of two Englishmen named Plowden and Bell, he ruled at first with some wisdom and moderation. In 1860 they were both killed in battle, fighting on Theodore's behalf against a rebel chief, and from that time the emperor went forward towards ruin under the influence of vanity, tyranny, and caprice. Claiming to represent Solomon and the Queen of Sheba in his descent, he aimed at alliance on equal terms with France and Great Britain, and the neglect of his approaches inspired him with a hatred of Europeans. In 1864, he was holding as prisoners in the rocky fortress of Magdala, his capital, Captain Cameron, British consul at the Turkish island of Massowah, on the Red Sea coast of Abyssinia, some German missionaries and their families, including English women, with a number of European teachers, artists, and workmen of divers nations. Our government sent as envoys to Theodore, with a letter from the Queen, Mr. Rassam, British

Resident at Aden, Dr. Blanc, a French physician, and Lieutenant Prideaux. Their request for the release of the captives only caused their own arrest and imprisonment at Magdala. In 1867, our Foreign Secretary (Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby) demanded the surrender of the prisoners within three months, on pain of war. Nine millions of public money were now spent, not merely in releasing innocent victims from captivity, but in proving the length of the British arm to rescue its subjects. The matter was being much discussed among our Indian peoples, and it was deemed needful, at any cost, to vindicate the honour of the nation. A powerful expedition was organized, mainly at Bombay, comprising 12,000 troops of all arms, with as many more men in the capacity of carriers and camp-followers. In January, 1868, the forces landed at Annesley Bay, near Massowah, under the command of a very able officer, Sir Robert Napier, of eminent service in India as chief-engineer in the second Sikh war, and in Sir Colin Campbell's (Lord Clyde's) army during the Indian Mutiny. His qualities were precisely those which were needed for the work in hand. Perfect arrangement, provision for all wants, skill and prudence in the handling of the forces during a four hundred miles' march inland through an almost unknown region—scientific management of war, in a phrase, would alone enable him to reach Magdala. Not a mistake was made throughout the operations, not a chance offered even to the most enterprising foe. Light guns were borne over the rugged mountain-paths on the backs of elephants, and, as the force advanced, the rear was secured by a chain of posts connecting intrenched camps. Theodore, however, was in no wise able to create military obstacles, and, in sullen dread, he awaited at Magdala the coming of the British army of rescue. The prisoners meanwhile were treated with variations of kindness and wrath, without any real aggravation of their sufferings. Early in April, an advance-guard of about 1700 men appeared before Magdala, and was attacked in the Arogee Pass by three times the number of gaily-clad Abyssinian horsemen, who perished by hundreds under the fire of breechloaders, with damage to our side of but a score of men wounded. Theodore was so daunted by this issue that he at once released the prisoners. On his refusal to surrender himself, the gateway of his fortress, reached by a narrow pathway up a steep and lofty cliff, was forced by the

troops, and the body of Theodore, shot dead by his own hand, lay inside. The stronghold was blown up, and the expedition, in perfect safety, returned to the coast and embarked for home in India and England. The leader was rewarded by a peerage as Baron Napier of Magdala, and, after holding the command-in-chief of India, died a Field-Marshal and Constable of the Tower. The widow of the hapless Theodore died in the English camp before the country was entirely evacuated by the army. Their little son, Alamayou, seven years of age, was taken to India under the Queen's orders for special care of his person and education. He was afterwards brought to England, where he faded away from life in no long time, in spite of the utmost kindness and attention.

In the later years of the nineteenth century, British interests in the upper Nile region brought the empire again into connection with Abyssinia as a country lying for hundreds of miles on the flank of eastern Sudan. After the downfall of Theodore, Prince Kassai of Tigré was crowned in 1872 as "Johannes (John) II, emperor of Ethiopia". In 1875 the new ruler was at war with Egypt, the contest continuing in a desultory way until the evacuation of the Sudan in 1885. Early in that year, at the instance of the British authorities in Egypt, King John sent a relieving force into eastern Sudan, driving off the dervishes of the Mahdi from Galabat, and rescuing the garrison and all the inhabitants. The town was occupied by the forces of the Khalifa, the Mahdi's successor, but they were driven out by the Abyssinians, only to return, and war was carried on, during which the Abyssinians were severely defeated by the men of Islâm. Gondar was captured by the Dervishes, sacked and burnt, the victors returning to Galabat with an immense booty in the last days of 1887. In March, 1889, the King of Abyssinia attacked Galabat, and fell in the action, his head being sent as a trophy to Omdurman.

The successor of John on the throne of Abyssinia was Menelek II, King of Shoa. The new monarch concluded a treaty with the Italian government on terms which, according to the interpretation of the European power, made Abyssinia an Italian "protectorate", and soon afterwards, through the intervention of his Italian friends, obtained arms and ammunition from Belgium, and was thus provided with an army of 70,000 men, abundant warlike stores, and twenty guns. Menelek had his own ideas on

the subject of the "protectorate", and, supported by his queen Taitu, a very ambitious and strong-minded lady, was resolved to repudiate all foreign interference. War with Italy, beginning in the autumn of 1894, ended, after alternations of success, in the total defeat of the Italians at Adowa, on March 1st, 1896. It was the greatest reverse ever experienced on the continent of Africa by a European army—a crushing blow, not to Italy alone, but, for the time, to the credit of Europeans generally in the Dark Continent. The independence of Abyssinia was fully recognized by Italy in a convention signed in October, 1896.

The Abyssinian ruler's triumphant success at once raised him to the highest position, apart from Egypt, amongst native African sovereigns. Russia, with no African interests, was actively intriguing at his court for the sole purpose, as it seems, of annoying Great Britain. French diplomacy was also at work in regard to designs for obtaining a foothold in eastern Sudan and in the upper Nile region. The British-Egyptian expedition to Khartum was on its way and there was some anxiety as to the attitude which Menelek might assume in reference to our advance. Active hostility on his part would add greatly to the difficulties of the British enterprise, and in the spring of 1897 a diplomatic mission was despatched by our Government to his court.

The mission was headed by the First Secretary of our Consulate-General at Cairo, now Sir James Rennell Rodd, C.B., K.C.M.G. His principal colleague was Lieut.-colonel Wingate, chief of the Egyptian Intelligence Department, a man of rare ability to be hereafter seen with great distinction in these pages. The envoys were received in state, with a great display of pomp and military force, on April 29th. The Abyssinian king, six feet in stature, stoutly built, very dark in complexion, with a strong, heavy, smallpox-pitted face rendered comely by a most pleasant expression and by eyes of great intelligence; wearing a purple velvet cloak, and a white muslin head-dress, bore on his breast and around his neck the Orders of Catharine of Russia and of the French Legion of Honour. After receiving a letter from the Queen and a number of valuable gifts sent by the British government, Menelek accepted with surprise and delight the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

British diplomacy was perfectly successful with the enlightened

ruler of Abyssinia, a monarch who has welded into something like harmony the heterogeneous and disloyal elements of his country, and gained the respect and affection of his people. He is aware that, in aspiring to rank as a civilized ruler, he must be in touch with European nations, and he is well informed of what is going on outside the region which he rules, not only in politics, but in miscellaneous affairs and even in science. On May 14th, 1897, a treaty with Great Britain was signed, stipulating freedom of trade between the two countries; declaring, on the part of the Negus, that the Dervishes were the enemies of his empire; and undertaking to prevent, so far as in him lay, their importation of arms and ammunition through his dominions. A British agent now permanently represents the Queen at King Menelek's court.

The latest intervention of Great Britain in Egyptian affairs forms a very important phase of our history, the details of which would need a volume. A brief summary is all that can be here set forth. Between 1854 and 1863 Egypt, under the rule of the enlightened Said Pasha, made considerable progress in the path of modern civilization. Europeans were now first employed in the administration; restrictions upon trade and commerce were removed; the *fetiaheen*, or peasantry, comprising about three-fourths of the population, were regarded as something better than mere beasts of burden and toil, to be worked and taxed to death; railroads and telegraphs, introduced through British influence, were extended over the country, and, in 1859, the Suez Canal was begun. The Egyptians saw machinery of all kinds at work, and, as the result of these improved methods, the annual revenue increased by six millions of money. Under Said Pasha's successor, Ismail Pasha, second son of the famous Ibrahim of Mehemet Ali's day, the "Egyptian question" fairly came before the diplomacy and state-craft of Europe. In 1866, three years after his accession, Ismail obtained from the Porte, or Turkish government, the title of *Khedive*, or "lord", in place of *Vali*, or viceroy, and the privilege of hereditary rule in his family, by direct descent of the new title from father to son. In November, 1869, the opening of the Suez Canal gave this country a new and most important interest in Egypt. A continuous water-way was thus provided for the conveyance of troops to and from our Indian dominions, and for our

vast commerce with the east and with Australasia. In 1872, the Khedive bought further concessions from the Sultan, including the right of making treaties with foreign Powers, of raising troops, and of owning vessels of war. His power grew steadily, but his lavish expenditure on matters which promoted commercial prosperity, as well as on his own personal display and gratification, ended in financial ruin. Ismail was, at last, so deeply indebted to European capitalists, that in November, 1875, he was glad to sell all his shares in the Suez Canal to Great Britain for the sum of four millions. This country thus became possessed of half the ownership in the great commercial international highway, and acquired a moral right of intervention in order to protect her property. The Khedive's financial position was only bettered for a short time by his sale of the shares, and French and English combined interference with the affairs of Egypt ended in his deposition, in 1878, by the Sultan. He was succeeded by his son Tewfik Pasha, a mere cypher in Egyptian policy, which was, for the time, directed first by two resident British and French commissioners, and then by deputies of all the Powers, excepting Russia. A kind of national party soon arose, hostile to any European influence, and this party was supported by the Egyptian army, led by Arabi Bey, who quickly assumed the position of a dictator.

In the early days of 1882, France and England, the chief foreign actors in Egyptian affairs, began to differ in their views. Arabi Bey was strengthened in his position, and became War Minister, with the rank of Pasha, and signs of impending disorder caused British and French ironclads, in April, 1882, to be despatched to Alexandria. The army declined to recognize any authority but that of the Porte; the fortification of Alexandria was being rapidly effected; and many threats of massacre for foreigners were heard there and at Cairo. The crisis came at Alexandria on June 11th, when an outbreak occurred in which many French and English people were killed, and the British consul, Mr. Cookson, narrowly escaped with his life. This tragedy was followed by a general flight of Europeans from Alexandria and from Cairo, but our government still refrained from landing troops in the country.

At this juncture, the influence of Arabi was further augmented by the open patronage of the Sultan, and he assumed a defiant attitude towards Great Britain and France. The works on the

sea-front of Alexandria were resumed and pushed on with much energy, and this last demonstration wearied out the patience of our government. Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, on Arabi's refusal to stay the progress of the fortifications, opened fire from his eight ironclads and five gunboats on July 11th. The French fleet had steamed away to Port Said, and we were left to do the work alone. During the day, a severe bombardment silenced all the Egyptian forts, and on July 12th a few more shots caused the hoisting of a flag of truce in the town. It was found that Arabi and his troops had quitted all the works, and the city was in a state of anarchy. The British admiral had no regular force on board to occupy the town, and the consequence was that for two days Alexandria was at the mercy of a furious mob. More than 2000 Europeans were massacred, and the finest parts of the beautiful city, with its great square, bazaars, palaces, and busy streets, became a smoking, blood-stained, ruinous spectacle. Order was then restored, when the mischief was done, by the British sailors and marines, and Tewfik, the Khedive, was escorted back from his palace at Ramleh, four miles from Alexandria, and reinstated in his shadowy rule, while the whole Khedivial army was with Arabi Pasha, who was assumed to be in rebellion against his master.

British troops were then poured into Egypt under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the safety of the Suez Canal was first secured. On August 28th Arabi's troops were defeated in a brilliant action at Kassassin, 21 miles west of Ismailia, when the 1st Life Guards drew their swords in action for the first time since Waterloo. The decisive engagement occurred on September 13th, when Wolseley, with a force of 11,000 infantry, 2000 horse, and 60 guns, stormed the enemy's strongly-intrenched position at Tel-el-Kebir, west of Kassassin. The occasion was remarkable for the strange night-march by our troops across the sand, while the way was steered by compass and by stars watched by officers leading the line ahead. Frequent halts were made to enable the regiments to keep touch with each other, and daylight was just breaking when the assailants arrived within a thousand yards of the enemy's works, forming a vast square whose front stretched across a canal. There were lines of solid earthwork bound together by wattles, the front face being four miles long, and the flanking faces two miles. At intervals were bastions armed with cannon, and protected in

BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

In June, 1882, Arabi Pasha, War-Minister to Tewfik Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, had become military dictator, virtually a rebel against his sovereign, and heading a movement for the ending of foreign influence—*i.e.* British and French control—in the country. On his refusal to discontinue his work of fortifying Alexandria, the Egyptian batteries were assailed, on July 11th, by the British squadron of eight iron-clads and five gun-boats under Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour. After a hot fight, in which Lord Charles Beresford, of the gun-boat *Condor*, won special distinction by his daring, the Egyptian guns were silenced, and the town was afterwards occupied, and order restored, by a force of British sailors and marines. Of the British iron-clads, the flagship *Invincible*, and the *Inflexible*, carried 80-ton guns; the next vessels in power were the *Superb*, the *Téméraire*, and the *Alexandra*.

front by a series of deep trenches. In the British ranks were Indian troops, including Bengal cavalry, and native infantry from Bengal and Bombay. Some of our finest regiments were engaged, amongst them being found the 60th Rifles, the Grenadier and the Coldstream Guards, the Royal Irish, and Highlanders including the Seaforths, the Black Watch, the Camerons, the Gordons, and the Light Infantry. The men moved silently forward to the attack, and our line was within 300 yards of the works before a sound betrayed the foe's consciousness of any hostile presence. Then a single shot was fired from the sand-heaps, and in an instant a storm of bullets came from the whole line. Our men rushed in one long wave to the attack, and at some points the bayonet was freely used on both sides. The Highlanders did the work in front, the Guards and other troops made flank attacks, and in half an hour the Egyptian force, which had been at some points well handled and offered a brave resistance, was driven away in utter rout. Nearly thirty thousand men were thus defeated, and the whole of Arabi's camp, with vast stores of provisions and forage, was secured. The whole British loss, which fell most heavily on the Highlanders, amounted to about 60 officers and men killed, and some 350 wounded. The Egyptian loss must have been at least 5000 men. The war was ended by the capture of Arabi and the surrender of Cairo. The defeated Pasha pleaded guilty of rebellion against the Khedive, and was sentenced to death, but this doom was commuted to perpetual exile, and he went to Ceylon as a prisoner on parole. In connection with this Egyptian war, we suffered the loss of one of the finest Oriental scholars that this country, or any other, ever produced. Edward Henry Palmer, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, known among Arab tribes as the "Sheikh Abdullah", was sent out by the Government, in the summer of 1882, to employ his influence and linguistic skill among the Sinai tribes, and, by preventing any alliance between the Bedouins and Arabi, to contribute to the safety of the Suez Canal. In performing this work he made two expeditions. From July 15th to 31st he was riding from Gaza to Suez. Then, starting from Suez, with Captain Gill, R.E., and Lieutenant Charrington, R.N., he and his companions were betrayed by a sheikh to some hostile Arabs, who shot them in one of the ravines of the country, called Wady Sudr. A dozen of the tribe that slew our countrymen

were afterwards captured, and five, after due trial, were hanged at Zagazig, west of Tel-el-Kebir, in the spring of 1883. The bodies of Palmer, Charrington, and Gill were recovered, and interred with all honour in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The occupation of Egypt by British troops had been an easy task, but a far different burden was laid upon our Government, officers, and men in the contest known as the Sudan War. We had taken upon ourselves the responsibility of setting straight the affairs of a country that was demoralized, disorganized, and deeply in debt. We may dismiss this subject with the statement that, during the sixteen years that have passed till the present day (1900), the British control of Egyptian affairs has produced great benefit to the *fellaheen* or agricultural class, to the finances, the trade, and every interest connected with the country. From time to time, French jealousy, and a certain school of politicians at home, have sought to bring our occupation and rule of Egypt to a close, but there we are, and it seems likely that there we shall remain, until some native elements of government are created such as can replace a foreign sway with a fair prospect of successful administration.

The Egyptian dependency called the Sudan was a vast territory to the south, extending from the Red Sea on the east beyond Darfur on the west, and from the border of Upper Egypt to the Nyanza lakes. In an evil hour for the future of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, in 1819, established his power at Khartum, on the Nile, and during the next fifty years Egyptian rulers extended their sway over the provinces to the west and south of that city. Most of the Sudanese are of negro descent, and either pagans or nominal Mohammedans, but about one-fourth of a population estimated at 16 millions are of Hamitic or Semitic origin, and fanatical adherents of the faith called "Islam". Many points of the region were occupied by Egyptian garrisons, and our ministry advised the Egyptian government to withdraw by degrees from most of the Sudan. Their troops were endangered by a patriotic outbreak of the Sudanese that had occurred in 1881, when a kind of Mohammedan Messiah, known as Al-Mahdi, "the well-directed one", appeared as head of a religious war against the Egyptian government. During 1882, he won some successes over their troops, and in January, 1883, he captured the town of El-Obeid in the province of Kordofan. In November, 1883, an Egyptian army under the

brave General Hicks, known as Hicks Pasha in the Khedive's service, was destroyed with its leader near El-Obeid. With this force fell also the brilliant war-correspondent of the *Daily News*, Mr. O'Donovan, famous for his expedition to Merv, the Russian possession in west-central Asia. The Egyptian troops at Berber, Dongola, Tokha, Kassala, Sinkat, and other points were now in extreme danger, liable to be destroyed by ruthless foes. At Khartum, in particular, where the White and Blue Nile branches join their waters, Colonel de Coetlogen, a British officer, was shut up with 4000 Egyptians, a force far too small to man the ramparts, and placed among a large black population in the city which might at any moment join the cause of the Mahdi, and turn fiercely upon their nominal defenders.

Early in 1884, the British ministry insisted on the abandonment of Egyptian Sudan, and announced that an officer of high authority would be sent to Khartum to arrange for the future government of the territory, and also for the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons. The man chosen for this important enterprise was the eminent Christian soldier known as "Chinese Gordon", from his wonderful exploits in command of the imperial army against the Taiping rebels. He had become in 1874, under the Khedive Ismail, governor of the Sudan, where he did much good work in opening up the country towards the Nyanza Lakes, and in suppressing the slave-trade which has long been a curse to the peoples of central Africa. He returned to England in 1879, on the deposition of Ismail, and with his departure the order which he had established was overthrown, and the rebellion of 1881 ensued. Gordon's character was that of a noble and marvellous combination of knight-errant and Puritan, and his skill in affairs was such that, if the task in hand could have been accomplished at all, he was the man who would have won success. But the circumstances had changed since he was last at Khartum, and, though the people at first welcomed him enthusiastically as "Sultan, Father, and Saviour of Kordofan", he was destined to become the victim of treachery. In March, 1884, he was compelled to shoot, after court-martial, two pashas whose misconduct had caused the defeat of a sortie against the rebels who surrounded the town, and then for some months he was almost lost to the knowledge of his countrymen. Too late for the purpose, in August, 1884, an expedition was sent out under

Lord Wolseley to make its way up the Nile for Gordon's relief. Some desperate battles with the Arabs, charging spear in hand against British squares under a rain of bullets from breech-loading rifles and Gatling guns, were fought on the way. In January, 1885, at Abu-Klea wells, west of the Nile, about 100 miles north of Khartum, in one of these actions, Colonel Burnaby, of the Blues, the hero of the "ride to Khiva" in 1875, fell bravely fighting as a volunteer. Two days later, at the battle of Metemmeh, nearer to Khartum, another victory for our men was dearly bought, amongst other losses, at the cost of a mortal wound received by General Sir Herbert Stewart. On January 28th, Colonel Sir Charles Wilson reached Khartum with steamers fighting their way up the river, only to find the Mahdi's banners floating on the ramparts of the conquered town. The relieving force had arrived two days in arrear. Internal treachery had done its work. The enemy had entered the town on the 26th, and Gordon had been slain by the traitors in the hour of its capture.

Severe fighting had occurred before these events at other parts of the Sudan. The Egyptian government sent Baker Pasha (formerly Colonel Baker in our service) to Suakin, on the west coast of the Red Sea, to attempt the relief of the garrisons of Tokha and Sinkat, in the eastern Sudan. The Mahdi's forces were there commanded by his fierce and resolute lieutenant, Osman Digna. The Egyptian force under Baker was mainly composed of *fellaheen* or peasants, forced to fight, untrained to war, and in mortal fear of the Arabs. On February 4th, 1884, Baker advanced from Trinkitat towards Tokha, Colonel Burnaby serving with him as a friend. At a place called El-Teb the enemy swept on and broke the wretched Egyptians in an instant, and Baker and Burnaby, after brave and useless efforts to rally the fugitives, had to ride for their lives. Our Government then resolved to send troops to Suakin for a serious contest against Osman Digna, one of our main objects being to counteract the evil effect, on the minds of Mohammedan subjects in India, of repeated defeats inflicted by Arabs, not indeed upon British forces, but on armies led by British officers. The rumour was arising in the bazaars of the East that the arms of Britain were being beaten from our hands by soldiers fighting under the banner of Islam. On February 24th, 1884, General Graham arrived at Suakin with troops,

THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT LEAVING SUAKIN

Early in 1885, after the fall of Khartum, when Osman Digna, the Khalifa's lieutenant, had again taken the field in the Eastern Sudan, and General Graham was in command of the British, Indian, and Egyptian forces at Suakin, New South Wales made a striking display of loyalty to the Empire in despatching a contingent of 600 officers and men—two batteries and a battalion of infantry—in aid of the Imperial forces. The New South Wales men were unable to reach the scene of warfare until a week after the fierce battles of Hasheen and Tofrik, on March 20th and 22nd, but they were conspicuous for gallant conduct in an action at Dhakdul before the close of the campaign. The illustration shows the enthusiastic farewell prior to the embarkation of the volunteers from the plains of the Southern Cross.



and found that the Egyptian garrison of Sinkat had been cut to pieces by the Sudanese in an effort to force their way out, and that Tokha had surrendered to Osman Digna. Five days later, Graham showed Osman the difference between British troops and Egyptian raw levies by a severe defeat of his Arabs and the recapture of Tokha. On March 13th, Osman Digna's men were again routed at Tamasi or Tamai, after a desperate battle in which one of the two British squares was broken by a sudden charge of the Arab spearmen, and our guns were for a few minutes lost. Our disordered soldiers then displayed the steadiest courage, fighting hand to hand, bayonet to spear, and the other square, maintaining its formation, repulsed the enemy with fearful loss, restored the fight, and, with their comrades in a new formation, ended the action in complete victory. Another British advance scattered Osman Digna's remaining adherents, and the war in this quarter came for a time to a close. In the course of the year, Osman Digna recovered much of his power, and early in 1885 General Graham was again at Suakin with a British army. At the end of March, an Australian contingent of about 600 officers and men arrived, under the command of Colonel Richardson, and took part in the new campaign. The enemy had already been defeated in a fierce battle at Hasheen, and there was little work for our Australian allies. In seven weeks after their arrival, they returned home with the thanks of Lord Wolseley and the Queen, and the news of the Mahdi's death near Khartum in June, 1885, hastened the withdrawal of our forces from a scene where their efforts were no longer needed, as matters were then viewed.

The abandonment of the Sudan to the Khalifa Abdullah, the successor of the Mahdi, was a very serious event for British credit, and a heavy blow to the cause of progress in that part of Africa. The new ruler of the Sudan brought forward, as his instruments of military force, the cruel people to whom, by birth, he belonged. These were the Baggaras, a tribe of mongrel, slave-raiding Arabs who cared little for the fanatical system of the real and zealous Mahdists. A vast region had been given back to barbarism, and, for the first time in recent history, a semi-savage power was allowed to establish itself, by right of conquest, in lands which had for years been open to the explorer, the missionary, and the trader. The southern frontier of Egypt was fixed at Wady-Halfa, just below

the Second Cataract of the Nile. Dongola was abandoned by the British rear-guard in July, 1885, and was occupied in force by the Dervishes of the Khalifa in the following month.

The Mahdi had, before his death, decreed the invasion of Egypt, and the Khalifa now attempted to execute the plan. On December 30th, 1885, his army was severely defeated at Ginnis, on the eastern bank of the Nile, with the loss of nearly a thousand men, by a British and Egyptian force under General Stephenson, who had only forty "casualties" in the action. The scheme of invasion was not, however, set aside by the Khalifa, and the Dervishes formed a large camp at Sarras, thirty miles south of Halfa, whence they carried on murderous raids against the Nile villages between Halfa and Korosko, imperfectly checked by the Egyptian camel-corps on the land, and by the stern-wheel gunboats on the river.

In the Sudan region along the Red Sea, except at Suakin, held by an Egyptian garrison under Colonel Kitchener, some of the revolted tribes gave trouble under Osman Digna, the slave-dealer who had become one of the ablest emirs of the Dervishes. In January, 1888, he fixed his head-quarters at Handub, a few miles north-west of Suakin, and had a narrow escape of being captured in a smart night-attack made by Kitchener, who was severely wounded in the face, and returned "invalided" to Cairo. Suakin was then besieged by the forces under Osman Digna, in a desultory way, without any serious attack. In September, General Grenfell went from Cairo and assumed command of 2000 Sudanese, 2000 Egyptians, and a battalion of British troops. On December 20th the Dervish trenches were gallantly stormed by the Sudanese, with the loss to the enemy of four chief emirs and five hundred men slain. For some time matters were quiet in that quarter. When Osman Digna reappeared on the scene of action, Colonel Holled-Smith, then in command at Suakin, having already taken Handub, attacked the Dervish leader near Tokar (or Tokha) in February 1891, seized his camp and drove him away to Kassala. Tokar and its fertile district were thus, after seven years, recovered for Egypt from the Dervishes, and the cause of the Khalifa had received a severe blow in the loss of a profitable traffic in slaves and contraband goods.

In the spring of 1887, the Khalifa had been greatly irritated

by the contemptuous return of letters sent to Wady-Halfa by four envoys, addressed to Queen Victoria, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Khedive of Egypt, summoning them to submission under pain of suffering the same fate as Gordon and Hicks Pasha. He formed a new scheme for invading Egypt and taking vengeance on the Khedive, the Khedive's suzerain at Constantinople, and the Egyptian ruler's protectress in the British Isles, but his intentions were for a time frustrated by revolt in Darfur, war with Abyssinia, internal dissensions, and other troubles. There were Dervish raids from time to time on Egyptian subjects dwelling along the Nile banks from Assuan to Korosko, but no serious effort was made against Egypt until 1889, when the revolt in Darfur had been suppressed and success won against the Abyssinians.

One of the most determined and fanatical emirs, Nejumi, then advanced with a large force by the desert track, on the western bank, parallel with the Nile, attended by a vast number of camp-followers and women and children, and an immense transport-train of animals. The conditions of warfare in that region were now illustrated. Any large force must have free access to the life-giving Nile, or perish. As Nejumi went northwards with his unwieldy host, Colonel Wodehouse, the commandant on the Egyptian frontier, kept abreast of him with a flotilla of gunboats and a force of Egyptian regulars under British officers, towed on barges by the steamers. The Dervishes could obtain water only at night from the river in a stealthy way, and the supply was utterly insufficient for the crowds of men, camels, donkeys, and horses. At one point the enemy fought desperately through a long summer-day in order to get possession of a riverside village, but the fire of the gunboats and the infantry drove them back with heavy loss into the thirsty desert.

Assuan was the concentrating point of the Anglo-Egyptian army which had set out to resist the invasion, and the Sirdar, General Sir F. Grenfell, making a reconnaissance thence, learned from deserters that Nejumi's force was in a bad way, the transport-animals being daily in process of consumption for food. Grenfell's humane summons to surrender, with a special plea on behalf of the helpless women and children, received a defiant reply, and the advance of the invaders was continued. Nejumi, the brave fanatic, was resolved to conquer or die. It was he, be-

it remembered, who had annihilated the force under Hicks Pasha and had captured Khartum, and he had a contempt, well-founded for him, for Egyptian troops.

On July 29th, 1889, General Grenfell started for Toski, on the west bank of the Nile, about fifty miles north of Wady-Halfa, and there assembled his forces, four miles away from a range of high granite hills running inland from the river. There Nejumi had his camp. On August 3rd he started again on his northward march, endeavouring to avoid battle by keeping in the desert. He was headed off, and compelled to fight, by Colonel Kitchener, who was in command of Grenfell's mounted troops, and it is recorded that the Dervish general, beholding the force arrayed against him, cried to his emirs, "We must all stand prepared to meet our Maker to-day". None the less resolved to fight, he promptly occupied four small hills, and there ranged his banners and posted his riflemen, keeping his spear-armed warriors out of view. Grenfell sent his men straight at the hills, and Nejumi then learned the change wrought in Egyptian soldiers by British training. The battalions of the Khedive stormed the positions one after another, in spite of the desperate charges made by the Dervishes, as of old, with banners flying, and rushes maintained, against a hail of bullets, to within a few paces of the rifle-muzzles. The enemy, defeated and broken, streamed off to their camp, and the body of Nejumi was taken as it lay in the litter on a camel's back. He had been killed by the cavalry-fire during the pursuit. One of his sons, a boy of five years, was found dead beside the camel; another—a baby boy, scarcely a year old—was brought into the victors' camp by his nurse on the following day.

The victory at Toski was a turning-point in the Khalifa's course. Most of Nejumi's emirs had fallen along with their chief. The tide of the Dervish movement had begun to ebb. The efforts of the ruler at Omdurman to trouble Egypt had ended in complete failure, and many of the prisoners gladly took service in the new Sudanese regiments which were being raised for the defence of the frontier. General Grenfell, following up his success at Toski, broke up the Dervish camp at Sarras, thirty miles south of Wady-Halfa, after a sharp action, and a fort erected there was kept in communication with Halfa by railway. Another advanced post was established at Murat on the old caravan-route from

Korosko to Abu Hamed. The possession of these two points made Dervish raids on the Nile villages more difficult, but did not completely put an end to them.

The accession of the Khalifa to power in 1885 had been followed by the reign of tyranny and terror vividly described by Slatin Pasha, an Austrian officer in British service, who was ten years a prisoner in the country, in his *Fire and Sword in the Sudan*. The savage Baggaras of the Khalifa, slaying and mutilating with wanton and needless cruelty during their raids for provisions and other plunder, devastated the country far and wide, and in the course of a few years rendered a large part of the eastern Sudan almost devoid of population. An eloquent proof of their ways and doings was seen in the condition of Berber in December, 1897, with its ruined streets and roofless, crumbling houses, thirteen years after its capture by the Mahdists, when it was a wealthy and important place, a far greater trade-centre than Khartum. The Mahdi's capital, we may note, had been abandoned by the Khalifa. In the course of a year or two, Khartum was reduced to ruins, the wood of the windows, balconies, and doors, with the burnt brick of the houses, being conveyed across the river to Omdurman. The only buildings spared were the palace, the arsenal, and the mission-house, and the once thriving and populous capital of the eastern Sudan became a mere heap of ruinous mud-huts, the ground everywhere covered with a growth of large bushes of prickly thorn.

The new seat of power, Omdurman, became a place with a population far exceeding a hundred thousand, composed of people of every race in the vast Sudan—Felláta, and natives of Bornu, Wadai, Borgu, and Darfur; Sudanese from the east, near Suakin and Massawah (Massowa); negroes of all shades; Arabs of every tribe—Baggara, Jaalin, Hadendoa, Danagla, and many more; Abyssinians and Egyptians, Turks, Arabs from Mecca, Syrians, Indians, Jews, and Europeans. The universal language was Arabic, spoken in its pure form or in corrupt dialects by all free inhabitants of the Sudan. The suffering caused by the tyrannical rule of the Khalifa was aggravated in 1889 and the following year by famine causing thousands of deaths. The ruler paid no heed whatever to the misery of the people at large, only taking good heed that the Baggaras—the supporters of his throne—should be

amply fed amidst the prevailing want. Intensely proud and vain, sensual, very cruel and quick-tempered, justly distrustful of those around him, jealous of his authority, the Khalifa maintained his tyrannical power by a free use of spies. Extortion, attended with horrible cruelty, was practised by his tax-gatherers. Bestial immorality and consequent disease were rampant. The prisons were mere *Infernos*; the numerous slaves had a wretched life.

This atrocious system of misrule of itself afforded ample justification for interference in the eastern Sudan. The rulers of Great Britain, the Power holding authority in Egypt, were called upon to answer the passionate inquiries of a European detained for ten years in Omdurman, and a successful fugitive thence to Wady-Halfa. "How long shall this condition of affairs continue? Shall savagery and desolation last there for ever? Shall the roads remain always closed that lead from Wady-Halfa and Suakin to the richest provinces of Africa? How long shall Europe and Great Britain watch unmoved the outrages of the Khalifa and the destruction of the Sudan people?"

The great and grandly successful Sudan expedition from Egypt was not, in the view of right-minded Britons, an enterprise of "vengeance for Gordon", a view which it is certain that the great Christian hero would have utterly repudiated. It was in part an undertaking designed to redeem the credit lost by Great Britain, especially among Mohammedans, of whom the Queen has fifty millions under her rule in India, through our culpable failure to save Gordon from his foes. The main purpose was, beyond doubt, that of establishing British influence in the region of the Upper Nile, lying near to our possessions in East Africa. For some time prior to 1896, the Eastern Sudan had drawn the attention of British statesmen and military men. It was possible that our position in Egypt, and the prosperity of that country, rapidly growing under British control, might be threatened through the seizure, by some other European power, of the territory on the head-waters of the Nile. The Dervishes were again growing restless. The adoption of a "forward policy" in reference to the Sudan was hastened by the disastrous defeat of Italy at Adowa in the early days of 1896, and the march to Dongola, as the first objective, was promptly planned when news arrived that an army under Osman Digna was advancing from the river Atbara towards

Kassala, then in Italian possession, and that the defeated Italian general was wholly unable to help the garrison. The immediate purpose of the expedition was to create a diversion for the Italians, and then to recover the province of Dongola, thus protecting the Upper Nile valley from Dervish raids, and obtaining a base of operations for further advance. The Egyptian "Intelligence Department", under the direction of the very able Major (now Sir Francis) Wingate, had prepared the way to action by establishing relations, through native agents, with malcontents in the Dervish ranks. The hour had come, and the leader was ready in the person of Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sirdar of the Egyptian army, aided by Wingate and Slatin Pasha as chief advisers on the details of Dervish affairs. We must now give some account of the previous career and the character of the distinguished man who was to conduct the enterprise, in three campaigns, to an issue so fortunate for Egypt, Great Britain, and the cause of civilization in north-eastern Africa.

The conqueror of the Eastern Sudan was born in 1850, and entered the Royal Engineers in 1871. Three years later, he was engaged by the managers of the Palestine Exploration Fund to take charge of the expedition for the geographical survey of western Palestine. His work there has been described by Sir Walter Besant, formerly secretary of the Society, as "very good", and the future success of the young officer is not obscurely indicated in the remark "he was so thorough in all that he undertook". Major Kitchener then served under Sir Charles Wilson, in Anatolia (Asia Minor) as one of his Vice-consuls. Entering the service of the Khedive, he was in command of the Egyptian cavalry in 1882-84, and served in the Sudan campaigns of 1883-85, being one of Lord Wolseley's best intelligence officers on the Nile Expedition. We may here note the opinion expressed in 1884, in a letter to General Gordon, by Sir Samuel Baker, the eminent Nile explorer. "The man upon whom I have always placed my hopes is Major Kitchener, R.E., one of the few *very superior* British officers with a cool and good head and a hard constitution, combined with untiring energy." Gordon, as is well known, shared this opinion, and hoped to see Kitchener installed as Governor-general of the Sudan. That was to come, though Gordon did not live to witness it. It is remarkable as a prediction showing

the impression made by the rapidly rising man that Baker, in 1892, addressing Kitchener, wrote "I feel sure that the task of regaining the Sudan will fall to yourself".

In 1886, as we have seen, Colonel Kitchener became Governor of Suakin, and held that post for nearly two years. Knowing Eastern ways and tongues; absolutely fearless; with wonderful powers of organization; he showed great ability during his period of rule at Suakin, and became Adjutant-general of the Egyptian Army under Sir F. Grenfell as Sirdar. As the obvious and natural successor of his chief, Kitchener was appointed Sirdar in 1890, and devoted himself, with admirable energy and skill, to the completion of the work, already well begun, of training and organizing the army of Egypt, composed of the same class, the *fellâhin* (tillers of the soil), as the men who had, in the days of the brave and hapless Hicks Pasha, died like helpless sheep at the hands of the Dervishes. What these men became under British leadership all the world knows, and it is one of the marvels of military history.

At midnight on March 12th, 1896, the Sirdar, then Brigadier-general Sir Herbert Horatio Kitchener, C.B., K.C.M.G., received orders by telegraph from London to prepare for an advance up the Nile. Early next day a staff-officer was making arrangements for the use of Messrs. Cook's fleet of steamers and barges for the transport of men and stores to Assuan, the first stage for concentration on the Egyptian frontier. Up to Assuan, the Nile is navigable for fairly large steamers. Just above the town begin the seven miles of reefs and rocks, swirling eddies and roaring rapids, that form the First Cataract, and all goods have to be carried round that part of the river by a railway to Shellal, at the head of the rapids. There another stretch of open water begins, and extends for about 220 miles to Wady-Halfa. Thence for many miles navigation is blocked by the Second Cataract and a long series of rapids which can only be passed at "high Nile", and then with great labour and some risk. It was the worst time that could be chosen for a Sudan campaign, as the Nile was at its lowest, and the hottest season of the year was approaching. Instant action was, however, imperative. On March 14th, within two days of the receipt of orders from London, the reserves were called out, and on the next day the first troops left for the front.

South of Cairo there were no British troops, but the First Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment was sent to Wady-Halfa to set free the garrison there and to act as a reserve, while detachments of Army Service Corps men and engineers were conveyed up the river, followed by the machine-gun detachments of the Staffords and the Connaught Rangers. The formation of two new infantry battalions of Egyptian troops and one of Sudanese was decreed, and transport-men and workmen for the laying of a railway were enrolled as a "Railway Battalion" 800 strong, under British R.E. officers. Camels were bought at all the great caravan-centres along the Nile, and conveyed up to Assuan on barges with wooden awnings or stables. For weeks the great river was alive, between Cairo and Assuan, with steamers bearing khaki-clad soldiers, and towing barges laden with men and stores, horses and camels, for the front. The Egyptian troops from Suakin were taken by ship up the Red Sea and landed at Kosseir, whence they marched across the desert, about a hundred miles, westwards to Keneh on the Nile.

Shellal, at the head of the First Cataract, and opposite the famous temples on the island of Philae, was the starting-point for the second stage of the expedition, and all through the summer it was a busy scene of steamers and barges loading, engines bringing up trains of trucks from Assuan, and long lines of camels moving southwards along the caravan-track by the riverside. Men and stores were conveyed to Halfa by four gunboats and seven stern-wheel steamers, towing a barge on each side and some sailing-boats astern. At Halfa, stores for the front and material for the railway were landed and taken by train to Sarras, a distance of above 800 miles from Cairo, with at least four transhipments for all loads, a fact which conveys a faint idea of the enormous toil needed in preparation for the day of battle in such a campaign.

The first active operations of troops were carried out by the frontier-force at Halfa under the command of Colonel (afterwards General Sir) Archibald Hunter, who, on March 16th, sent out a flying column towards Akasha (or Akasheh), composed of Sudanese infantry under Major Collinson, a mountain-battery, a squadron of cavalry under Major Broadwood, and a company of the Egyptian camel corps, a body of mounted infantry for desert warfare invaluable as scouts. For three days from Sarras the force was marching

in single file along the rock-strewn slopes of the desert hillside, halting each night on the Nile for water, and on March 20th Akasha, about eighty miles south of Halfa, was occupied without resistance. A fresh base thus secured, a fortified camp was made, and as stores and reinforcements kept arriving from the north, the laying of the railway was carried on under the protection of a screen of outposts camping at the rail-head and moving southwards with the advancing line. The commandant at Akasha was Major Hector MacDonald, D.S.O., a man of remarkable career, destined to win high fame at a later day. As a draper's assistant in Scotland, he quitted the shop for service in a Highland regiment; won a commission by hard fighting under Roberts in Afghanistan, entered the Egyptian army, and rose to the command of a battalion. At Akasha he was active in adding to the defences, and soon made the place a strong desert-fortress. We shall meet him again as commander of the Sudanese brigade, the best native fighting-force of the Sirdar's army. By the third week of May, three months' supplies for ten thousand men had been gathered in the camp at Akasha. News came to the Sirdar through Wingate's spies that the Dervishes were preparing to assail his communications, and he at once resolved to attack them at Ferkeh, and utterly break up, if it were possible, the force there under the emir Hammuda Idris. On the evening of Saturday, June 6th, the troops left Akasha in two bodies. The plan was the same as that of Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir—a night march and a surprise at dawn. Through his omniscient Intelligence Department, General Kitchener had a plan of the Dervish camp, with particulars of the force and of the outpost-duty. The enemy's army consisted of about four thousand strong, picked men, a large part being "Jehadia" ("soldiers of the Holy War"), black riflemen drilled under Arab officers. The rest were tribesmen armed with sword or spear, many having also Remington rifles. Some hundreds of horsemen and camel-men were included in the force.

Two roads or tracks lead from Akasha to Ferkeh. The desert route passes through sandy valleys east of a mountain near the Nile. The river route runs across rocky broken ground between that mountain and the water, at one part passing for some distance along a narrow shelf of rock above a cataract. The two routes come together beneath the slopes and precipices of Ferkeh Moun-

tain, close to the village. The river route, sure to be deemed impossible, for a large force, by the Dervishes, was for that reason chosen by the Sirdar as that of his main column, about 7000 men, composed of three brigades of Egyptians and Sudanese, the latter under the command of Major MacDonald. General Kitchener had personal charge of this force, which carried along with it two mule-batteries or twelve light mountain-guns, and two machine-guns manned by the Connaught Rangers. The second column, of 2500 men, was under Major Burn-Murdoch, the chief cavalry-commander, and comprised a horse-battery of six Krupp guns, two Maxims of the North Staffordshires, seven squadrons of Egyptian cavalry (800 sabres), a camel corps of 670 riflemen, and about 700 Sudanese infantry under Major Townshend, the famous defender of Chitral in the then recent Indian warfare. These men were carried on camels to the scene of action. Marching by the desert route, Burn-Murdoch was to reach his position on the hills east of Ferkeh by half-past four on the next morning (Sunday, June 7th), a time of darkness in the Sudan. The river-column would attack the enemy from the north, and the commander of the desert-column would open fire as soon as he heard the guns of the main attack, which was timed for five o'clock. His position on the flank would enable him to act with good effect on the Dervishes in retreat, and to follow up in close pursuit.

Admirably planned, this operation of war was executed with splendid accuracy by the Sirdar's officers and men. In perfect silence, and showing no light, the river-column marched to a bivouac-ground about three miles from the foe, and lay down for a short sleep on the sandy ground between the hills and the belt of palms along the river. A messenger from over the hills to the east brought the Sirdar good news of the progress made by Burn-Murdoch and his men. In the brief twilight before dawn, the soldiers rose at a whispered word from their leaders, and at a few minutes after five o'clock the battle began with the crack of rifles from a Dervish outpost on a slope north-east of Ferkeh. Almost at the same moment came the deep roar of Burn-Murdoch's guns to the east, on the left of the Sirdar's force. The Dervishes were completely surprised, but rushed boldly forth from their mud-huts and straw-shelters in the village, extending for a mile along the river, and took position among

rocky ridges to the north and east. The mountain-guns of the Sirdar's force poured in shell; the Sudanese, led by MacDonald, advanced; another brigade fought its way across cultivated ground near the river. The Dervishes made a stubborn defence, and some counter-attacks, one desperate party even trying to "rush" Burn-Murdoch's guns. The camel corps of riflemen in the desert-column, out of sight of the main attack, engaged a strong force of Dervish rifles, and the Egyptian horse, under Captains Broadwood and Legge, broke up the camel-men. The infantry under the Sirdar, after repelling all counter-attacks and storming the outside ridges, wheeled round so as to close on Ferkeh. The place was set on fire by shells from the larger guns, and then carried with a rush by the Sudanese and Egyptian infantry. The Dervishes still fought well, the emirs mostly dying rather than surrender. The chief commander, Hammuda Idris, was killed early in the fight, and more than forty of his emirs were slain. By seven o'clock the enemy were hurrying away to the south, and the battle of Ferkeh was won.

Burn-Murdoch, in a pursuit with his cavalry, camel corps, and horse-battery, which lasted for twenty-two hours, gave the fleeing foe no chance of rallying. For miles the river-bank and desert-border were strewn with their dead, and at dawn on Monday, June 8th, the pursuers reached Suarda just as the last of the Dervish garrison, leaving the place empty, landed on the west bank of the Nile. The place thus occupied is fifty-four miles from Akasha, half-way between Wady-Halfa, on the Egyptian frontier, and Dongola. The enemy had lost at least a thousand men in the fight and pursuit, with five hundred prisoners, the casualties of the victors being only twenty killed and eighty-one wounded, including one wounded British officer, Captain Legge, of the Egyptian cavalry. The dead body of Hammuda Idris was found on the field at Ferkeh by Slatin Pasha, who had known him during his own days of captivity at Omdurman.

The victory of Ferkeh was a success of great importance. Fifty miles of the Nile valley had been finally cleared of the Dervishes, and had passed into the sure possession of the Anglo-Egyptian force. The good fighting quality of the new Egyptian army in steadiness and courage, and their discipline on march, had been fully demonstrated. Their infantry had assailed, with rifle

and bayonet, the warriors of the desert, and had driven them from a strong position in disorderly flight, and Egyptian cavalry and camel-men had reaped the fruits of victory in a hot and persistent chase. The Khalifa's only regular army near the Egyptian frontier was destroyed, and Suarda, for years a starting-place of cruel Dervish raids, was now in the hands of the Sirdar's invading army. The victor, General Kitchener, referring to recent Dervish aggression as far north as Assuan, justly claimed that 450 miles of the Nile valley had been added to Egyptian territory, and that a large population in Dongola had been freed from barbarous rule. The guns of Ferkeh had sounded a first knell of doom for the tyrant of Omdurman.

During most of June, and in July and August, under the burning sun of the Sudan, the Sirdar's forces were engaged in pushing on the railway, which reached Akasha at the end of the third week in June, the engineers' battalion often laying a mile and a half per day. On August 4th, it had reached Kosheh, south of Ferkeh, and General Kitchener's head-quarters were now at Kosheh camp as the starting-place for the final advance on Dongola. Suarda, fortified and garrisoned by MacDonald's Sudanese Brigade, was the advanced post of the expedition. For some weeks after the battle of Ferkeh, a constant stream of fugitives from the Dongola province poured into the place seeking protection under the Egyptian government.

For some time, advance towards Dongola was delayed by the necessity of waiting for the rise of the Nile in order to bring the gunboat-flotilla up the rapids and cataracts. The river did not reach its usual level in 1896, and only in August could the vessels begin the ascent, with thousands of soldiers and native labourers hauling on the cables. Three larger gunboats, armed with Maxims and quick-firing guns, and provided with electric search-lights, had been expressly built at Wivenhoe, near Colchester. Taken in sections, by sea, rail, and river, to Assuan; thence by railway to Shellal, above the First Cataract; landed at Wady-Halfa, and conveyed by the railway to Kosheh, these vessels were put together and launched there on the upper river. Other serious causes of delay were a severe outbreak of cholera, a disease previously unknown to the Sudan, and several tropical rain-storms, of surprising occurrence in that usually rainless desert, that

flooded the camps and carried away miles of the new line of railway. It was the end of August before all was ready.

The gunboat-flotilla above the cataracts at Kosheh, under the orders of Commander Colville, R.N., consisted of the four old boats, the *Tamai*, *Abu Klea*, *El Teb*, and *Metemmeh*, each armed with a heavy gun behind a shield in the bow, and a couple of machine-guns; and of one of the new gunboats, *El Zaffir*. The army had been reinforced by the North Staffordshires, and by forming a fourth infantry brigade of three Egyptian battalions. The powerful gunboat-flotilla at the disposal of the Sirdar rendered it impossible for the Dervishes to resist his advance to Dongola, in debarring them from access to the Nile, the only provision of water in that region for any large force. In the third week of September, after another delay from a severe storm that again wrecked the railway, the whole army was gathered at Fereig, just below the Third Cataract. The Dervishes were reported to be in force at Kerma, a few miles above the cataract, on the right (east) bank. In passing the Hannek (Third) Cataract, just below Kerma, the gunboat *El Teb* stuck fast on a rock. On the evening of September 18th, the force, about 13,000 men, was at Abu Fatmeh, above the cataract, three miles below Kerma. Before dawn on the next day the Sirdar advanced to attack the enemy, but found that they had abandoned their works and retreated across the river to Hafir, an entrenched position on the west bank, some distance farther up stream.

The battle of Hafir was chiefly one of the gunboats, aided by the Egyptian artillery, firing on the enemy's works across the river. The *Tamai*, leading the way, was driven back for a time by the guns of a battery, and by a hail of rifle-bullets from pits near the water's edge, wounding Colville in the wrist. The British sailor kept his post on the upper deck, and then, after a brief retirement, gave the word "Full steam ahead", and led the flotilla past the enemy's position. The *Tamai* ran close up to the battery, drove out the Dervish gunners with a well-aimed shell and a shower of bullets from the Maxim and the Nordenfelt, and then steamed on for Dongola, thirty-six miles away.

At Hafir, abandoned by the enemy on the approach of the gunboats, a number of boats were seized, and these vessels aided the great flotilla of barges, feluccas, rafts, and steamers in ferrying

the army across the Nile to the west bank on September 20th and the following day. The march was then resumed, and at night the troops halted at Binneh, seventeen miles from Dongola. That town was bombarded by two of the gunboats, and on September 23rd the Sirdar's force advanced to the attack in four strong columns, with eighteen guns and four Maxims, affording a splendid spectacle on the level sandy plain. The Dervishes, not daring to encounter such a force, hastily withdrew, with the camel corps, cavalry, and horse-battery in pursuit. A few desperate men were slain on the enemy's side, and then the infantry-brigades, without firing a shot, entered Dongola, cheering as they saw the Egyptian flag already hoisted by a party from one of the gunboats. Large supplies of arms, ammunition, dates, and grain, became the prize of the victors, to whom hundreds of the Khalifa's unwilling allies, including a number of the powerful Jaalin tribe, gladly surrendered. On the following day, September 24th, the gunboats reached Debbeh, on the bend of the Nile eighty miles above Dongola, just in time to rescue many leading men of the province who were being carried off as hostages. One of the gunboats pushed on as far as Merowe (Merawi), just below the Fourth Cataract, and this remained for some time the Sirdar's advanced outpost on the Nile. The camel corps, pursuing southwards from Dongola on the west bank, found that the Dervishes were fleeing, in small parties, across the Bayuda Desert towards Metemmeh and Khartum.

The campaign of 1896 thus closed in splendid success, as a triumph of organization and of good conduct in the troops. The province of Dongola was rescued from a barbarous tyranny and restored to the rule of the Khedive. Civilization, in conquering strength, was once more afloat and afoot in the region of the Upper Nile. Sir Herbert Kitchener, ranking in the British army as a brevet-colonel in the Royal Engineers, was promoted to the rank of major-general, the same advance being awarded to Colonel Rundle, his chief of the staff, and to Colonel Archibald Hunter, commander of the infantry division. The invaluable Major Wingate became colonel. Preparations for the next year's campaign were promptly made in the reorganization of the Dongola province. Debbeh and Merowe were held by strong garrisons. The wells on the chief camel-routes towards Berber, Metemmeh, and Omdur-

man were secured by armed parties of Arab "friendlies"; the gunboats patrolled the river; and, above all, the railway was pushed steadily on to Abu Fatmeh, above the Third Cataract, so that supplies could reach Merowe from Cairo in any state of the Nile.

In preparation for the campaign of 1897, the Egyptian army was increased by three battalions of infantry, a battery of guns, two squadrons of cavalry, and two companies of the camel corps. The gunboat-flotilla was strengthened by two powerful, partly-armoured craft, built in England and conveyed in sections for launching above the Fourth Cataract, really a series of cataracts extending for over sixty miles in the region between Merowe and Abu Hamed. The chief work of provision for coming conquest by the Sirdar was one of a magnitude unexampled in any campaign in any country—the laying of a new line from Wady-Halfa, south-eastwards, across the desert, to the Nile bank near Abu Hamed, a distance of 233 miles. A glance at the map shows that such a line forms the chord of a great semicircular reach of the river, formed by the south-westerly bend from Abu Hamed to Korti, before the northerly course is resumed.

For the execution of this daring plan, and the extension of the railway to Berber and beyond, the railway corps was raised to a strength of 2600 men. The chief wonder about the construction of the railway to Abu Hamed was the fact that the operations were carried out under the direction, not of railway-engineers of great experience and a certain standing, but of a band of British subalterns, ten lieutenants of the Royal Engineers, headed by Lieutenant Girouard, D.S.O., a Canadian who passed into the army from the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario. Every man had his special work and devoted himself to it with the utmost zeal, toiling about nine hours a day in the tropical heat. Two were always in advance of the rail-head, surveying the ground and laying out the curves; another controlled the work in progress; another was in charge of the workshops at Halfa; the rest of the youthful body superintended the putting together of new engines, and the general working of the line. Of such Britons are those who build not only great railways but great empires.

The first military operation of the 1897 campaign was to be

the seizure of the first destined terminus of the new line, Abu Hamed, still, in August, in possession of the enemy. The country to be traversed was an all but waterless desert, the only stations being points for the trains to pass each other, and for engines to get fuel and water from stores formed for the purpose. The progress of the railway, in aid of the advance to Abu Hamed, was wonderfully rapid. From the date of laying the first sleeper to the completion of the line only seven months elapsed, including a fortnight lost through delay in transport of materials. The average rate of laying was a mile and a tenth per day, the best day's work being the laying of nearly three and a half miles of rails, in addition to the making of the embankment for their support. Progress was helped by the obtaining, through boring, of a supply of water at the 77th mile, and again at the 126th mile.

At midsummer, the advanced garrisons of the Dongola province, under the command of General Hunter, were at Merowe and Debbeh. Early in July, the Khalifa's forces obtained a success which gave encouragement to his adherents. In June he sent out a strong force under a Baggarra leader, the emir Mahmoud, to occupy Metemmeh, a town on the left (western) bank of the Nile, about midway between Berber and Khartum. It had been held by a small garrison since the loss of Dongola, with an outpost at the wells of Abu Klea, the scene of battle in 1885, in the supposition that the Sirdar might advance by the same line. Mahmoud, to be shortly seen again in this narrative, was a man about thirty years of age, tall, athletic, and of great renown as a warrior, having commanded a Dervish force as a boy of fifteen. On July 1st he approached Metemmeh, and the Jaalin emirs, trusting to their own tribal power, refused to admit him and his men, declaring that they would no longer fight for the Khalifa. After a fierce battle, the Jaalin were routed with the loss of a thousand men slain, and their women and property became the spoil of war. All along the river, above and below the town, their villages were sacked, their fields wasted, and their water-wheels burned. The savage Baggaras, in their usual fashion, turned a fertile land into a wilderness. Having already sent friendly messages to the Sirdar, the surviving Jaalin emirs became henceforward his hearty allies, eager for revenge through his aid. Mahmoud strongly fortified Metemmeh, raising batteries near the river, and making an entrenched

camp at a distance from the bank. His success was to be soon eclipsed by a brilliant feat of arms achieved by one of the Sirdar's most able officers.

In the last week of July, General Hunter started from Merowe, on the right (at that point, north) bank of the Nile, north-eastwards for Abu Hamed. His column, about 3000 strong, was composed of four battalions of infantry—one Egyptian, three Sudanese,—a battery of field-artillery, a troop of cavalry, and two Maxims. A transport-train of 1200 camels carried food and forage for eighteen days. On the evening of July 29th, the force marched out, to push forward in the darkness when the fierce heat of the tropical sun was absent. The road was very difficult, among boulders and heavy sand, but the first march, ending at 3.30 A.M. on July 30th, covered over sixteen miles, as far as a village on the Fourth Cataract. Marching at first by night, and then by day, to avoid losing the way, under a burning sun, the wearied troops reached, on August 5th, a point 36 miles distant from Abu Hamed. Learning from spies that large reinforcements from Berber were on their way to the town he was threatening, Hunter started again at midnight, and covered half the distance in eight hours. Halting for a rest, he prepared for action, and at half-past five in the evening of August 6th pushed forward once more, arriving at 3 A.M. on the 7th within two miles of Abu Hamed. A laager of boxes, bags, and saddles was formed, under guard of half an Egyptian battalion.

The gallant troops, who had been perfect in discipline and temper during a very trying march, were eager for fight. The leader, known for courage on many a Sudanese field, was for the first time facing Dervishes in an independent command. Daylight showed that the town was strongly entrenched, and that the garrison was on the alert. The houses, stout structures of sun-dried clay, were loopholed, and lines of shelter-trenches, full of riflemen, ran across the openings of the lanes and under the palms outside. Hunter, pushing up his Krupp guns and Maxims, took his men in two lines, the front of fourteen companies, the rear of seven, to within short rifle-range, and then sent forward an Egyptian officer to invite surrender. After a brief parley, this was refused, and at half-past six the battle began with shell-fire from the guns, and rifle-volleys from the Egyptian and Sudanese

infantry against the outlying trenches. Then the firing-line closed, and the place was stormed in splendid style with the bayonet. An hour's desperate struggle took place among the houses, the victors losing heavily, especially the 10th Sudanese, whose commander, Major Sidney, and his second, Lieutenant Fitzclarence, were killed. In one house, the Dervishes resisted so stubbornly that the Krupp guns were used to blow the place to pieces. The whole force of the enemy, including 150 horsemen, was under 1000 men, of whom only 50, mostly mounted, got away to the south-east. The victors lost about 200 men in killed and wounded. In spite of the disparity of force in the actual conflict, Hunter's enterprise was very daring, as he had no knowledge of the enemy's strength when he started on his difficult march.

The capture of Abu Hamed was of great importance, enabling the Sirdar's railway to be pushed forward from that end, and making the river safe for craft over the long stretch of water from Merowe. Hunter promptly fortified his acquisition, against possible attack from Berber, by forming an entrenched camp guarded by three battalions and his guns, and thus made for the Sirdar a new base of operations. The gunboats arrived up in due time after traversing the lengthy Fourth Cataract, and all was ready for the further advance to Berber, a series of villages stretching for some miles on the east bank of the Nile. The place was really untenable against a joint-attack by water and land, and the Dervish emir quietly retired to the south. In the second week of September, Berber was garrisoned by Hunter, and the chief fruit of his recent victory was thus secured. This event practically closed the campaign of 1897. There were some attempts at raiding from Osman Digna's camp on the Atbara, and at the end of October General Hunter, with a flying column, drove him away by his mere approach. In November, a permanent post of two companies was established in a mud-fort at Dakhila, on the north bank of the Atbara, opposite El Damer on the Nile, guarding the point where the Atbara joins the great river. The Sirdar also despatched Captain Keppel, R.N., with the three new gunboats, *El Zaffir* and her consorts, to reconnoitre Metemmeh, where the Dervishes were said to be in strong force. The vessels carried a hundred Sudanese riflemen, and on board was Major Stuart Wortley, of the staff, the only officer in the expedition who had ever been as

far as Khartum. It was he who, accompanying Sir Charles Wilson up the river, had brought down the news of the fall of the place to the British camp at Gubat in 1885. On the morning of October 16th, Keppel's gunboats had a hot artillery-duel with the nine Dervish forts at and near Metemmeh, steaming past the place up and down, and proving that the enemy could not block the river against such armed craft.

At the close of 1897, the frontier-post was at Dakhila. The railway had passed Abu Hamed and was approaching Berber, and the Egyptian army garrisoned Berber, Abu Hamed, Halfa, Dongola, Debbeh, and Merowe. Troops could now be brought up from Cairo, at extreme pressure, to beyond Abu Hamed, in five days, and the gunboat-flotilla between Berber and the Atbara was reinforced by two powerful screw-propellers, drawing only eighteen inches of water, armed with quick-firing and machine-guns, and protected by steel shields for breast-works. The Sirdar, before he left Berber for Cairo, reviewed the troops at the front in manœuvres and a march past which greatly impressed competent observers with the splendid condition and perfect equipment of the force which had pushed forward the Nile frontier from Merowe to the Atbara.

The year 1897 had not closed before Sir Herbert Kitchener was called on to prepare at once for a new and unexpected movement against the Khalifa's forces. Colonel Wingate, keeping close watch, through his spies and correspondents in the Eastern Sudan, on all the doings of the Dervishes, received news early in December which pointed to hostile plans against either Kassala or Berber. Moreover, the gunboats, running up to Metemmeh on December 8th, found that the emir Mahmoud had transferred a part of his large garrison thence to Shendy, on the east bank of the river. It was clearly ascertained, a day or two later, by reports from the enemy's camp, that Berber was the object aimed at. Instant action was necessary, and the Sirdar left Cairo with his staff on December 14th. He established his head-quarters at Wady-Halfa, and learned, in the last week of the year, that Mahmoud was being rapidly reinforced from Khartum. The people of Cairo were greatly excited on New Year's Day when it was known that British troops had been ordered to the front. The three battalions in garrison—the 1st Warwicks, the 1st Lincolns, and the 1st Cameron

Highlanders—were soon on the way, by river and rail. The regiments were replaced at Cairo by the Seaforth Highlanders from Malta, the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers from Burma, and a battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers from Gibraltar. The British brigade concentrating at Wady-Halfa was placed under the command of Major-general Gatacre, an officer who had served in Burmah in 1889, and had made his mark in command of one of the brigades which went to the relief of Chitral, in India, in 1895. He was, at the time of his summons to the Sudan, commanding the First Brigade at Aldershot. A man of unwearied energy, he set to work at Wady-Halfa, training his new command for the campaign, with a zeal for route-marches in the desert, attack-drills, field-firing, and other exercises, which made him almost a terror even to British soldiers. General MacDonald, with his Sudanese battalions, was now in command at Dakhila, at the junction of the Atbara and the Nile.

During January and part of February, 1898, Mahmoud remained quiet in his camp at Metemmeh. Meanwhile, the British brigade had reached the rail-head at Abu Dis, about thirty miles south of Abu Hamed. At the end of February, the Sirdar learned that the Dervish leader, now joined by Osman Digna, had transferred all his force to Shendy, numbering 18,000 men, including 4000 cavalry and some thousands of riflemen, with all the Krupp guns from the Metemmeh riverside batteries. The British brigade under Gatacre was at once moved forward to Kenur, fifteen miles south of Berber. As Mahmoud's forces moved northwards, a smart affair occurred on March 13th, when Major Sitwell attacked a Dervish detachment on the island of Shebaliya, about thirty miles north of Shendy, driving some hundreds of men away with severe loss to them, at the cost of a serious wound for himself. By the middle of March, the advanced parties of the enemy had reached the Atbara, and a strong body was repulsed, on the 18th, from Adarama, forty-two miles up the river from the Nile, by the Hadendowa "friendlies", aided by some camel corps Egyptians sent up from Suakin. Two days later, the whole of the Sirdar's army, about 12,000 men, apart from detachments guarding points in the rear, reached the north bank of the Atbara, then little more than a dry, deep water-course, and advanced in three squares. The Dervishes were beaten in cavalry actions on March 21st and 22nd.

Before the end of the month, Mahmoud and his men were heard of as strongly entrenched in the middle of dense bush about forty miles up the river, and, as it seemed, afraid either to advance or to retreat. The Sirdar's forces were now at Ras-el-Hudi, thirty miles west of the enemy. General Kitchener resolved to aim a blow at Mahmoud's base of supplies, his store of dates and corn at Shendy. Captain Keppel went up the river with three gunboats carrying an infantry force, and on Sunday, March 27th, drove out the garrison of 700 Baggaras in flight towards Khartum, with severe loss to the foe, and without a single casualty to his Egyptians and Jaalin "friendlies". About 650 prisoners were taken, mostly Jaalin women and children, thus restored to their tribe, and a large amount of food and ammunition. The place was then burned and the forts destroyed. This achievement made the Sirdar master of the position. His antagonist Mahmoud was fairly "cornered" in his camp on the Atbara, unable to raid for supplies in any direction, and on the road to rapid starvation with his men.

On March 30th, a reconnaissance in force, under General Hunter, with cavalry, infantry, and guns, all Egyptian, was made to within 300 yards of the Dervish zereba. This movement was repeated on April 5th, and the enemy came out in great force, causing a skirmish in which Broadwood's Egyptian horse broke them with considerable loss. Deserters, mostly in rags, and with the haggard look of half-starved men, reported that the news concerning Shendy had produced almost a panic in the Dervish camp. The decisive moment was now near at hand, when the Sirdar and his troops were to reap the reward of long previous preparation, severe toil, and the masterly organization which is the prelude, in such a campaign, of glorious success. A night-march on Thursday, April 7th, brought the Anglo-Egyptian force, moving silently across the desert in brigade-squares, and resting on the way, to within a mile and a half of the enemy's zereba, before five o'clock on the morning of Good Friday, April 8th. The force under the Sirdar, the strongest and best-equipped ever seen under the Egyptian flag up the Nile, consisted of the British Brigade under Gatacre (1st Camerons, 1st Seaforths, 1st Lincolns, 1st Royal Warwicks, and six Maxims); the Egyptian Infantry Division under Archibald Hunter (three brigades of Egyptians and Sudanese under MacDonald, Maxwell, and Lewis, with eight

Egyptian squadrons under Broadwood, and a battery of Maxims); three batteries, each of six 14-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt quick-firing guns, the latest development of field-artillery, under Colonel Long; a horse-battery of six Krupps, under Captain Young, and a detachment with a 24-pound rocket-tube. All the gunners and most of the officers in these batteries were Egyptians.

This formidable army was marshalled for battle at the first gray touch of dawn, when a score of banners and some hundreds of Dervishes were seen upon the banked earth in front of the trenches. A row of storks and huge vultures was visible near by, and herds of startled gazelle and other game moved away on the left. The enemy's zereba was defended by a long row of cut thorny mimosa, piled up and twisted together, and in some places ten feet high and twenty feet across; twenty or thirty yards behind this was a low palisade of palm logs, with shelter-trenches, and ten guns mounted in pits. Then came the main, encircling bank of earth, and inside all was a labyrinth of trenches, rifle-pits, bomb-proof shelters, mud-huts, and many clusters of *tokuls* (or *tukals*), meaning camp-shelters made of palm-branch or grass. The camp was of irregular shape, about 1200 yards across, with the steep-banked Atbara in the rear, to the south-east.

At about a quarter-past six, in broad daylight, the Sirdar's guns were run to the front by the intervals between the brigades, and a stream of fire was poured in on the foe for over an hour. The palisades were breached at several points; the side of a fort was blown away; groups of tukals were set on fire. The Dervishes, crouching in their pits and trenches under the deadly hail, sent scarcely a shot in reply. Then orders for the assault were given, and the Sirdar's line of battle, two deep, about three-quarters of a mile in length, advanced with the British regiments in front on the left. The Camerons, Seaforths, and Lincolns were in line; the Warwicks, in column of companies behind the Cameron left, stood ready to guard the exposed flank from a possible Dervish charge. In the centre were MacDonald's fine Sudanese battalions, with Egyptian infantry in reserve behind. Maxwell's brigade of Sudanese and Egyptians was on the right, his flank being guarded by an Egyptian battalion in column of companies, like the Warwicks on the left. Lewis's brigade of three Egyptian battalions stood in reserve behind Gatacre's right, formed in square with the

water-laden camels, reserve ammunition, and hospital transport. They were ready thus to aid the Warwicks in case of need. Broadwood's Egyptian cavalry were well out on the same left flank, a thousand yards away, ready to meet the Dervish horse. The Sirdar and his staff were posted on a central knoll about a thousand yards from the zereba. General Gatacre and his staff dismounted; Hunter and other leaders remained on horseback. The bugles sounded; the bands of the Egyptian battalions played; the pipers struck up the stirring strains of "The March of the Cameron Men".

Then, uttering British hurrahs and Sudanese yells, the line steadily advanced, with an occasional volley in reply to the heavy ill-aimed Dervish fire. At two hundred yards from the zereba, the shrill whistles of the officers sounded the "cease-fire", and a rush with the bayonet was made. Gatacre, sword in hand, running in front of the kilted Camerons, was the first to touch the thorny defence, barely escaping death from the spear of a Dervish, stabbed by Private Cross of the Camerons in the nick of time. The Cameronians, in impetuous rage, pulled away the thorn-bushes with their bare hands, and made their way inside through all obstacles. Captain Findlay, a huge man over six feet two in stature, in advance of his men, fell shot through the heart. Captain Urquhart, of the same splendid regiment, mortally shot as he leaped a five-foot trench, cried to the men who stopped to raise him "Never mind me, my lads! Go on, Company F." Another Cameron, Private Chalmers, fought with an emir, bayonet to sword, sent him to earth with a thrust, and tore a banner from his grasp. In the centre, Hunter, riding recklessly into the enemy's fire, cheered on the black battalions, with his sword sheathed, waving his helmet in his right hand. To right and left of him rode Maxwell and MacDonald, all three escaping the high-flying bullets from the trenches in front. The Sudanese 12th battalion was headed by Major Townshend, who led the rush into the zereba with his revolver in one hand and a big stick in the other. The 11th Sudanese, under Major Jackson, were really the first to get inside, flinging themselves into and over the bristling thorns, trampling them down, and bounding with levelled bayonets on the spearmen behind. Their loss was the heaviest in the whole force—108 killed and wounded out of less than 700 men.

THE CAMERONS RUSHING THE ZAREBA AT THE ATBARA

When the Sirdar's army advanced towards Khartoum they first met the Dervish hosts on the banks of the river Atbara. The enemy had taken up a very strong position in a wood, which they had fortified with several concentric lines of rifle-pits, zarebas or hedge-enclosures, and an entrenched stockade. The British troops advanced, and after bombarding the zareba for about an hour, charged, and carried the position at the point of the bayonet. The Cameron Highlanders were the first to get at close quarters with the enemy.

The terrible power of an army such as the Sirdar's is shown in the fact that Mahmoud's eighteen thousand warriors, bravely resisting, were thoroughly beaten within twenty-five minutes from the time of the infantry advance on the zereba. Right through to the Atbara the Anglo-Egyptian force swept in victory, the enemy losing about 3000 men killed and 4000 prisoners. The latter included the leader Mahmoud, found hiding in a bomb-proof shelter at the centre of the camp. Osman Digna, with his usual care for his own safety, got away in time. The total loss of the victors was 560 killed and wounded, including the Cameron officers above-named; Lieutenant Gore, of the Seaforths, killed; 22 non-commissioned officers and men killed, and 10 officers and 82 non-coms. and men wounded among the British; with 443 casualties in the Egyptian and Sudanese brigades. Eleven chief emirs, including Wad Bishara, formerly governor of Dongola, were found among the Dervish dead. The Sudanese and British troops met in wild congratulation on the bank of the Atbara, cheering and shaking hands and raising helmets on bayonet-end. The Sirdar was saluted, on their return to the open ground, with a storm of cheers, and, after a rest from the toil of march and battle during the past twenty-four hours, the victorious army moved back to the camping-ground towards the Nile. On Wednesday, April 13th, the Sirdar entered Berber in triumph, at the head of MacDonald's brigade, with his captive Mahmoud before him, amid a great demonstration of joy from the people.

The victory of Sir Herbert Kitchener at the Atbara was a grand feat of arms; a hurricane of war which had blown away a great Dervish army, in virtual annihilation, from a strong position; a deadly blow dealt at barbarism; a triumph gained for humanity and civilization. The event had rendered certain the collapse of the Khalifa's power, proving as it did that, in no position, with any odds of numbers, could his men resist the Anglo-Egyptian and Sudanese soldiers, armed with the best modern weapons. Before quitting this part of our narrative, we may note that Osman Digna, with all his cowardly craftiness, did not get off scatheless. As he retreated up the Atbara, he was encountered by Major Benson, with 400 irregular "friendlies" from Kassala, and, in the fighting which ensued, Osman was wounded in the thigh, managing to escape on a bare-backed horse, leaving behind his Dervish robe,

his coat of mail, several flags, and a large quantity of rifles, spears, and ammunition. The Dervish fugitives with him lost 350 killed and 500 prisoners. In May, the British and Egyptian forces went into summer-quarters to the south and north of Berber, and at that town, awaiting the rise of the Nile which should enable the gun-boats to take part in the advance on the Khalifa's stronghold, Omdurman. Four days of battle—Ferkeh and Hafir in 1896, Abu Hamed in 1897, and the Atbara in the spring of 1898—and two years of toil in laying more than five hundred miles of railway, in marching onwards amid sand-storms and terrible heat, and in getting up supplies, had carried the Egyptian standards from Wady-Halfa to Metemmeh, along seven hundred miles of the Nile valley, to within a hundred and twenty miles of Khartum and Omdurman.

A pause of five months followed the victory at the Atbara, so far as active operations in the field were concerned, but the time was one of busy preparation for the final advance. In May, the line of railway, under the direction of Captain Girouard and his battalion of workers, was brought to Dakhila, at the junction of the Atbara and the Nile, bringing that point within four or five days of Cairo. The flotilla of gunboats for the summer campaign was raised to fourteen, including three new and very powerful vessels, well-armoured against rifle-fire, built on the Thames. Two field-batteries of the Royal Artillery were sent out from Woolwich, one of which had heavy howitzers, and a detachment of Garrison Artillery took out two siege-guns throwing a 50-pound lyddite shell. The army under the Sirdar was reinforced by a second British brigade, forming, with the other brigade, a complete British division, and four Egyptian brigades, each of four battalions, were made ready, constituting in all, with the Egyptian cavalry, artillery, and camel corps, and a force of friendly Arabs, a splendid army of 25,000 men. Hundreds of miles of telegraph had been carried, under the direction of Captain Manifold, R.E., along the Nile bank and through the desert, and communication with the stations along the line of supply, and with Cairo and England, was completed by the carrying of the line across the great river, in an insulated cable laid from Dakhila.

The date for the advance on Omdurman was settled by the fact that the Nile between Berber and the Dervish capital would

be at its highest about the end of August. In July, gunboats took up Sudanese troops to Nasri Island, forty miles above Shendy, and that place, with a fort erected, became an advanced dépôt for stores, only eighty miles from Omdurman. An advance-camp was formed, in the third week of August, at Wad Hamed, on the left (western) bank of the Nile, above Nasri Island, and the army proceeded thither for the final stroke. The British Division was composed of two brigades—the First, under Brigadier-general Wauchope, made up of the troops we saw at the Atbara—the 1st Camerons, Seaforths, Lincolns, and Royal Warwicks; the Second, under Brigadier-general Lyttelton, had the 1st Grenadier Guards, Rifle Brigade, and Northumberland Fusiliers, and the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers. The Division was commanded by General Gatacre. The Egyptian Division, under Archibald Hunter, had four brigades of Egyptians and Sudanese, under MacDonald, Maxwell, Lewis, and Collinson. The mounted troops were the 21st Lancers (formerly 21st Hussars) under Colonel Martin; ten squadrons of Egyptian cavalry, under Broadwood; and eight companies of the camel corps, or Egyptian mounted infantry, under Major Tudway. This formidable army was strengthened by forty-four guns—15-pounder field-guns, Maxims, Maxim-Nordenfeldts (quick-firing), and the 5-inch howitzers and siege-guns above-mentioned. The fourteen gunboats were under Captain Keppel; some thousands of Arab "friendlies" marched up the right (east) bank under Major Stuart-Wortley. Such was the superb force led by Sir Herbert Kitchener to the onslaught on the Sudan stronghold of cruel tyranny. On August 23rd a great review was held at the foot of the Shabluka Cataract, the troops forming a line of nearly two miles from flank to flank. On the next morning, after a night of furious storm, blowing down tents and telegraph-poles, the advance began.

The first sight of Omdurman was obtained, with a good telescope, from the top of Jebel Royan Mountain, whence the dome of the Mahdi's tomb, as a white speck glittering in the sun, was seen far away on the southern horizon, being first descried by Major Gordon, R.E., nephew of him who perished at Khartum. Deserters and refugees poured in daily with information, either coming in the dark across the desert or floating down the river on logs of wood or inflated water-skins, and being picked up by the

gunboats. All reported that the Khalifa, with a vast army, meant to fight at the Kerreri Hills, north of Omdurman. The 21st Lancers, acting with the advanced screen of cavalry, had skirmishes with some Dervish horse. On August 30th, four of the gunboats steamed on till they were abreast of Kerreri, and saw the Dervish forts on the riverside below Khartum. The decisive day was now close at hand.

On Thursday, September 1st, the Sirdar's army was gathered on the west bank of the Nile, about a mile and a half south of Kerreri, with the camp shaped like a rough capital D, the curve facing the desert, and the straight side along the river. The ground in front was a slightly undulating plain, about a mile wide, with very little cover for any attacking force. Beyond the plain were some low hills, and to the left (south-west) rose a bold rocky mass called Jebel Surgham, which was occupied by a party of the 21st Lancers, who established on the summit a heliograph signalling-station. On the previous day, Broadwood, with his Egyptian cavalry and the camel corps, the horse-battery and some Maxims, had approached Omdurman on the western side, occupying a hill five miles away. His appearance caused the war-drums to beat in the city, and from every street and alley on its seven miles of front the Khalifa's warriors came forth, with hundreds of standards flying, and then began to advance. Broadwood, of course, retired leisurely on the camp, and the Dervishes then withdrew. On the next day, September 1st, Keppel, with six of his gunboats, bombarded the villages opposite Omdurman, Tuti Island, and the Khalifa's riverside batteries at Omdurman, aided by howitzers placed on the east bank. A large fort on Tuti Island was soon destroyed; the riverside forts were wrecked; one side of the Mahdi's white tomb was smashed in, and the central building of the palace was ruined. There can be little doubt that the effect of the shells in Omdurman made the Khalifa resolve to come out in the open, and thus deliver his forces into the hands of Sir Herbert Kitchener.

A little before noon (September 1st) the enemy, nearly fifty thousand strong, marched out in three great lines, each about two and a half miles in length, with the flags of the emirs flying, the black banner of the Khalifa in the midst, hundreds of drums beating, and the *ombeyas* or great ivory war-horns sounding.

Such a force, both as regards quality and numbers, had never been gathered since Mahdism had arisen. About thirty thousand of the army—the drilled black troops, men of the same stamp as the Sirdar's Sudanese, and the "Jehadie", or Dervish regulars—carried Remington rifles, but, fortunately for their foes, the cartridges were of very inferior make and the men were ill-trained in the use of their weapons. The rest of the force were spearmen and swordsmen, including some thousands of Baggara cavalry, the most daring and skilful riders of all savage Africa. The Khalifa had, practically, no artillery, his Krupp guns having been mostly mounted in the riverside batteries. He and his men, on the night before the fateful day, bivouacked between Omdurman and Jebel Surgham, about three and a half miles away from the Sirdar's camp. We may here note that General Kitchener, with his usual sagacity, had timed his arrival before Omdurman to occur when the moon was near the full, so as to minimize the danger from a night attack. As an additional security, the gun-boats were moored close to the west bank, and swept the flanks and front of the camp with the broad white beams of their electric search-lights. Colonel Wingate, moreover, sent some of his "friendlies" to prowl about the Dervish camp as pretended traitors, spreading the report that the Sirdar intended, as at Ferkeh and the Atbara, to march out and attack in the morning twilight. The Khalifa was thus induced to remain quiet during the night, in expectation of being assailed at dawn.

About half-past three in the morning of September 2nd, nearly two hours before sunrise, the men in the Sirdar's camp arose at sound of bugle and drum, breakfasted, and stood ready. The gunboats, with steam up, were cleared for action. The battle-line was about a mile and a half long, with its flanks thrown back so as to rest on the Nile. The left was formed by the British division; the centre by the Egyptian troops; on the right was the Sudanese brigade. The powerful artillery was ranged at intervals throughout the line. Broadwood's Egyptian horse, the camel corps, and the horse-battery were on the extreme right, near the river, well outside the curving battle-line. Soon after six o'clock the scouts sent in reports that the enemy were advancing, and the first great mass of Dervish infantry was seen, clad in the white "jibba", with divers coloured patches,

the bright-hued pennons of their emirs fluttering overhead. The famous battle of Omdurman was about to begin.

This contest, of vast importance in its results, is of interest, in the military sense, only from one or two incidents. It was, for the Dervishes, almost hopeless from the first, in spite of a display of valour such as has rarely been equalled in the history of war. Fanatical fury, resolute courage, and inferior weapons, were pitted against a body of brave troops, perfectly trained, supplied with the best modern implements of destruction, and most favourably placed for their free use. It was a fight of barbarism, on a scale of grandeur seldom seen, against civilization, and the result could not be for a moment doubtful. The first gun fired from the Sirdar's line, precisely at 6.40, was a Royal Artillery 15-pounder on the left, and its shrapnel-shell, bursting fairly in the air, rolled over a good score of men on the enemy's right. The whole of the British and Egyptian artillery opened, and in a few minutes the British division were firing their Lee-Metfords, at 2700 yards range, with good effect on the enemy's dense array. The Egyptians and Sudanese, in the centre and right, were still silently waiting in their shelter-trenches, the range being far beyond the reach of their Martini rifles. Falling by hundreds, and firing with little effect, the Dervishes came steadily on, saluted at last by a general discharge from the whole of the Sirdar's line, and from the quick-firing guns of the flotilla.

On the right of our camp, the Dervish left attack, directed by the Khalifa's son Osman, and screened by the spur of the hills running towards the river near Kerreri, managed to get in between Broadwood's mounted troops and the Sirdar's army. Their heavy rifle-fire did much damage to the horses of Major Young's battery, and two of the guns were for the time abandoned. The camel corps were cut off, losing about sixty men, when three gun-boats, steaming up close to the bank, rescued them by a shower of shells and Maxim-bullets, forcing the enemy to retire with severe loss. Broadwood's troopers, retiring northwards, and fighting with part of Osman's force, finally drove off their pursuers, and reached the camp in safety. His gallant Egyptians, against vast odds, had behaved with the utmost steadiness, and rendered the great service of diverting from the general attack ten thousand of the Khalifa's best troops.

Turning to the main scene of action, we find the Dervish riflemen advancing to within about 800 yards and doing some damage in the Sirdar's force. The cavalry and spearmen, pressing bravely on, were slain in thousands or disabled at about 500 yards' range. The casualties in the British division, chiefly caused by riflemen at 400 yards' range, lying down in depressions of the plain, included the mortal wounding of Captain Caldecott, of the 1st Warwicks, and the wounding of Captain Bagot, of the Grenadier Guards; Captain de Rougemont, R.A.; Colonel Rhodes, the *Times* correspondent; and Lieut.-col. Sloggett, of the Army Medical Corps. For half an hour the enemy came on, with reckless courage, only to be slaughtered in heaps, and the nature of the battle may be inferred from the fact that no man of the hostile force was killed nearer to the British division than 200 yards away. The Khalifa's black banner, about six feet square, flying from a long bamboo lance adorned with silver, was brought up in front of the array that bore down on Maxwell's Egyptians and Sudanese. Ever falling as the hands that bore it were weakened by wounds, it ever rose aloft in the grasp of another warrior, until the last man near it had succumbed.

At half-past seven the enemy were evidently beginning to understand the uselessness of all efforts to come to close quarters. Thousands of their bravest men had fallen, and for full two miles along the desert the dead and wounded lay in heaps or stretched in rows. Towards eight o'clock, as the Dervishes slowly retired, the rifle-fire from the Sirdar's line had nearly ceased, while the batteries and the gunboats still shelled the hills and the hollows in the ground where riflemen lingered. It was, however, only the first phase of the battle that had thus ceased.

At half-past eight, the Sirdar, deeming the contest over in that quarter, resolved to advance to Omdurman, about five miles distant. The brigades were formed in line of parallel columns, with enough interval to deploy into line, the second British brigade leading the way, under Lyttelton, facing south, with its left on the river bank. Next, a little to the rear and right, went Wauchope, with the first brigade. Again farther to the right, were Maxwell's and Lewis's Egyptians and Sudanese. Well to the rear of Lewis was MacDonald with his Sudanese, nearest to the hills to the west.

The 21st Lancers, who had been in the rear of the British line

at the camp on the river, were now ordered to the front of the British division, to reconnoitre the retiring Dervishes. The regiment, formed after the Indian Mutiny out of various mounted corps in the service of the East India Company, were the youngest in the British cavalry, and bore no battle-honours on their standards. Officers and men were eager for distinction, and their chance was soon to come. Colonel Martin had carefully trained the 350 men in his four squadrons. Some of their scouts rode back and reported that about 200, as they judged, of the enemy were hiding in a hollow—a *khor*, in the native term—that ran down to the river. The Lancers were at once formed up for a charge, Colonel Martin in front at the centre, and the squadrons moved against the west of the hollow. As they neared the spot, a few men and horses fell under rifle-bullets, and at 300 yards away, the advancing horsemen could see that they were about to encounter no mere handful of beaten force, but a great mass of riflemen and spearmen, full of fight, packed together in the rocky *khor*. Colonel Martin rode straight for the enemy's centre, and in a minute the Lancers, dashing through a storm of bullets, and leaping down a three-foot drop into the hollow, were in the thick of at least 1500 foes. In another minute they had ridden right through them, with countless deeds of heroic daring. No finer exploit was ever performed by cavalry. It is impossible to dwell in detail on this encounter, and we can only here state that the Lancers emerged from the desperate struggle with 22 men killed and over 50 severely wounded. Of the horses, about 120 were killed. Scarcely a man or horse had no injury. After fighting their way back, officers and men were eager for another charge, but Colonel Martin would not sanction useless sacrifice of life, and drove off the Dervishes with a carbine-fire from dismounted men. As the enemy withdrew, they were almost destroyed by shrapnel and by infantry fire from the British division. Sixty of their dead were found in the hollow. Lieutenant Grenfell was killed on the British side.

The second phase, and crisis, of the battle came as the Sirdar's main force, starting at half-past nine, reached the top of the sandy ridge between Jebel Surgham and the river. Sir Herbert Kitchener and his staff were riding close at hand on the ridge, eager to see what was in front. The Khalifa showed some mili-

tary skill in his next movement. Far from retiring, as in utter defeat, on Omdurman, he had gathered, under the screen of the hills to the west, looking down on the battle-field, a large force of warriors only slightly, if at all, engaged in his first attack. Massed in two huge columns, they made a converging attack on the Egyptian right and right-rear. His left column, partly composed of the men engaged against Colonel Broadwood, as above described, was under the Khalifa's son Osman, and an emir of more experience, Ali Wad Helu, an early comrade of the Mahdi, and a leader who had assisted in crushing the force under Hicks Pasha and in capturing El-Obeid and Khartum. The other or right-hand column was commanded by the Khalifa's brother Yakub, with the Khalifa and his black banner accompanying the troops.

General MacDonald was the hero of this second engagement. He led one Egyptian and three choice Sudanese battalions, about 3000 excellent infantry, aided by three Egyptian batteries of Maxim-Nordenfelt quick-firers, and two Maxim-detachments. These guns, combined with his admirable skill and resolution, and the steadiness of his men, saved his force from destruction. Wave upon wave, the Dervishes rushed down from the hills as MacDonald was deploying into line facing westwards. The onset was met by a hail of bullets and shells from the eighteen guns, by desultory fire from the Sudanese, and by steady volleys from the Egyptians. For ten minutes MacDonald and his men were unsupported, the nearest infantry, Lewis's Egyptian brigade, being nearly a mile away. General Hunter, seeing the danger, had galloped up to the threatened point, but left all control to his able subordinate, sending off mounted men in hot haste to the Sirdar for help. Yakub's horse and foot were checked for a time by the fire, and then the second Dervish column, under Osman and Wad Helu, came charging from MacDonald's right. It was needful to change front, a manœuvre very difficult even for the best troops in the heat of action. The splendid discipline of MacDonald's men was equal to the occasion. They fully trusted their leader and his officers, and he knew that he could trust his men.

Swinging back his right so as to bring two Sudanese battalions and one of the batteries facing north, he poured volleys into the new assailants. It was a terrible moment as 3000 heroes faced the desperate rush of more than six times their number of equally

brave fanatics. It was death to be outflanked, and they all knew it. On the right front the enemy got up to within 400 yards, and some of the Dervishes pressed so close as to hurl spears, wounding an officer and some men, into the line. A few of them who got round the right flank were dealt with by Major Tudway's camel corps, hurrying up in support. The force of the mighty onset was broken, and help arrived when some of MacDonald's men had only six cartridges left in their pouches. The Sirdar, viewing the attack, sent one of his batteries at the gallop up the sandy slope towards Jebel Surgham, and the 15-pound shrapnel shell was soon tearing huge gaps among Yakub's warriors. Collinson, Lewis, and Maxwell, with their brigades, moved quickly up, and Wauchope, with the second British brigade, came on at the double, and formed in MacDonald's rear. The gunboats poured shell into Osman's division, and the battle was won. Wad Helu was carried off by his men, badly wounded. Yakub and the Khalifa, with the black banner, made for the mass striving to rally on the northern slope of Jebel Surgham. The Dervish cavalry made desperate efforts, but all withered away under the terrific fire of the Sirdar's now united force. Yakub and four hundred of his bravest followers died to the very last man around the black banner, captured by the 15th Egyptians, under Major Hickman, of Lewis's brigade. The Khalifa, with a mounted escort, galloped off to Omdurman, just as the Sirdar, riding up with his staff, received the black flag from Hickman's hand. A general advance cleared away all the fighting remnants of the foe, and at a quarter past eleven the victorious line was halted, facing westwards towards the desert.

The order was then given for march southwards to Omdurman, across the battle-field where some twenty thousand dead and wounded Dervishes lay, the victims of a defeat which had cost the conquerors less than five hundred men. The gunboats, escorting the force on the left, were received, near the north end of the great town, by a crowd of people, chiefly women, holding up a white flag, and presenting peace-offerings of goats and chickens, cakes and fruit. As the Sudanese battalions entered the suburbs, they were forced to clear out, with bayonet and bullet, groups of desperate men firing from the houses, and bullets were still flying as the Sirdar rode in at the head of his staff. As he entered, the

Hon. Hubert Howard, a son of the Earl of Carlisle, and acting as war-correspondent of the *Times* and the *New York Herald*, was killed by a shell from one of the batteries, which dropped in the courtyard of the Khalifa's palace. Mr. Howard, riding as a volunteer with the 21st Lancers in their desperate charge, had come out unhurt from that deadly trap, only to fall by a shot from his own side. The Khalifa, vainly pursued by Broadwood's cavalry, and Tudway's camel corps, escaped to the south on a swift dromedary, with a few of his chiefs, some of his wives, and a small escort. The Sirdar made his way to the prison, and there released from his chains the German trader, Charles Neufeld, a captive since 1887. An Italian, some Greeks, and more than a hundred Abyssinians taken when King Johannes was defeated, with some Egyptians and Sudanese, including a staff-officer of General Gordon during the siege of Khartum, also recovered their freedom. We must not forget to note that Osmap, the Khalifa's son, who had passed through the battle without a wound, escaped with his father, and that Osman Digna, who always kept himself safe, was of the party.

On the Monday after the battle, September 5th, the British division, already having more than 200 men down from sickness, began to move northwards in detachments. The staff of the Royal Army Medical Corps, now engaged for the first time under its new title and with a new organization, had abundant work in tending between six and seven thousand of the wounded Dervishes, most of whom rapidly recovered. There were at least 10,000 un-wounded prisoners, the great mass of whom were at once disarmed and set free, only the emirs and Baggaras being detained. In the first week after the victory, about 40,000 people, including released prisoners and refugees, were sent back to their homes. On Sunday, September 4th, the Sirdar and his staff, with the commanders of divisions and brigades, and many other British officers, crossed over to Khartum, attended by guards of honour from several British corps, including Gordon's own, the Royal Engineers, and the Royal Artillery, and by the band of the 11th Sudanese and the Cameron and Seaforth pipers. The troops were formed in a hollow square in front of the ruined palace, close to the spot where Gordon was killed. The Union Jack and the Khedive's flag were then hoisted on two flagstaffs raised on the palace wall.

Two gunboats on the river fired a salute, and the bands played the British National Anthem and the Khedive's March. The music was followed by a brief religious memorial service. A few of the officers present, three of the newspaper correspondents, and one of the four chaplains, Father Brindle, had been, over thirteen years previously, sharers in the expedition across the Bayuda Desert. They were here now as witnesses of the inauguration of a new era of peace, freedom, and progress in the Sudan, the great cause in which the hero had laid down his life. The chaplains in turn offered prayer, the band played the Dead March in *Saul*, the pipers sent forth a Highland coronach, and the steamers fired nineteen minute-guns. The Sirdar called for cheers for the Queen and the Khedive, and the ranks were broken.

On the next morning, Sir Herbert Kitchener, wishing to display to the people the white contingent of his victorious army, sent the British division marching through Omdurman with bands and pipes playing. After a tramp of five miles, they reached the Mahdi's ruined tomb, and then returned to camp. The Sirdar then took formal possession of his conquest by receiving a pledge of fealty to the Egyptian government from about a hundred of the principal Arab sheikhs of the city and district. In order to confirm possession of the whole region to the east as far as the Abyssinian border, some minor expeditions were promptly undertaken. Ahmed I'edil, with a force of 3000 riflemen, had moved out of Gedaref, and down the Blue Nile, to support the Khalifa at Omdurman. On September 7th, Colonel Parsons, Governor of Kassala, with about 1400 Egyptians and Arabs, marched out, crossed the Atbara, moved up the left bank, and on September 22nd, about two miles north of Gedaref, defeated the Dervishes, with a loss to them of 500 men, including several emirs. The action was severe, causing the victors about a hundred casualties, including 35 men killed. Gedaref, the last stronghold of the Dervishes, was then occupied. Ahmed Fedil, however, returned to attack Gedaref, but was repulsed in a night action on October 23rd, by part of a force detached from Khartum under Major-general Rundle. On December 26th, near Rosaires, on the Blue Nile, about 300 miles from Khartum, Colonel Lewis, with an Anglo-Egyptian column, utterly defeated the same Dervish leader, killing about 500 men, and taking 1500 prisoners, with

a large number of women and cattle. The victors lost about 150 men, of whom 27 were killed. A little expedition, which started up the Blue Nile, on a gunboat, on September 19th, with men of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and the 10th Sudanese, under General Hunter, reached Rosaires and returned, after carrying the British flag into a region where it had never yet been seen. We must now turn to the famous Fashoda episode, in which we shall see the Sirdar personally concerned.

On September 7th, one of the Khalifa's steamers, the *Tewfikieh*, formerly in Gordon's flotilla, came down the Nile to Omdurman, flying the white flag, in token of surrender to the Sirdar. Her captain brought tidings of the presence at Fashoda, about 400 miles up the river, of a party of black soldiers with white officers. Their flag was, from the description given, the French tricolour. Sir Herbert Kitchener, acting on instructions already received from London, forthwith started for Fashoda with a flotilla of five steamers, towing double-decked barges and some Nile boats, and conveying the 11th and 13th Sudanese, a company of the Camerons, and an Egyptian battery. Slowly, amidst masses of weed, and against the strong current, the vessels made their way, the people on board seeing large numbers of crocodiles and hippopotami, and displaying to astonished natives the strongest force of troops ever seen in that part of Africa. On September 15th the flotilla encountered Dervishes encamped on the west bank, about two-thirds of the way to Fashoda. The emir in command had a gunboat, the *Safia*, and eleven large Nile boats, with a force of riflemen. Shell-fire from the *Sultan*, Commander Keppel's flagship, soon blew up the *Safia*'s boiler, and the 11th Soudanese then landed and drove off the enemy, taking some prisoners, including their emir. He stated that he had fought some Europeans entrenched at Fashoda. A letter in French was sent on by a negro runner from a village twelve miles north of Fashoda, addressed to the leader of the Europeans, whoever he might be, informing him of the capture of Omdurman, and of the approach of the expedition. On the next morning (September 19th) a reply came written and signed by Captain Marchand, who had been on the Upper Nile since the beginning of July. Congratulating the Sirdar on his victory, Marchand informed him that by order of the French government he had occupied the Bahr-el-Ghazal,

or White Nile, in that region, the Shilluk country, and the left (west) bank of the Nile as far as Fashoda.

Great Britain and France were thus brought face to face on the Upper Nile. The Sirdar's instructions had fully provided for the matter before him. The large force under his command precluded all chance of armed collision, and he had simply to assert British and Egyptian rights. As between the two European countries, there was absolutely no case for discussion. The French government had been formally and officially warned by the British Foreign Office against any attempt to establish French influence in that part of Africa, and the warning had been accepted by the French minister, M. Delcassé. After a discussion with Captain Marchand, in which the Sirdar happily mingled firmness with courtesy, the French officer remained at his post, subject to the receipt of orders from his government. The Sirdar, for his part, hoisted the Egyptian and British flags outside the French post; installed Major Jackson as governor of Fashoda, leaving with him a battalion of Sudanese, a gunboat, and four guns; supplied the Frenchmen with needed stores of food; and steamed on, about sixty miles, to Sobat, where an Egyptian garrison was established so as to intercept any possible supplies or reinforcements coming down the river to the French party at Fashoda. The Sirdar then returned to Omdurman, arriving on September 25th, and finding there his old chief, General Sir Francis Grenfell. We may here note that the Fashoda affair was amicably settled, the French government duly sending orders for the withdrawal of Captain Marchand and his men.

Sir Herbert Kitchener, having practically completed the reconquest of the Sudan, a triumph of patient preparation, modern weapons, and engineering and military skill, came home for a season to the British Isles, where he was received with wonderful enthusiasm. Raised to the peerage as "Lord Kitchener of Khartum", he became a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and was honoured in their own style by the City of London and other municipalities, and by the two chief universities. He had done that which was matter of rejoicing for every lover of peace and freedom, sharing the honours of victory, according to a just estimate, with Sir Evelyn Wood and Grenfell, who preceded him in the great work of organizing and training the Egyptian army;

and with Lord Cromer, the great man, the "master-mind", as Lord Kitchener styled him in his speech of thanks for the sword of honour presented at the Guildhall, who, as the Queen's "Agent and Consul-general and Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt", had, by his reforms in the civil government and finances of the country, refilled her treasury and made the reconquest of the Sudan a possible undertaking.

The great organizer, the splendidly successful general, before he quitted England for his sphere of action in Egypt and the Sudan, showed his possession of the tact of a diplomatist, the benevolence of a philanthropist, and the prevision of a statesman. Striking while the iron was hot, in the full glow of his newly-won glory amongst his countrymen, the Sirdar appealed to them for the sum of £100,000 for the establishment of a Gordon Memorial College at Khartum. Looking forward to a fresh conquest of the Sudan, not by the weapons of war, but by the arts of civilization, he sought to train the children of the freed Sudanese; to make civil administrators out of the Arabs as he had made soldiers out of the Egyptian fellahin, and, in the best—the moral and intellectual—sense of the words, to have "the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose". This appeal met with a swift and most hearty response. The sum needed for his enterprise, the kind of "vengeance" that would have gladdened the heart of Gordon, was subscribed in a few days. The Queen became patron of the scheme, which was warmly supported by the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, and on January 5th, 1899, Lord Cromer laid the foundation-stone at Khartum.

One thing alone was wanting to complete Lord Kitchener's success in the overthrow of barbaric power in the Sudan. The Khalifa was still at large. Osman Digna was not yet caught. They could not endanger the new power of Egypt, but they might seriously hamper progress in her dominions on the Upper Nile. At last, after some unsuccessful pursuits of Abdullah, he was overtaken by a force under the command of the great "intelligence-officer", Colonel Sir Francis Wingate, with Colonel Hickman and the Sirdar's able aide-de-camp, Major Watson, at a point about 200 miles south of Khartum. His advance-guard, under Ahmed Fedil, was first broken up, and the Khalifa himself was attacked on November 24th, 1899, and utterly

defeated. In his last encounter, he died like a hero, seated, according to the custom of Arab chieftains who disdain surrender, on his "furwa" or sheepskin. With him perished also the chief emir Wad Helu, Ahmed Fedil, the Khalifa's two brothers, and many other leaders. Wholesale surrender followed his death, and 3000 men, and double the number of women and children, were taken, along with vast quantities of weapons, cattle, and other booty. This success, purchased at the trifling cost of four men killed, and two officers and twenty-seven men wounded among the victors, was emphatically "the end of Mahdism". In the simple words of the Sirdar, "the Sudan may now be considered open"—open to the Cook's tourist, to industry and commerce. After years of steady toil, working secretly, surely, with the certainty of fate, towards a great end in view, the Sirdar, "one of the greatest logicians of action that ever worked out his demonstrations with the sword", had reached his aim. It is a subject of legitimate pride for Britons that, at the very time of this final success, the empire was engaged in a great contest in South Africa, in which we shall see the conqueror of Omdurman acting as chief adviser to Great Britain's ablest soldier. The political aspect of the event was of vast importance in the significant warning thus given to all whom it might concern.

It only remains to add that the shifty Osman Digna, who had, as usual, managed to escape from the Khalifa's last battle, was captured, in January, 1900, at a place ninety miles distant from Suakin, and conveyed to Suez on his way to Cairo; and that on January 19th, 1900, an Anglo-Egyptian Convention, a document of great importance, placed the conquered territory under the supreme military and civil control of a "Governor-general of the Sudan", to be appointed and removed alike with the consent of the British government. In all respects, his proclamations are to be law for the whole region or for any named part thereof. The administration is to be distinct from that of Egypt, with no "Mixed Tribunals", except in the town of Suakin, and no foreign consuls or agents permitted to reside without the consent of the British government. The policy of "the open door" for trade is to be fully adopted, with duties on goods coming from elsewhere than Egypt (whence merchandise enters free) not exceeding the corresponding duties for the time being

on goods entering Egypt from abroad. The importation and exportation of slaves, as regards the Sudan, is absolutely prohibited, and the Brussels Act of July 2nd, 1890, in respect to the import, sale, and manufacture of firearms, munitions of war, and distilled or spirituous liquors, will be specially enforced. Such, at the close of the nineteenth century, was the condition of affairs in the Sudan set free by British policy and by British and Egyptian arms.

In the spring of 1900, Lord Kitchener was succeeded, as Sirdar of the Egyptian army, by Major-general Sir Francis Reginald Wingate, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., who also became Governor-general of Egyptian Sudan. The conquered territory was divided into four first-class districts, viz. Omdurman (extending to Abu Haras on the Blue Nile, and to Abu Hasa on the White Nile), Senaar, Kassala, and Fashoda; and into three second-class districts, Assuan, Wady-Halfa, and Suakin; and six military governors have been appointed. The whole territory has an area of about 950,000 square miles, extending southwards for about 1400 miles from the Egyptian frontier to Lake Albert Nyanza, and from the Red Sea to the confines of Wadai. The provinces of which it consists are Dongola, Khartum, Suakin, Senaar, Kordofan, Darfur, and the Equatorial Province with Fazogli and Bahr-el-Ghazal, with Omdurman, Khartum, Wady-Halfa, New Dongola, El-Obeid, Senaar, Kassala, and Suakin as the chief towns. We may conclude by noting that the Anglo-French agreement ratified in June 1899, for the settlement of the partition of the "hinterlands" of the West African spheres of the two Powers, or, to speak strictly, a supplementary agreement (attached to the above instrument) dealing with the whole question of partitions between Great Britain and France, secured Baghirmi and Wadai to France, and Darfur to Great Britain.

VICTOR ADOLPHUS GREGORY

CHAPTER VII.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES (1815 to present time).

The Ashburton Treaty—Suppression of the slave-trade—Settlement of the Oregon question—British recruiting in the United States—Visit of the Prince of Wales—Attitude of Great Britain during the American civil war—Affair of the *Trent*—Running the blockade—Confederate cruisers built in British ship-yards—The Treaty of Washington—The *Alabama* claims—Growth of social and sympathetic relations between the United States and Great Britain.

During eighty-five years, since the close of the war in 1815, Great Britain and the United States have remained on terms of peace and friendship which, as time rolls on, are ever less likely to be disturbed. There have been disputes between the great kindred nations, either settled by negotiation, or, in these latter days, by the arbitration of friendly Powers. There have been provocations from both sides. Now and again, high officials of the States, adopting the tone of certain sections of their countrymen, have shown a tendency to indulge in the amusement described, in picturesque slang, as “twisting the British lion’s tail”. On this side of the Atlantic, British arrogance and contemptuous allusions to, partly due to misconceptions of, American institutions, parties, feelings, and tastes have, on divers occasions, been in evidence. The best part of the societies which represent most fully and fairly monarchical and republican democracy have been conspicuous in abstaining from these hazardous delights.

In August, 1842, the Ashburton Treaty finally arranged the boundary between the State of Maine and Canada. In the earlier times, when the region was settled, the frontier had been left vague, and the residents on the debated ground were therefore ignorant whether they were living under British or American government and law. The arbitration of the King of the Netherlands was called in, but his award was declined by both parties in the controversy. The British ministry at this time was headed by Sir Robert Peel, and he now made an excellent choice of a special envoy to Washington. Lord Ashburton, formerly Mr. Alexander Baring, head of the famous London house of that name, and President of the Board of Trade in Peel’s first brief administration, was not only an admirable man of business, but one who was so connected with the United States by commercial and family relations, drawn closer

by a residence of some years in the States, in the service of his firm, that, though he was a thorough Englishman in mind and manners, he could largely sympathize with American feelings, and possessed a full knowledge of American institutions, customs, and modes of thought. He was received with the utmost cordiality in America, and in due time he concluded an agreement which gave to the United States seven-twelfths of the disputed territory, but was, in other respects, advantageous to Great Britain in securing a better military frontier, with the possession of heights commanding the river St. Lawrence. The discontent of some politicians on both sides with the Treaty of Washington was good evidence of the equality and fairness of its provisions. Lord Ashburton, on his return, justly received the thanks of Parliament.

In the following year, 1843, there was a satisfactory settlement of a complicated question which had given rise to much irritation in both countries. The British cruisers engaged in controlling the slave-trade, under certain treaties to which the United States was not a party, frequently overhauled vessels carrying slave-cargoes, and flying the American flag. The purpose was, of course, not to molest real American merchantmen, but to examine the papers of ships which might be falsely bearing the colours of the United States. The mild temperament of Lord Aberdeen, then at the head of the Foreign Office, was of service at this time, and his explanations to the American minister at St. James' were such as to fully satisfy the American President, Mr. Tyler, and the Congress or House of Representatives. That body agreed that the honour of the American flag "demanded that it should not be used by others to cover an iniquitous traffic". It was now arranged that, with liability in the British government to make reparation for damage or delay in case of undue interference with American ships, the captains of our cruisers could require the production of a ship's papers, whenever there was fair suspicion that the United States flag was being wrongfully used. The American government also agreed to maintain a squadron off the West African coast, in order to guard against such an abuse.

The Oregon Treaty, concluded in 1846, brought the end of a long-standing dispute which had, at various times, appeared to involve a serious risk of war. Oregon was at that time a vast territory on the Pacific coast, adjoining what became afterwards

known as British Columbia. The State of Oregon, as now constituted, is divided from our territory by the State of Washington. In 1818, a treaty arranged for the joint occupation of the Oregon region by citizens of the United States and of Great Britain, and New Englanders began to settle there in 1832. In 1843, the American President, Tyler, announced that he was going to negotiate for a final settlement of British claims on the territory. Ardent spirits in and out of Congress were eager for immediate American occupation in military force, and caravans of restless people began to make the long and then dreary journey to, over, and beyond the Rocky Mountains, a route on which tribes of hostile Indians and myriads of buffaloes were then to be encountered. During 1844 and the following year, much excitement arose, and the new President, Mr. Polk, in his inaugural address delivered in 1845, even hinted at the possibility of war. Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, drew enthusiastic cheers from both sides when he declared that his government was resolved and prepared, after exhausting all efforts for peace, to maintain its rights. Better feelings, on reflection, came on both sides, and negotiations were resumed, ending in a compromise offered, in a moderate and conciliatory fashion, by Lord Aberdeen, and accepted in June, 1846, as the settlement of the Oregon question. The boundary-line, passing from the Rocky Mountains westwards, along the 49th degree of latitude, to the middle of the channel separating Vancouver's Island from the mainland, left to Great Britain the possession of that fine territory, with the free navigation of the Columbia river.

In 1856, some trouble arose in connection with the Russian or Crimean War. The American government alleged that British agents, in trying to obtain recruits for our service in the contest, had violated the municipal law of the United States. Some of our consuls were summarily dismissed, and Mr. Crampton, our minister at Washington, was treated in like fashion, on the ground that he had been aware of these illegal acts. Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, was blamed for not dismissing Mr. Dallas, the American envoy, but he treated matters very coolly, and, finding that the American law had really been infringed, he made an apology to the United States, and ended the services of the enlisting agents. A motion of censure in the House of Commons was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

Four years later, in 1860, the government and people of the States took advantage of an opportunity for friendly displays of feeling towards this country, as represented by the heir to the British throne. In the spring of that year, the Prince of Wales, then in his nineteenth year, visited Canada, and on his behalf the Queen accepted cordial invitations from the President, Mr. Buchanan, and from the municipality of New York. It was arranged that the Prince should return through the States, travelling as a private gentleman, under the title of "Lord Renfrew", and accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, the Colonial Secretary. At Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington, New York, and Boston, the Prince was received with the most gratifying demonstrations of respect, hospitality, and welcome. From Washington he was conducted to the great patriot's home and burial-place at Mount Vernon, where he planted a chestnut-tree beside the tomb. At New York an uproarious display of friendliness was made, and Boston, the city of intellectual culture, was almost as demonstrative. Mr. Charles Sumner, the eminent jurist and statesman, writing from Boston to Mr. Evelyn Denison, the Speaker, declared that it "seemed as if a young heir long absent were returning to take possession", and remarked to the Duke of Newcastle that "he was carrying home to Great Britain an unwritten treaty of amity and alliance between two great nations". President Buchanan afterwards addressed the Queen in most complimentary terms concerning the demeanour of her son and heir, and our sovereign replied in words expressing warm thanks for the nature of the reception accorded, and her strong sense of the value, to both nations, of the feeling that had been manifested in the United States.

It was well that such an interchange of amicable sentiments between the highest personages on both sides had occurred at this time. It was better still that behind these expressions lay, in the heart of both nations, a large reality of affection and esteem. Dark days were at hand, when the friendly relations between the larger part of the States and Great Britain were to be subjected to the severest tests. In April, 1861, the cannon fired against Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbour, South Carolina, proclaimed the outbreak of the great civil war between the Federal, or Northern, and the Confederate, or Southern, American states. With that most momentous struggle we are only here concerned so far as the

conflict affected the interests of Great Britain. For various reasons, the "upper classes", as they are called, in this country, or "society", represented by the *Times* newspaper and some other "leading journals", took part, in the main, with the Confederate cause. The British democracy, in its better representatives, and many of our most eminent and far-seeing politicians, believed in and hoped for the success of the Federals, striving by force to bring back the seceded States to the Union. The ministry, in which Lord Palmerston was Premier and Lord Russell the Foreign Secretary, strove from the first to maintain an absolute neutrality. They could not, however, avoid the recognition of existing facts, and the Federal government, at a very early stage, resented our acknowledgment, as a belligerent power, of those whom the "Northerners" regarded as Rebels. It was forgotten in the North that the Federal blockade of the Southern ports, if it were to be respected by foreign nations, must be regarded as an act of war, since a state cannot blockade its own ports. In war both sides must be belligerents, and the action of the British ministry is at once justified. It must be remembered to the credit of our Government at this trying time that they would not listen to the proposals of Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, to join him in recognizing the Southern States as a government and a nation.

In the last days of 1861 occurred the unfortunate affair connected with the British mail-steamer *Trent*. The Confederate government, eager for European recognition, had resolved to send envoys to Paris and London. Mr. Slidell, a prominent lawyer and politician, was to plead their cause with Louis Napoleon; Mr. Mason, author of the famous Fugitive Slave Law, was to be their agent at the British court. These two gentlemen, escaping on a dark night through the Charleston blockade, made their way to Cuba. They there embarked for Southampton on the *Trent*, a neutral vessel, and the ship was in the Bahama Channel, when it was compelled, by a shot across the bows, to heave to in presence of the Federal sloop-of-war *San Jacinto*, commanded by the hot-headed Captain Wilkes. An armed party was sent on board, and, against the protests of the British captain and the Admiralty-agent in charge of the mails, and amid the utmost excitement of wrath amongst British passengers, the Confederate envoys and their secretaries were seized from under the British flag, and carried prisoners to

New York. Lord Palmerston resented with the greatest promptitude this flagrant violation of international law. The surrender of the captured men was demanded, and, when some hesitation was displayed, a military force was sent to Canada, and the militia and volunteers there were prepared for war. President Lincoln, the head of the Federal government, and Mr. Seward, the Secretary, released the four prisoners on the first day of 1862. Much hostile feeling was displayed in the States. The Secretary of the Navy had commended Captain Wilkes, and Congress passed him a vote of thanks. This episode created feelings on both sides of the Atlantic which were not wholly allayed for many years.

As the struggle proceeded, with costly and painful results to British manufacturers and workers arising from the dearth of cotton, to be hereafter noticed, our Government was sorely tried by demands made, in and out of Parliament, for recognition of the Confederates as an independent nation, and for interference with the blockade that withheld the cotton from the Lancashire mills. They held firm to their neutrality, in which they were supported by the friendly attitude, towards the Federal States, of the working-men who were suffering most from the blockade of the Southern ports. The stoppage of commerce thus existing along an extensive sea-board in the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico caused a rise of prices for cotton, on this side of the ocean, and for commodities of many kinds, in the Confederate States, that strongly excited the cupidity of capitalists, and gave scope to the adventurous spirit of many daring and able mariners. "Running the blockade" became a regular combined business and perilous pleasure, offering enormous profits to the men who found the money for the ventures, high pay to the officers and crews of ships, with the risk of being hit by shot from the heavy guns of the Federal cruisers, or of confinement, in case of capture, in a Federal prison. The price of cotton, which in 1860 just exceeded sixpence per pound, reached two shillings and fourpence in 1864, and, for a brief time, amounted to threepence more. The prices paid for certain articles in the Southern States were such that a good profit could be made on exports from Europe, if but one vessel in three escaped capture by the Federal ships. Calico was fetching several dollars per yard; coffee cost three sovereigns per pound; French gloves were worth pounds instead of shillings per pair, and a pound of pepper

sold at £10. Pins were so rare that they were picked up eagerly in the streets. Paper was an expensive article. Sugar, butter, and white bread were consumed only by the wealthy. Women dressed themselves in garments made of material carded, spun, woven, and dyed by their own hands. Quinine and other drugs fetched fabulous amounts. Hair-pins were made of large thorns fitted with waxen heads. Such was the condition of affairs that brought to the southern coast of the States many British steamers, expressly built for speed: long, narrow, low, painted to the colour of mud, and with furnaces burning smokeless coal. The neutral port of Nassau, in the Bahamas, was a chief station for the vessels engaged in the enterprise. In case of success, after selling the cargo in Wilmington, Mobile, or other southern port, the "blockade-runner" came forth heavily laden with bales of cotton, some packed on deck around the funnel, and specially used to guard the engines from the effects of Federal shot and shell.

The *Alabama* is, for Great Britain, the one name of sinister sound in connection with the American civil war. The Federal government, in that matter, was almost wholly right, and this country, through some of her citizens and officials, was almost entirely in the wrong. The Confederate government, endeavouring to lessen the resources of their powerful foe, waged war against the mercantile navy of the Federals. A privateer called the *Florida*, within three months, captured 15 vessels, of which 13 were plundered and burnt, and the other two converted into cruisers. The *Florida* was built in Birkenhead, nominally for the Italian government, but her real destination was known, and she left the Mersey without difficulty, although the Federal Minister at our Court, Mr. Adams, warned Lord Russell, the Foreign Secretary, of her intended purpose. A navy of such vessels was, in fact, being created in British ship-yards for the Confederate States, the vessels being sent to some appointed place, where they were armed and commissioned by Confederate captains, and then scoured the seas for the discomfiture of the hated "Northerners". The *Georgia*, the *Rappahanac*, the *Shenandoah*, were among the most destructive of the seven chief privateers, five of which were constructed in British yards. The most notable of all was the *Alabama*, built on the Mersey by the famous firm of Laird, whose chief was then M.P. for Birkenhead. As she lay on the stocks in 1862, she was

called the "290", but Mr. Adams, fully aware of her destined use, applied in good time for her detention, with a view to further inquiry into a matter that was really notorious. The delay of our officials was such that the vessel managed to put to sea just prior to seizure in accordance with the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act. A bold and able seaman, Captain Semmes, took the command, and, in her two years' career the *Alabama* captured nearly seventy ships, in all cases decoying her victims by hoisting the British flag. The feeling towards the Federals in this country, in many quarters, was at this time such that many British newspapers glorified her destructive work, which in a large measure drove the Federal commerce from the seas. In 1863, when two iron rams of the most formidable kind were about to be launched on the Mersey, for the purpose of enabling the Confederates to break down the blockade of their ports, the American Minister, Mr. Adams, plainly told Lord Russell that, if the British government allowed them to put to sea, it would be an act of war against the Federals. Their departure was then officially prevented, a compliance which fully admitted our responsibility in the case of the *Alabama*. The career of that vessel was cut short in June, 1864, when she encountered, outside Cherbourg, on the north coast of France, the Federal war-cruiser *Kearsarge*, and was reduced to a sinking condition in the course of an hour's fight. She had destroyed Federal property to the value of nearly a million sterling, with the additional, and far greater, indirect damage to the commerce of the Northern States due to heavy insurance for war-risks, and to the loss of freights which were transferred by shippers to vessels sailing under neutral flags. The British admirers of the *Alabama* and her commander, Captain Semmes, were destined to hear more of that too-famous ship.

In April, 1865, the civil war in the States came to an end in the capture of Richmond, in Virginia, the Confederate capital, and of General Robert Lee, their able and chivalrous commander. The close of the struggle left Great Britain exposed to the enmity of both sides. The victorious Federals were justly incensed by displays of British feeling, and by actual and very serious loss incurred partly, perhaps, through imperfection in our laws, but mainly through lack of the prompt interference due from our officials in behalf of a friendly people. The defeated Confederates were irritated by the

lack of intervention in their favour which might have caused a different issue to their brave struggle against overwhelming odds. For some years the government of the reconstituted United States had pressed the *Alabama* question on the notice of our ministers, and had only met with refusals to entertain their demands. In 1870, the matter was brought more seriously forward, and a settlement was demanded of pecuniary claims arising out of the damage done by the *Alabama* and other cruisers which had been built in British dockyards and had sailed from British ports.

It was Mr. Gladstone's cabinet that, in 1871, resolved on an attempt to settle the matter by arbitration. British and American Commissioners, in May, concluded the Treaty of Washington, under which the *Alabama* claims were to be submitted to a tribunal of five gentlemen, sitting at Geneva, appointed by the Queen, the American President, the King of Italy, the Swiss President, and the Emperor of Brazil. Other subjects of dispute were to be also referred to arbitration. The friendly attitude of Great Britain towards the United States was indicated by the formal expression made at Washington, by the Queen's command, "of regret for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels". Three rules, concerning the duties of neutral governments towards friendly states at war with other powers, were laid down as applicable to the *Alabama* case, though such rules or principles were not in force at the time of the American civil war. In other points our Government made concessions which aroused some indignation amongst patriotic Britons of the less reflective type, but which were probably a very cheap purchase of American good-will, for coming time, towards this country. The five arbitrators began their sittings at Geneva in December, 1871, and in June, 1872, the court almost unanimously awarded to the United States the sum of about three and a quarter millions as compensation for all losses to American commerce, and a final settlement of all claims. Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice, who was the English arbitrator, considered the damages excessive, and was afterwards shown to be right by the fact that the claims of merchants, as proved in the American court appointed by Congress, fell short of the sum awarded. "All's well that ends well", in public as in private affairs. For the first time in history,

an international question that, on the old system, would have probably ended in a destructive war, was peacefully settled before a court of learned and able men, and Great Britain was a vast gainer in adopting a policy which not only conciliated our kinsmen beyond the Atlantic, but, being in itself wise, honourable, and just, established a great principle for the benefit of all coming generations. Under the Treaty of Washington, arbitration was also employed in a matter connected with the Oregon Treaty of 1846. The frontier-line then defined down the middle of the channel separating Vancouver's Island from the mainland left undetermined the possession of the island of San Juan, lying in the centre of that waterway. The Emperor William of Germany, as arbitrator, in 1872, assigned it to the United States.

The policy of the great Republic's government has been, from time to time, influenced in some degree by the "Irish vote", due to the existence, as American citizens, of great numbers of Irishmen, forming an element generally hostile to Great Britain, in various parts of the States, especially in the city of New York. This influence has been subject to counteraction by the numerous English and Scottish emigrants who have, during the present century, settled in the States, retaining, for the most part, friendly feelings towards their native land. The great Irish "exodus" across the Atlantic was caused by the potato-famine that occurred, in two or three successive years, just prior to the middle of the century. In 1880, there were, in the United States, nearly two millions of people who had been born in Ireland. Between 1821 and 1899, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of Irish settled there, of whom more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions emigrated between 1853 and 1899. The figures concerning the general emigration from the British Isles to the States are very interesting and important. During the forty-six years 1853 to 1899, more than $8\frac{1}{2}$ millions of people left British ports for that great field of enterprise, and of these about two-thirds were of British and Irish origin. The Irish element being, as above, $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions, we may probably estimate the English emigrants at a million and a half, and the Scottish at one-third of this last number.

The social influence of the people of the United States upon the British Isles is a very wide subject to which we can here devote but a narrow space. Many fresh words have become thereby

naturalized among us. Of these, some are entirely of American origin, such as *caucus*, *loafer*, and *boss*. Others, such as *smart*, for "clever", *store* for "shop", *fix* for "arrange", *run* for "manage", *pretty* for "rather", *locate*, and many more, are English words used in a different sense from ours. Abundant slang expressions, derived from the gambling habits and the mining occupations of the "wild West" region in the States, have also been exported to and adopted on this side of what is facetiously called "the big drink". To the same source we owe, in a large measure, the modern "spiritualism" which exercises so many minds in this age. The "Women's Rights" movement is probably the most important practical outcome of American republicanism in its effects upon this country. British legislation in favour of a new independence for women will be hereafter noticed. It is remarkable that the greatest progress in this direction has been made in countries that have advanced beyond others in the application to industry of the use of steam and machinery for the saving of human toil. In accordance with this principle we find that the United States, one of whose most ingenious citizens, Elias Howe, of Massachusetts, invented the lock-stitch sewing-machine, is the country that led the way in conferring upon the female sex, in some quarters of the land, the municipal and other suffrages, and in opening to them not only the medical and legal professions, but university degrees, and state occupations of many kinds. The relations between the United States and Great Britain are, with advantage to both, becoming ever closer in the social and sympathetic bonds which are powerful guarantees of international comity and friendship. Much of the literature produced by American writers in the course of the 19th century has aroused admiration and gained countless readers in the British Isles. Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant and Longfellow, Channing and Emerson, Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe, Lowell, Wendell Holmes, Edgar Poe, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Bret Harte, Browne ("Artemus Ward"), and the later novelists Howells, Crawford, and Henry James, are among the chief of these delightful and instructive authors. Year by year, more American citizens are found as tourists in the old country, and the nearest and dearest relations have been in many instances created by intermarriages, the most conspicuous of which have united British peers to American brides richly dowered. It may

well be hoped and believed that national hostility shall never more arise between the people of Great Britain and the commonwealth which, though she now includes within her vast territory citizens sprung from many a European state, still regards with affection the country of Shakespeare, and, with the eye of her travellers, views with reverence the tombs of Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER VIII.

IRELAND (1801 to present time).

Prosperity of Ulster—Evils of party-government—Daniel O'Connell and Repeal—Captain Thomas Drummond—Father Mathew—Agitation for Repeal—Trial of O'Connell—The “Young Ireland” party—Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchel, and Duffy—The Fenian Organization—The Clerkenwell atrocity—Outrages of the “dynamiters”—A new Poor Law and Municipal Reform Act—Messrs Butt and Parnell—The Phoenix Park murders—Mr Gladstone's first Home-rule bill—The *Times* and the Parnellites—The second Home-rule bill—The Local Government (Ireland) Act—The Irish land-question—Wretched condition of the peasantry—The Potato Famine—Ravages of disease—Mr Gladstone's Irish Land Acts—The National Land League—Other remedial land-measures—Improved condition of the country—The Queen visits Ireland.

The history of Ireland during the nineteenth century presents a chequered scene of crime, coercion, tumult, tribulation, agitation, and, amidst and partly in consequence of all this turmoil, of very marked progress in the path of what a large majority of her people conceive to be political, religious, and economical advantage. The one portion of the country where a continuance of peace and prosperity, save for occasional outbreaks of hostility between Catholics and Protestants, has been found, is Ulster. This fact has been, with a large amount of truth, ascribed to differences, not of religious faith, but of race and character, in a large part of the population, as contrasted with those prevailing in the other three provinces. In Antrim, which contains by far the most flourishing town in Ireland, Belfast, the originally English and Scottish element amounts to 75 per cent, nearly all of which proportion consists of Protestants. Energy and capital applied to manufactures have been assisted by the proximity of Belfast and other towns in the north-east of Ireland to the Cumberland and Lancashire coal-fields, supplying cheap and abundant fuel, and large numbers of people find employment in

flax-spinning, linen-weaving, rope-making, ship-building, and other trades. The agriculturists of Ulster also long enjoyed a superiority over those of the rest of Ireland in the "custom" which practically gave them fixity or perpetuity in the tenure of their farms, so long as the rent was duly paid, and the power of obtaining compensation for improvements by the sale of the good-will when a holding was transferred to another tenant. Thus, in town and country alike, the inhabitants of Ulster have possessed means of living in comfort denied, to a large extent, to the people of the other provinces, comparatively devoid of profitable manufactures owing to the lack of coal, and existing under very different conditions as regards the tenure of land.

The progress made in Ireland during the nineteenth century as regards religious equality and education is treated in another section of this work. We purpose here to deal briefly with efforts made for the attainment either of national independence or of the parliamentary separation known as the "Repeal of the Union", or, simply "Repeal", meaning the undoing of the Act of Union which, as we have seen, came into operation on January 1st, 1801. We shall also give some facts as to legislative changes mainly concerned with that great and, for Ireland, vital question, the tenure of land. We may here state generally, once for all, that, apart from any faults inherent in the great mass of her very interesting people, who are at once humorous, poetical, pious, credulous, shrewd, patriotic, clannish, brave, undisciplined, amiable, clever, and impracticable, it has been the great misfortune of Ireland, during the past century of active legislation, to be the victim of our Parliamentary system of party-government. It is probable that Ireland would be happiest under a very able, sympathetic, genial, impartial, and strong-willed despot, but, as that species of rule is not forthcoming, she has been, in too many instances, made the sport of its substitute, a warfare between rival ministers and parties, ever contending for place and power. Measures of relief, and measures of firm coercion and control have been opposed, mutilated, delayed in Parliament by Oppositions in both Houses who merely regarded the fact that the Government proposed them, and paid little heed to the wants and wailings, the disorders and distresses, of a country suffering from centuries of neglect and misrule; of a people subjected, over most of the land, to a foreign and dominant race; of a nation, in the

mass, little understood by those who ruled her. It is certain that the best local governors of Ireland have been, in every age, men akin, in character and sway, to the benevolent despot above suggested. It is equally certain that much of the violence and outrage which, in past times, have made Ireland a byword among the nations, has been due to the people's perception of the facts that their interests were being, in the united Parliament, made subordinate to party-success, and that "concession", a word hateful to lovers of just and equal treatment, could only be wrung from that Parliament by party-pressure within, or threatening agitation without.

The first and, for many years, the only attempt at rebellion made after the outbreak of 1798 was the enterprise undertaken by the foolish and unhappy Robert Emmet. This fanatical young patriot, a son of Dr. Emmet, physician to the Viceroy, was incited by hopes of aid from France, and devoted a few thousands of pounds, just inherited from his deceased father, in 1803, to arranging a conspiracy for the subversion of the government. The Castle at Dublin was to be seized by armed insurgents, who appeared, on July 23rd, in the streets of Dublin. Emmet himself was horrified by the brutality of his followers when, instead of advancing to the attack of the Castle, they killed Colonel Brown and other persons in the streets, and, on meeting Lord Kilwarden, the Chief-Judge, in his carriage, dragged him out, along with his nephew, and murdered them in the presence of the judge's daughter. The ruffianly rabble were quickly dispersed by a small party of troops, and Emmet's dépôt, with a large quantity of arms, was seized. After hiding for some time in the Wicklow mountains, Emmet stole into Dublin for a last interview with a young lady whom he loved, Sarah Curran, daughter of the famous orator. He was then arrested, tried, condemned, and hanged, delivering before his sentence in September, 1803, a speech of the noblest and most touching eloquence. Sarah Curran pined away and died in Sicily, a few months after her lover's death, and their story became renowned in the lines of Thomas Moore, beginning, "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps". The romance and the pathos attending this event were elements wholly wanting in other attempts to acquire national independence.

After the success, in 1829, of his efforts to obtain political

freedom for the Catholics, Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator", greatest of all Irish patriots and popular orators, devoted himself to the question of Repeal. In 1832, he was returned M.P. for Dublin, nominating about half of the candidates elected in Ireland, and heading in the House of Commons a party of 45 declared Repealers. In May, 1834, his motion for a committee to inquire into the Act of Union was defeated by a majority of nearly 500, and it was evidently hopeless to pursue the matter there. When Lord Melbourne came into power, in 1835, Ireland was governed with impartiality and mildness by Lord Mulgrave (afterwards Marquis of Normanby) as Lord Lieutenant, Lord Morpeth as Chief Secretary, and by the excellent Captain Thomas Drummond, of the Royal Engineers, as Under-Secretary. This gentleman, a man of great culture and scientific skill, who had been engaged in the Ordnance Survey, and was the inventor of the famous lime-light called by his name, was one of the best men ever sent by England to administer affairs in Ireland. Conciliatory, wise, energetic, impartial, he won the confidence and affection of the Irish people, restored order to the country, and enlisted the willing aid of most persons in promoting the best interests of all classes in the nation. Some of the less worthy landlords were offended by Drummond's famous declaration, in a letter addressed to the magistrates of Tipperary, that "property had its duties as well as its rights". In reply to attacks made in Parliament, it was clearly proved that the law had been firmly administered against disturbers of the public peace, and the rulers of Ireland at this time could point with just pride to the establishment of the highly efficient new body of armed police, now numbering over 12,000 men, known as the Royal Irish Constabulary. The best proof of Drummond's services to Ireland is found in the fact that O'Connell, at a large meeting in Dublin, proclaimed his readiness to abandon the project of Repeal in the prospect of at last obtaining justice for his countrymen.

The death of Drummond in 1840 brought a great change, and in the same month the Irish agitator founded his famous Repeal Association. In 1842 he retired from Parliament, and, enlisting the Irish priesthood in his cause, stirred the country to its depths in impassioned speeches at vast meetings, in the columns of the newspaper called the *Nation*, and in a great, enthusiastic, and harmonious organization formed and directed with consummate skill.

In February, 1843, being then Lord Mayor of Dublin, O'Connell brought "Repeal" before the Corporation, and, after a splendid speech of four hours' duration, carried a motion in its favour by a large majority. Nearly £50,000 was the sum subscribed in that year for the support of the movement, a "Repeal police" was instituted, and arbitration-courts were formed. The country was at this time more free from crime than it has been before or since, owing to the wonderful success of the temperance advocate, Father Mathew, who had succeeded in persuading hundreds of thousands of Irishmen to wholly abjure the use of whisky. In August, 1843, at the famous Hill of Tara, in county Meath, the legendary site of the hall of old Irish kings, a meeting of several hundreds of thousands of the peasantry was held, and appeals were addressed with the utmost force to patriotic memories and instincts. At that moment, the Irish leader, by a word, could have created civil war, but his plans did not include anything of that nature. The Catholic aristocracy were wholly opposed to the cause, and the Irish Protestants were filled with indignation and fear. Sir Robert Peel was at this time Prime Minister, and the alarm which was aroused both in Ireland and in Great Britain caused prompt measures to be taken. Peel, in the Commons, and Wellington in the Lords, firmly declared their resolve to maintain the legislative Union. Thousands of troops were poured into Ireland, where O'Connell, goaded on by younger patriots who were in favour of attempts at the use of physical force, had begun to use language of a more inflammatory kind. The crisis came when a great meeting for "Repeal" was announced to be held on October 8th, 1843, at Clontarf, near Dublin. The Irish Privy Council forbade the assemblage, and O'Connell gave way to their command. From that hour the great demagogue's influence began to wane. He and his chief associates were arrested, and held to bail on charges of conspiracy, sedition, and unlawful assembling.

The trial, which took place at Dublin early in 1844, was in one respect a disgrace to the administration of justice in Ireland. A "packed" jury, composed of twelve hostile Irish Protestants, was formed, and the foremost Catholic of his time, after a legal contest extending over twenty-four days, marked by brilliant displays of forensic eloquence on both sides, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, a fine of £2000, and £5000 security for seven years'

good behaviour. On appeal to the House of Lords, the sentence was reversed by three out of the five law-peers who tried the matter, and Lord Denman, Chief-Justice, declared the trial before such a jury to be "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare". On September 4th, 1844, this decision was given, and it was welcomed in Ireland by bonfires blazing from sea to sea. O'Connell's health was now broken by the disease which ended his life in 1847, and new agitators for "Repeal" came into prominence.

These men formed the revolutionary party known as "Young Ireland", including some clever and youthful patriots who conducted and wrote for the *Nation* newspaper. One of the older chiefs of this body was Mr. William Smith O'Brien, a man of large property and good family, descended from the famous hero and king Brian Boru, an Irish Alfred, slain by the Danes near Dublin in 1014, after he had won a final and decisive victory over his country's savage and inveterate foes. O'Brien was a man of pure purpose and chivalrous character, but not of marked intellect or strong sense, though he had in 1843, when he was an opponent of Repeal, delivered in the House of Commons a full and temperate exposition of the just claims of Ireland. Mr. Meagher, the most brilliant speaker of the party, son of a wealthy merchant once M.P. for Waterford, was but twenty-four years of age at the time of O'Connell's death. Mr. John Mitchel, son of a Presbyterian minister in County Derry, was some years older, and, going too far, in his strength of utterance, for the *Nation*, he started, in 1848, the *United Irishman*. Mr. Duffy, a man of about the same age as Meagher, was a journalist who had helped Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, father of Mr. John Dillon, the famous "Home Ruler" of later days, to found the *Nation* as the organ of the then rising Young Ireland party. Duffy, convicted for sedition with O'Connell, was saved by the decision in the House of Lords, and then gave his utmost help to the cause headed by Smith O'Brien. It was the year 1848, the year of the third French Revolution and of the downfall of Chartism in England, that ended the dreams of the new Repealers. The spirit of the time suddenly changed the movement from what had been little more than a literary and rhetorical organization of young enthusiasm into a rebellious conspiracy. An appeal for armed aid to Lamartine, the French poet and politician, who was a leading man in the republican government, met with a cool

reception, and then Mitchel, the most ardent, and the one really dangerous, man in the ranks of his party, strove to force the Government into action that might arouse insurrection for the rescue of Irish patriots. The articles in the *United Irishman* contained plain incitements to rebellion, and his challenge was accepted by the authorities. O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchel, tried for sedition under the existing law, were acquitted, and an Act was then passed making all written incitement to insurrection or resistance to the law a felony punishable by transportation. Under this, the fiery Mitchel was found guilty, sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, and despatched to Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania. In 1853 he made his escape to the United States, and during the civil war he shocked many of his former admirers by his strong advocacy, in his *Irish Citizen*, of slavery and the Confederate cause. In 1874 he returned to Ireland, was left unmolested, and elected M.P. for Tipperary. The House of Commons declared him, as a convict sentenced for felony, to be ineligible as a member of that body of legislators, and Mitchel, after re-election, died at Cork in the following year.

After Mitchel's removal from the scene, the *Nation* still urged rebellion, and Smith O'Brien went about the country holding reviews of the "Confederates", as the Young Irelanders now styled themselves. The Government, resolved to make an end of what was becoming a mere burlesque, suspended the *Habeas Corpus Act* for Ireland, and issued warrants which drove the leaders in flight from Dublin. Some hundreds of O'Brien's followers attacked a small force of the Constabulary, driving them for refuge into the house of widow Cormack, at Ballingarry in Tipperary, which they held as a fortress, fired on by the rebels from the famous cabbage-garden outside. Not a policeman was hit, while the shots from the house did some harm, and soon dispersed the mob. A few days later, O'Brien, who had escaped from the little conflict on one of the constables' horses, was arrested at Thurles. He, Meagher, and two others were condemned to death, but a commuted sentence sent them to Australasia. Tracing briefly the subsequent history of these men, we find that Smith O'Brien, who behaved, after his arrest and during his trial, with the dignified composure of a gentleman, received a free pardon in 1856, and, spending the rest of his years in private life, died in 1864 at Bangor, in North Wales.

The fate of Meagher, who had sacrificed to his country's cause the brightest and happiest prospects, aroused much commiseration. All kindly hearts were moved by his youth and his eloquence. In manly and pathetic words, when he was called upon to show cause why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he declined "to crave with faltering lip the life he had consecrated to the independence of his country", and declared "the history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it". This brave, however misguided, man made his escape from Van Diemen's Land to the United States in 1852. In 1861 he organized the "Irish brigade" on the Federal side, and fought with distinguished courage round Richmond, at Fredericksburg, and at Antietam, dying by accidental drowning in the river Missouri, in 1867. A happier career was reserved for Mr. Duffy. Tried and not convicted in 1848, he became M.P. for New Ross in 1852, and took an active part in Irish questions. In 1855 he went out to Australia, receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the Irish who had settled there. At a banquet in Melbourne he declared himself still "an Irish rebel to the backbone". His success in politics was so rapid and decisive that in 1857 he was Minister of Public Works in Victoria, and, after holding other offices, became Premier in 1871. In 1875 he was Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and, having been already knighted by patent, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in 1877, was created K.C.M.G., or Knight Commander of the order of St. Michael and St. George. In 1880 he returned to Europe, and made the south of France his place of residence. His *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, and *Young Ireland, a Fragment of Irish History*, are highly valued.

The next attempt at freeing Ireland from the domination of the "Saxon" had its origin in secret associations formed among men of the lower class after the suppression of the "Young Ireland" movement. In February, 1866, the Government, headed by Lord Russell, found it necessary to suspend the *Habeas Corpus Act* in Ireland, and to give the Lord-lieutenant free powers to arrest and detain suspected persons. The Fenian Brotherhood had been for some time afoot. This somewhat formidable organization derived its name from *Fionna Eirinn*, the title of the ancient Irish national militia, renowned in bardic song. The stir began about 1858, and, deriving much of its strength, both physical and

pecuniary, from the Irish-American element in the United States, assumed its perfect shape about the middle of the American civil war. The chief seat of the movement there was in the western States, especially at Chicago, but its head-quarters for active work lay at New York, with branches in almost every city of the Union. By an ingenious arrangement, all authority diverged from one centre, with knowledge of the plans diminishing among the members in proportion to their distance from the focus of management. The outer circles simply awaited instructions from within, and it was believed that this system would be a safeguard against treachery. The objects of the association were the overthrow of British rule in Ireland, and the establishment there of a republican government. The chief authority was in the hands of a senate, and every concentric circle had a "centre", whose duty it was to enrol members, to train them in military exercises, and to raise funds for the purchase of arms and ammunition. Agents were at work in Ireland and at the towns in Great Britain where there was a large Irish population. The Catholic clergy were carefully excluded from knowledge both of Fenian plans and of the names or number of Fenians in each locality. At an earlier stage of conspiracy, certain "Phœnix" clubs in Ireland, formed chiefly among the peasantry, had been suppressed by the ordinary law. It was at the close of the civil war in the States, in May, 1865, that the movement first seriously attracted the attention of our Government. Mysterious strangers began to appear in Ireland. They were Irish-Americans who had been engaged, on one side or the other, in that mighty struggle, and had there acquired some power of combination and discipline, as well as actual experience of warfare, and a spirit of reckless enterprise. Such men, in large numbers, would have formed a nucleus for dangerous insurrection, but they were carefully watched by the Irish police, and the government had received full information from treacherous members of the Fenian body.

On September 15th, 1865, the authorities pounced upon the office of *The Irish People* in Dublin, the organ of the brotherhood, arrested the proprietor, O'Donovan Rossa, and several of his assistants, and carried off all the contents of the place. Other arrests were made in Cork, and the captures included the very important one of James Stephens, the "Head Centre" of Fenianism in America, who had just arrived in Ireland to direct

operations. Prisoners were tried and convicted in November, and sent to penal servitude, by Special Commissions sitting at Cork and Dublin, but Stephens contrived to escape, greatly to the exultation of the Fenians, from Richmond Prison, Dublin. He eluded recapture, but he was never afterwards prominent, and seems to have been daunted by his prompt seizure. The suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, as above, early in 1866, was like a live shell in a powder-magazine to the Fenian movement in Ireland. About 500 Irish-Americans in that country were under the observation of the police, and most of them now fled from the country. It was time that action was taken by the British government, when manufactories of pikes, bullets, and cartridges had been discovered, and it was known that hundreds of Irishmen, brought over from England and Scotland, were receiving daily pay while they awaited the summons to arms, and that Fenian agents were trying to seduce from their allegiance soldiers of the regiments quartered in Ireland. For very shame at the collapse, some of the more energetic Fenians strove to rush into action, and a plan was formed for the seizure of Chester Castle, in February, 1867, with its store of arms and ammunition. The usual informer was not wanting, and the prompt despatch from London of a strong body of the Guards frustrated this enterprise. In the following month, Ireland saw an attempt at a general rising, but the insurrection was really overwhelmed by a very unusual fall of snow which filled the gorges of the mountains where the Fenians were to have their encampments and places of refuge. The attacks on police-barracks in the southern and western counties, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, and other parts, were repelled with some loss of life, and, with the *Habeas Corpus* Act still suspended in Ireland, the Fenian conspiracy there remained in a paralysed and hopeless condition.

It must be stated that some sympathy, not for Fenianism, but for some of its supporters, was created in England by the manly and sincere bearing, at the bar of justice, of prominent men in the organization. Many of them had abandoned good prospects in the United States to sacrifice themselves on behalf of what they believed to be a sacred cause, and one which they had been persuaded would receive support in a great uprising of the Irish people. Some of these culprits had been brave soldiers in the American war. Among them was Colonel Burke, of distinguished service on the

Confederate side. In May, 1867, he was sentenced to death for treason-felony, but his life was spared in deference to the public feeling manifested at a great, purely English, meeting in St. James's Hall, London, where unanimous enthusiasm, backed by the voice of the great philosopher, John Stuart Mill, adopted a memorial in favour of remission of the capital punishment awarded. The Fenians showed no gratitude for this leniency towards one of their chiefs. On September 18th of the same year, a party of armed men, in broad daylight, attacked at Manchester, in the public street, a police-van conveying two Fenian prisoners, Kelly and Deasy, from a magistrates' court to the city jail. Four of the police-escort were hit by revolver-bullets, and one, Sergeant Brett, seated inside the door, received a mortal wound. The keys were taken from him, the prisoners were released, and never seen again by British officials. The leaders, Allen, a youth under twenty, and two of his comrades, Larkin and O'Brien, were hanged for this audacious deed, and have ever since been regarded by Irish "patriots" as "martyrs" to the national cause. The British government had been fully aroused, and threats of Fenian rescue at the hour of execution in Manchester were met by an imposing display of military force which gathered ten thousand soldiers in and around the city, and would have crushed insurgents not only with rifle-bullets, but by the contents of ready-loaded cannon.

These Fenians died on November 23rd, and, not three weeks later, on December 13th, 1867, a far worse deed than theirs was perpetrated by members of their association in the attempt made at Clerkenwell prison in London. This enterprise was one of senseless and brutal atrocity, showing reckless disregard of innocent lives, and wholly failing to attain the object in view. A cask of gunpowder was placed against the prison-wall, and then fired in order to blow down the obstacle, and enable Colonel Burke and another Fenian convict to escape. It was supposed by the criminals engaged that the prisoners would then be walking in the yard. If they had, they would almost certainly have been killed by their intending rescuers; but the governor of the prison had warning of the plot, and kept all his charges to their cells for the day. The results of the explosion in a crowded neighbourhood were of a most disastrous kind. The shock which, at four o'clock on that winter day, as darkness fell, startled all London, and threw

down sixty yards of the prison-wall, shattered to pieces many of the small adjacent houses. Twelve persons were killed on the spot or mortally injured, and about 120 received wounds. Forty children were prematurely born of women within range of this fearful physical and mental blow, and one-half of these infants did not survive the hour of their birth. The stupid and ferocious cruelty of the Clerkenwell explosion, which was punished by the execution of the only man that could be convicted, did more than cause wailing in many humble homes and rouse a temporary panic in London. It created in the minds and hearts of countless British voters, under the new democratic franchise, for dwellers in the towns, which was about to come into operation, a fixed hostility to Irish aspirations after national independence that exerted afterwards a powerful influence against far different schemes than Fenian plans for an Irish republic. Meanwhile, there was but one step lower in the scale of combined criminality and futility that could be taken by the lower class of the supporters of Fenianism. Vain attempts on Canada, noticed elsewhere, were made in 1866 and in 1871, and for some years there were no active demonstrations in England.

A later development in America produced the "Skirmishing Fund", raised by Irish-American conspirators, members of the *Clan-na-Gael* or of the body called "Invincibles", who sought to gratify revengeful feelings for Ireland's past real or supposed wrongs, and to terrify the British government and people into granting either repeal of the Parliamentary Union, or total independence of the British connection. In pursuance of these objects, conspiracy passed from the use of gunpowder to that of the new explosive, dynamite. Between 1883 and 1885 efforts to terrorize the British public caused a series of explosions and attempts, sometimes attended by great damage to property and some injury to person. In 1883, the gas-works at Glasgow were thus, without effect, assailed. In March of the same year, a serious explosion took place at the Local Government Board offices, Whitehall, in London, and at the *Times* newspaper-office, Blackfriars, more damage was barely escaped. In the following October, there were two outrages of the same kind on the Underground Railway, London. In February, 1884, an apparatus left at the cloak-room in Victoria Station, London, did much damage to the property of

passengers, and, two days later, "infernal machines", worked by clock-machinery, and deposited with the same intent, were discovered in the luggage-rooms at Charing Cross and Paddington. In the following May, there were dynamite outrages in St. James's Square, London, and in Scotland Yard, Whitehall, then the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, and in December, 1884, an attempt, made from a boat, to destroy an arch on the Surrey side of London Bridge, did no other damage than blowing to atoms the two men engaged in the business. In January, 1885, very violent explosions, causing thousands of pounds' worth of injury to property, were effected by miscreants of the same class inside Westminster Hall, at the entrance to the House of Commons, and at the Tower of London. The skill and energy of our police were admirably proved in connection with these "dynamiters". Nearly all of them were, sooner or later, brought within the grasp of the law, not less than twenty-five being sentenced to penal servitude for life or for lengthy periods.

Turning now to more peaceful incidents of Irish history, we note some beneficial measures passed in Parliament, apart from legislation connected with religion and with the land. In the year after the Queen's accession, 1838, a new Poor Law for Ireland strove to cope with some of the country's deep and wide-spread social misery, due to over-population and other causes. The revelations of suffering, caused by direst poverty in the lowest class, appalled the public mind of Great Britain. The average wages of the agricultural labourers did not exceed 2*s.* 6*d.* per week, eking out by the scanty produce of little plots of land round wretched cabins. For many weeks in the year, crowds of Irish, during the months of summer, crossed the sea to undersell British agricultural workers. Beggary was universal throughout Ireland, and carried with it not the slightest sense of disgrace. Indiscriminate alms-giving was a religious habit among the poor Catholics, who would share their last potato with a mendicant, and then look for like help from their neighbours. The operation of the Act was, upon the whole, fairly successful. The country was divided into 130 unions of parishes, and workhouses were opened for the reception of the helpless. At the terrible period of the great famine to be hereafter described, much suffering was averted by the action of this law. In 1847, the Irish Poor Law Commission was created

for the control of the relief-system, and in 1872 this body was merged into the Local Government Board, superintending the boards of guardians of the poor, partly composed of *ex-officio* and partly of elected members, administering other important statutes in the interests of the indigent and sick. In 1841, much evil began to be remedied by the Municipal Reform Act that set aside a thoroughly corrupt local system of rule, infected with sectarian intolerance and privilege. A Protestant monopoly involving the utmost iniquity was now dealt with, between 30 and 40 smaller corporations being dissolved, and their funds vested in commissioners who applied them to public objects. Ten large towns were continued as corporations. Later legislation has brought more than 80 towns within the provisions of the improved system bestowing self-government in municipal affairs.

"Home Rule for Ireland", or repeal of the Union Act so as to give Ireland again a separate Parliament, is a subject scarcely yet fitted for historical treatment, as representing a cause that is at this moment in a state of suspended animation. A few particulars of the movement, up to date, may be given. "Home Rule" signifies, as a political enterprise, the attempt to obtain by peaceful, legislative means a part of what the Fenians aimed at by insurrectionary force. In 1873, the *Home Rule League*, started in Ireland, had for its leader in the House of Commons a very able orator and patriot, Isaac Butt. In the following year, after a general election, there were more than 50 Irish members pledged to Home Rule principles, and in 1875 Mr. Charles Stuart Parnell, a Protestant of English descent, and a landowner in County Wicklow, was elected M.P. for Meath. In 1877 he became the leader, in the Commons, of an advanced section of Home Rulers who quickly gained predominance. Mr. Parnell was a man of cool nature, most able as a tactician, and exercising undisputed ascendancy among his colleagues. Mr. Butt was almost abandoned, and his death in 1879 left a clear course for the extreme party. The Government, in the House of Commons, were systematically thwarted by ingenious and persistent obstruction, in the course of which time was wasted by frequent divisions on motions for reporting progress, and by lengthy speeches wandering, in spite of warnings from the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees, into wearisome repetitions and irrelevant discourse. In 1880, the general election largely increased the Irish party of

Home Rulers, among the chief of whom were Mr. Sexton, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. T. M. Healy, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, Mr. Clancy, and Mr. O'Kelly. In 1881, when Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, brought in a strong Coercion Bill against the commission of outrages in Ireland, the Parnellites, as they were now called, opposed the measure with every kind of disorderly obstruction, and many of them were for a time suspended, by the Speaker's authority, from the discharge of their duties in the House.

It was in connection with land-questions in Ireland that Mr. Parnell and some of his colleagues were arrested there in the autumn of 1881, and that, in May, 1882, one of the worst crimes in Irish history was perpetrated. Mr. Forster, offended by the release of Mr. Parnell and his associates in the spring of 1882, left the ministry of Mr. Gladstone, and was succeeded in his post as Secretary for Ireland by the excellent and kindly Lord Frederick Cavendish, younger brother of the Marquis of Hartington who is now Duke of Devonshire. It was on Saturday, May 6th, that he arrived in Dublin. There was a certain Mr. Burke, a gentleman of high character, very unpopular in Ireland, as an under-secretary whose duty compelled him to put in action the severe measures of Coercion Acts. This official was doomed to death by the organization of wicked conspirators called "Invincibles", who had narrowly missed success in a plan for assassinating Mr. Forster, on the occasion of his departure from Dublin for England. By an unhappy chance, Lord F. Cavendish, on the evening of the day that he had landed and taken part in the procession attending the entry of the new viceroy, Earl Spencer, accompanied Mr. Burke into Phoenix Park. The conspirators had, and could have, no grudge against him, but he was walking at their intended victim's side, and shared his fate. It was between seven and eight o'clock, and many people in the park were enjoying the bright and beautiful evening. Lord Spencer and his friends, from the windows of the Viceregal Lodge, saw a kind of scuffle, only two hundred yards away, proceeding on the grass beside a roadway. The scene was also observed by a man walking at some little distance, and then he saw two men fall to the ground, and next, four men drive swiftly away from the spot on a

car. Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish had, by those four men, been stabbed to death with long knives, and their bodies were found, covered with wounds, amid pools of blood. The assassins vanished from the eyes of men, for that time, as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. The horror which this deed aroused in Great Britain was not blended with any wild cry for vengeance, and the widow of one of the victims, Lady F. Cavendish, did honour to her sex, her class, and her nation by expressing, in a public letter, her conviction that the crime was one of personal enmity to Mr. Burke, and that it had no national character, and her hope that any beneficent and conciliatory legislation for Ireland would not be interfered with in consequence.

Retribution did not lag long on the tracks of the foul criminals of the Phœnix Park. Early in 1883, the Irish police, who displayed throughout admirable energy, secrecy, and skill, had twenty "Invincibles" in custody. Joe Brady, the chief murderer, was convicted and hanged with four of his accomplices in the plot. James Carey, who was on the spot when the murders took place, and was the planner of the deed, turned informer, and saved his life for the time. In July of the same year he was shot dead on board ship, near the Cape of Good Hope, by a man named O'Donnell, who was hanged in London for the crime, which was probably a deed of vengeance wrought on a traitor. Three others of the conspirators engaged in the Phœnix Park tragedy went into penal servitude for life, and some more of the gang were sentenced to various terms. The new Secretary for Ireland was Mr. George Otto (now Sir George) Trevelyan, and, under a new Coercion Act which was at once passed, the rulers of Ireland had much success in dealing with crime and outrage during this and the following year, 1884.

Early in 1886, Mr. Gladstone, on becoming Prime Minister for the third time, determined to endeavour to produce peace in Ireland by granting "Home Rule" in the shape of a Parliament for the management of local affairs. On this great question the Liberal party was at once rent asunder. Lord Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire), Mr. John Bright, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, and Sir Henry James, in the House of Commons, with the Duke of Argyle, Lord Selborne, and many other Liberal or Whiggish peers, formed a section known as "Liberal-Unionists" or "Dissident Liberals", strongly opposed to a separate legisla-

ture for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's chief adherents were, in the end, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, Earl Spencer, the late Earl Granville, the Earl of Rosebery, and the Earl of Aberdeen. On April 8th, 1886, Mr. Gladstone introduced his Bill "to amend the provision for the future government of Ireland". The measure, on examination, caused a further loss of his followers, and on June 7th the ministry were defeated, on the second reading, by a majority of 30 in a House where 652 members voted. A general election in July left Mr. Gladstone in a minority of more than 100, including on his side 86 Irish Home Rulers or Nationalists.

During the subsequent six-years' tenure of power by Lord Salisbury's ministry, the question was in abeyance, but a very exciting episode occurred with regard to Mr. Parnell and his Irish associates. Great trouble came both in Ireland and in the House of Commons on the subject of Irish land-tenure, and the *Times* newspaper, in an evil hour for the reputation of its managers and for the financial position of its proprietors, took upon itself the task of trying to destroy the political and social status of Mr. Parnell and the Irish Home Rulers. In 1887 and 1888 a series of articles entitled *Parnellism and Crime* appeared in the columns of that then influential journal. The Irish leader and his chief supporters were therein charged with direct connection with, and full knowledge of, the murderous conspiracies and outrages which had been doing so much injury to the cause which they advocated. The articles were republished in pamphlet-form, and so distributed throughout the country. At last, on April 18th, 1888, the *Times* printed what purported to be a facsimile letter, not written, but signed, by Mr. Parnell, addressed to Patrick Egan, a former treasurer of the Land League in Ireland, and expressing approval of Mr. Burke's murder in the Phœnix Park. Mr. Egan, writing from the United States, at once declared the document to be a fabrication, and Mr. Parnell, from his place in the House of Commons, denounced the signature as a bare-faced forgery. Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, a supporter of Mr. Parnell, and formerly M.P. for Dungarvan, had already brought an action for libel against Mr. Walter, chief proprietor and director of the *Times*, on account of statements in *Parnellism and Crime*, and Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-general, was chief counsel for the defence. Mr. Parnell, not being called as a witness, and being

thus deprived of the opportunity of denying on oath the charges brought against him, applied to the Government, in the House of Commons, for a select Committee to inquire into and report on the authenticity of the letters, affecting members of the House, which had been read by the Attorney-general at the trial for libel. The ministry, backed by their large majority, declined to grant this, but a commission of three judges, Justices Hannen, Day, and Archibald L. Smith, was appointed to inquire into the allegations made against members of the House of Commons by the *Times* newspaper.

At the sittings of the Parnell Commission, the Attorney-general represented the *Times*, while the cause of the Irish members was chiefly advocated by Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Asquith. The very lengthy inquiry, which was virtually a trial of Mr. Parnell and his followers, began on October 17th, 1888, and brought to the Law-courts in the Strand witnesses from Ireland, including farmers, peasants, parish priests, and nondescripts, with others summoned from France and America. In February, 1889, when the public were growing weary of the investigation, new interest was aroused by the announcement that Mr. Richard Pigott, from whom the *Times* had obtained the famous letters signed, as was alleged, by Mr. Parnell, had arrived in London to give evidence. His appearance and demeanour aroused suspicion, and his antecedents, as the *Times* might easily have ascertained by inquiry in Dublin, were by no means of a doubtful description. He was, in fact, a man who had for many years gained a livelihood by fraud, forgery, and the levying of blackmail. He was carefully watched by the police, and stayed at an hotel near the Courts, but one morning he was missing. It was found that, in dread of cross-examination, he had been to the house of Mr. Labouchere, M.P. for Northampton, proprietor of the well-known weekly *Truth*, and a strong supporter of Mr. Gladstone and "Home Rule", and had there, in his presence and that of Mr. G. A. Sala, the famous journalist, handed over a written confession that the letters obtained from him, and sold to the managers of the *Times* for sums exceeding £2500, had been forged by himself. A warrant for Mr. Pigott's apprehension was issued, but the bird had flown. On March 10th, he was tracked by detectives to Madrid, where he ended a life of infamy by shooting himself. The case against Mr. Parnell and his friends was thus,

in its main point, blown to pieces. It was clearly proved, by this and by other incidents, that political rancour had induced the chief proprietor of the *Times* to sow money broadcast, with the best intentions, in producing a crop of spies, perjurors, and forgers. After sitting for 128 days, the Commission reported to Parliament, in February, 1890, with a number of decisions that acquitted the accused persons of the most serious charges brought against them. It was found that they had entered into a conspiracy to promote an agrarian agitation, by a system of coercion and intimidation, against the payment of agricultural rents, for the purpose of ridding Ireland of the landlords. Their alleged aid to notorious criminals, and intimate association with such persons, was found to be not proved. They had, however, according to the judges, made payments to compensate persons who had been injured in the commission of crime, and had, for political objects, invited the assistance of, and received money-subscriptions from, a certain Patrick Ford, a known advocate of crime and the use of dynamite, connected with the Clan-na-Gael association. They had, with the same object of assisting their own political movement, abstained from repudiating and condemning the action of the "physical force" party in America. Mr. Parnell, in particular, was cleared of all personal knowledge of the leading "Invincibles" and their evil work. There can be no doubt that what was declared to be proved against the Irish Home Rulers had a detrimental effect upon their cause in the British constituencies. Mr. Parnell's action against the *Times* for libel in the publication of the forged letters, and in the articles thereon, was settled by consent. Five thousand pounds damages, with all costs, were paid, and thus ended an episode in the career of that newspaper which, within the knowledge of the present writer, cost the proprietors of the *Times* nearly £200,000, and long painfully affected the pecuniary interests of certain smaller shareholders who had no voice whatever in the management of the journal.

The stars in their courses seemed to fight against Home Rule for Ireland. The flight and suicide of Pigott, securing an acquittal for Mr. Parnell on the most weighty and odious charges investigated by the Commission, had been celebrated on his behalf at a most enthusiastic meeting held in St. James' Hall, London, where Mr. Parnell himself appeared and spoke amidst loud cheering, with Mr. John Morley in the chair. In July, 1889, the Irish leader

received the high honour of being presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh. He soon afterwards fell with a great fall from public esteem in connection with a divorce case, wherein he was co-respondent to a suit promoted by his former friend Captain O'Shea. His retirement from the leadership of the Irish party was then, in December, 1890, demanded by Mr. Gladstone and his British supporters, and a large majority of the Irish Parnellites endorsed this requisition. Mr. Parnell clung to his post with the approval of about one-third of his followers, and then came a painful period of oratorical warfare in Ireland, during which the former chieftain bitterly denounced those who had repudiated his leadership. The main body of the Nationalists found a new leader in the eminent writer, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mr. Parnell's followers were routed at the general election of July, 1892, when 72 anti-Parnellites, as they were called, were returned, as against nine only who claimed to be followers of the policy of the now deceased as well as discredited leader. A sudden death at Brighton in October, 1891, had closed the career of the ablest and most influential Irish politician since the days of O'Connell.

The cause of Home Rule, in the British constituencies, was beyond doubt severely injured through the private conduct of the able tactician and parliamentary chief who had, in a twelve years' conflict, forced the question to the front and secured the adhesion of a large majority of Liberals, including their great leader, Mr. Gladstone. That statesman, obtaining at the polls a majority, including his Irish supporters, of about forty votes in the Commons, became premier, for the fourth time, in August, 1892. A Home Rule bill, introduced in the session of 1893, was carried through the House of Commons, after a very long struggle, by a majority, on the third reading, of 36 votes. Early in September, after a brilliant debate, the House of Lords rejected the measure by the phenomenal majority of 419 to 41. The General Election held in July, 1895, giving a very large "Unionist" majority to Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister, was a severe blow to the cause of the Irish "Nationalist" members.

An important step towards really useful and reasonable "Home Rule" for Ireland was granted by a Parliament of which the House of Commons contained a very large Conservative (or "Unionist") majority, as above, in 1898. Up to that time, the chief county

authority in the sister-kingdom, for purposes of local government, had been, since an Act of 1836, the "grand jury", consisting of twenty-three persons. Its powers ended with each of the assizes, and the body was in no way representative of the mass of the people. By the new Local Government (Ireland) Act, provision was made for the establishment of popularly elected councils for counties and districts. The councillors are chosen for three years, and the first elected council in each county and district had power to choose additional members, to hold office until the next triennial election. These new administrative bodies took over the business formerly managed by the grand juries and "presentment sessions", particularly the business relating to poor-rates, roads, asylums, hospitals, and public health. To these county-councils was also made over the appointment of coroners. The cities of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Londonderry, and Waterford, already possessing representative councils, were made, under the new Act, "county-boroughs", and were, in virtue of their existing powers, privileges, and rights, exempted from some of the special provisions of the Act. Urban sanitary authorities now became urban district-councils, and district-councils were created in rural polling-districts, the councillors, in both the urban and rural localities, being the poor-law guardians. These officials, under statutes of 1838, which introduced poor-laws into Ireland, were from the first elected by the ratepayers, and thus, in their new capacity, remained popular representatives.

The towns of Ireland, we may note, are partly corporate and partly governed by commissioners. The history of burghal life in Ireland, prior to the nineteenth century, showed an absence of the free and vigorous life found in England and Scotland. This state of affairs was to be ascribed, in a large measure, to religious and political bigotry, as displayed in the pernicious system which excluded Roman Catholics from municipal liberties and offices, and admitted non-resident freemen to take part in elections. The Irish Municipal Reform Act of 1840 removed this evil, and regulated matters for the eleven corporate towns, or boroughs proper, governed by a mayor, aldermen, and councillors, the number of members in a council varying from sixty in Dublin to twenty-one in Wexford. The aldermen and councillors are elected, for three years, by burgess-voters having, as qualifications, a house

of £10 yearly value, residence within the borough, or occupancy for a defined period, and payment of rates. The councillors must be qualified as electors and must also be owners of a certain amount of real or personal property, or occupiers of a house of a certain value, the amount depending upon the size of the borough. These municipal councils administer the ordinary affairs of the borough, such as lighting, watching (police), cleansing, and all sanitary business, and they have power to levy rates for these purposes. The non-municipal towns, of which there are a large number, were provided with an organization and administrative functions similar to those of the incorporated boroughs, being governed by elected commissioners, in number varying from nine to twenty-one, with certain qualifications (occupation of premises of a certain value) required both for the commissioners and for the electors choosing them. All such towns having over 1500 inhabitants may be constituted urban sanitary districts. It is obvious that Ireland, already possessing a large measure of municipal freedom, or its equivalent in non-incorporated towns, made a considerable advance in local government by persons of popular choice, under the Act of 1898.

The political importance of the new statute was very great. There can be no doubt that the passing of the measure secured for the Irish people most of what a large number of the "Home-Rule Liberals" in England, Wales, and Scotland had considered to be the due of that people when they supported Mr. Gladstone's bill. The new statute was thus, indirectly, a severe blow dealt to "Home Rule" as understood by the Irish Nationalists. The Act granted very substantial powers, for the regulation of internal affairs, under a wide system of popular election, and the value of the concession, in the eyes of the people who elect the Nationalist members to the Union Parliament, was very clearly shown in the first elections held under this new Irish Local Government Act. The electors were evidently eager to grasp, through their representatives, the control which had thus been placed within their reach, and supporters of "Nationalist" principles were very ready to come forward as candidates for the new bodies which would wield these extensive powers in local affairs. The elections held on April 6th, 1899, resulted in a vast majority for the "Home Rule" candidates. Of the county councillors chosen, 546 were Nationalists and 113, only about one-fifth of that number, were "Unionists".

The agrarian difficulty of Ireland arose in conquest and confiscation. In 1605, all Irish native tenures of land were declared to be illegal, the tribal rules of succession were abolished, and the English law of real property was enforced. A large part of the people were thus deprived of proprietary rights in the soil, and, from that time till the present, amid successive seizures of large areas of land for transfer to English owners, and a turmoil of troubles due to famines, evictions, outrages, Coercion Acts, and conflicts of testimony and argument based on the reports of commissions of inquiry, the Irish peasant has been working towards a solution of the land-question in a ceaseless agitation against native and alien landlords. The restoration of the land to the people of Ireland, in the establishment of a peasant-proprietary, in other words, the abolition of landlords, and the bestowal of the soil in ownership upon the men who occupy and till it, have been the objects ever kept before the view of the more advanced reformers of the Irish agrarian system. It was the misfortune of Ireland, partly due to British trade-legislation that has been noticed in a previous section of this work, that almost the entire population was thrown for support on the produce of the soil.

About the middle of the 18th century, a cattle-plague in England, imported from North Germany and Holland, caused an enormous rise in the price of horned stock, and, as pasture-land in Ireland was exempted from the payment of tithes, the smaller holdings of ground under tillage were thrown, to a large extent, into great grazing farms, and thousands of small tenants were "evicted", or legally driven from their homes. The misery thus caused led to the formation of the secret societies among the peasantry, "Whiteboys", and, at a later date, "ribbonmen", and others, that were so terrible a curse to the country. The fierce competition for land caused a constant rise of rents, and the burdened tenant was left by his landlord to effect at his own cost the improvements of the farm, in draining, fencing, and the building and repair of dwellings and farm-offices, which the English land-owners, as a rule, provided at their own charges.

For many years of the 19th century, British legislation paid little or no heed to this side of the sempiternal Irish difficulties. In 1816, in behalf of the landlords, a new statute was passed which gave them a power of distress such as they had never yet possessed.

The Quarter Sessions Act enabled them to seize growing crops, to keep them till they were ripe, to save and sell them at maturity, and to charge all expenses on the tenant. In 1818, an Act for "civil bill ejectment" conferred upon the landowners the power of removing the tenant from his holding. Under George IV. and William IV., other statutes extended the landlord's powers of eviction, applied, in too many cases, with merciless severity to holders crushed by rents which it was impossible, even in good seasons, to pay. In every impartial account of inquiries into the state of Ireland, and in the reports of Commissions, we have the constant recurrence of the words "exorbitant rents". The misery of the country was aggravated by the growth of population, and by the reckless subdivision of farms held on lease. A tenant would divide his land, by sub-letting, among his sons and nephews, and the report of a Commission, in 1843, produced an instance of ten tenants subsisting on six acres.

The condition of Ireland at the beginning of Victoria's reign is depicted by three independent foreign observers of the highest credit. A French writer, M. Gustave de Beaumont, declares, after two personal visits to the country, that "Irish misery", in that day, "forms a type by itself", and that "in seeing it one recognizes that no theoretical limits can be assigned to the misfortunes of nations". Kohl, a famous German traveller, states that he had seen throughout Europe nothing like the physical privations of the peasantry in some parts of Ireland. At a somewhat earlier date, Sismondi, the historian and political economist, of Italian descent, born at Geneva, after a complete investigation of the subject, lays it down that the landlords in Ireland "had shaken the foundation of society itself, by rendering the laws of property hateful. . . . The first right of property is that of the cultivator to live on the fruit of his labour, and that right they (the landlords) have violated." No one, on this subject, will be inclined to dispute the testimony of the *Times* and the *Quarterly Review*. The latter, in its issue of December, 1840, states of Ireland:—"The peasantry are ground down to powder by enormous rents, which are only paid by the exportation of the great bulk of the food raised in the country, leaving those who grow it a bare subsistence upon potatoes eked out with weeds". The former, in a leader of February 25th, 1847, wrote, "The people of England have most culpably connived at a national iniquity. . . . Property

ruled (in Ireland) with savage and tyrannical sway. It exercised its rights with a hand of iron and renounced its duties with a front of brass. The 'fat of the land, the flower of its wheat', its 'milk and its honey' flowed from its shores in tribute to the ruthless absentee (landlord), or his less guilty cousin, the usurious money-lender. It was all drain and no return. . . . In an integral part of the British Empire the landowner was allowed to sweep away the produce of the earth without leaving even a gleaning for them that were ready to perish. . . . England stupidly winked at this tyranny. Ready enough to vindicate political rights, it did not avenge the poor." There were, of course, many just, excellent, and kindly landlords in Ireland. The misery due to their fellows of an inferior type, combined with the suffering which proceeded from economical causes beyond their control, excited a spirit of revengeful exasperation among the people that found a cruel vent in endless outrages of threatening letters, damage to property, maiming of cattle, murders of landlords and agents, and attacks upon tenants of land from which previous holders had been evicted, and that provided some excuse for violent resistance to the law enforced by the constabulary.

The woes of Ireland, during the 19th century, culminated in the fearful tragedy known as the Potato Famine. The people had become almost wholly dependent for subsistence on the produce of a single plant. The harvest of 1845 had seemed to be very rich, but during the winter the potatoes rotted in the pits, and, already in sore distress, the peasantry, crippled in their means for cropping the land, stinted themselves of food, bared their backs of clothing, and so prepared the soil for the harvest of 1846, to which they looked forward with mingled hope and apprehension. The seasons were watched with fierce anxiety. After a spring that brought snow, hail, and sleet, the summer came with the promise of better things. In June, the heat was almost tropical, and vegetation grew apace. The end of the month was marked by thunder, lightning, rain, and cold, and July also presented the alternation of intense heat and thunder-storm, of parching dryness and excessive rain. The potato-fields still showed promise of abundance in the waving green and flowery stalks that covered the land. The early days of August brought a direful change. The presence of blight was in some parts shown by a dry fog, here white, there yellow, issuing from

the ground, and emitting an offensive odour. In one night, throughout the whole country, the potato-crop was smitten with disease that destroyed almost every tuber. One wide waste of putrefying, blackened vegetation was beheld by the traveller through the afflicted land. Nothing in history or fiction surpasses in horror the details of Ireland's true story in this her day of visitation. The misery of the people in 1846 and in the three following years, when the potatoes were again wholly or partially smitten with disease, drew the attention and aroused the pity of the whole civilized world. After eating the flesh of horses, asses, and dogs, the starving Irish peasants came to nettles, wild mustard, water-cress, and sea-weed. In tens of thousands they crowded to the workhouses. In tens of thousands they died of sheer hunger everywhere—in their wretched huts, by the wayside, and in the streets of towns. One inspector of roads had 140 bodies buried which he found strewn along the highway. Sometimes the last survivor of a whole family earthed up the door of his cabin to prevent the ingress of pigs and dogs, and then laid himself down to die in this fearful family-vault. Funerals almost ceased. Husbands lay for a week in the same hovels with the bodies of unburied wives and children.

Along with the famine, fever scourged the Irish people. Everywhere it raged, within the cottage, on the roads, in workhouses, in hospitals, in jails. In 1847, 57,000 people died from fever, and 27,000 from dysentery. At least an equal number perished from diseases due to lack of proper food in 1848, and in 1849 fever and kindred maladies slew more than 123,000. The British people and their kinsmen in other parts of the world have never been wanting in charity, and relief for the starving and sick was bestowed with a free hand. Many a ship laden with Indian meal and other food arrived in Irish ports from the United States, and provisions were poured into the country through the channel of private benevolence in Great Britain. The main work fell on the Government, under Lord John Russell's first ministry. The Corn-law, formally repealed in 1846, but continuing in force till 1849, was suspended for Ireland. Loans of ten millions sterling were raised, and the money was expended in relief-works, soup-kitchens, and other means of bringing food to the mouths both of the able-bodied and the helpless population. There were great difficulties in distributing the relief

thus provided, but energy and skill overcame them, in the main, and many thousands of lives were saved.

The one thing which the British government neglected was the opportunity of reforming the whole land-system of Ireland. In their measures of relief, they treated the symptoms instead of the cause of the malady. The severe competition for land, the lack of fixed tenure, the frequency of arbitrary evictions—these were the evils which should have been struck at by well-aimed legislation. The landlords were permitted to take advantage of the miserable state of the tenantry, and to effect clearances, for non-payment of rent, of countless thousands of persons. The country became utterly demoralized under this aggravation of evil, and the people were apparently sinking into a race of lawless savages. An increase of robbery, murders of agents and of bailiffs engaged in evictions, caused yet another Coercion Act to be passed in December, 1847. During the two following years, along with the continuance of famine and fever, the smaller landholders were turned out of their little farms, and their houses levelled, by thousands in a single Poor-Law union, within the space of two months. The British Parliament calmly maintained the rights of property, while proprietors of deeply-mortgaged estates sought relief for themselves in consolidating petty holdings into large farms held by paying tenants. In 1849, the Encumbered Estates Act created a special tribunal for enabling impoverished Irish landlords or their creditors to sell estates. Under the decrees of the Court, during forty years, about fifty million pounds' worth of Irish land was sold, and about one-fifth of the soil of the country passed to new owners. The Irish people, as a body, derived no benefit from this measure. The new landlords, mainly mercantile men, often those who had previously been the money-lenders and mortgagees of the former possessors, were placed in a stronger position towards the tenantry through the possession of a secure parliamentary title to their lands. Of this advantage they ruthlessly availed themselves by wholesale clearances and cruel evictions, so that the last state of the unhappy country was worse than the first. Amidst all this turmoil of wretchedness and wrong, one benefit was at least secured. When Queen Victoria came to the throne, the population of Ireland exceeded eight millions. Under the existing conditions, it was impossible for the land to maintain such a number of inhabitants,

and, apart from the deaths due to starvation and disease, the diminution of the people from eight millions to less than five is mainly due to the enormous tide of emigration beyond the Atlantic which followed the years of famine.

We pass on to the year 1870, when the first real attempt was made in legislation to afford relief to Irish tenants. Their main wants were, compensation for improvements made on the land by their own labour and at their own pecuniary cost, and fixity of tenure, so long as their rent was paid, instead of the existing liability to removal at six months' notice. The greater part of the agrarian crime of Ireland is due to the evil conditions of land-holding which disregarded these claims of those who tilled the soil. "Wild justice" sought redress, denied by law, in the deeds permitted by the terrible and inexorable code of vengeance drawn up by the members of secret associations. Freedom of sale for the goodwill of the holding, and a fair scale of rents, were also desired by the tenantry who did not live under the "Ulster custom", or unwritten law which afforded the first of these advantages in addition to a practical continuity of holdings. In 1870, Mr. Gladstone, in his first Irish Land Act, made an attempt to deal with the existing grievances. The measure, in operation, proved partially a failure, from the undue reliance which it placed on the generosity of landlords. The right of a tenant to his own improvements of the soil and in farm-buildings was recognized, and a landlord was compelled to pay their value to the tenant if he surrendered the holding at his landlord's instance. But the Act made no provision against the landlords raising the rent when improvements had been effected by the tenant, and, if the latter then gave notice to quit, he received no compensation. In various ways, the landlords contrived to thwart or to evade the intentions of the new law, and evictions were even more numerous than before. The Land Act was, in fact, perforce accompanied by a Peace Preservation Act for the suppression of outrages. The Ribbon Society in West Meath was particularly active, and that district was disgraced at this time by the usual phenomena of Irish agrarian trouble, in outrages, murders, and the impossibility of getting verdicts, on the clearest evidence, against criminals shielded by the sympathy, and delivered by the perjured decisions of juries. Nothing would satisfy the Irish tenant except the practical ownership of the land.

JOHN BRIGHT

This great orator, born at Rochdale in 1811, was of an old middle-class Quaker family. Almost entirely self-educated, he was deeply read in English poetry, the English Bible, and in British political history. Engaged in his father's cotton-factory at his native town, Bright, in early manhood, spoke in public for the Radical cause in Lancashire. In the Free-Trade agitation he was Mr. Cobden's most eloquent supporter outside the House of Commons, which he himself entered, as M.P. for Durham city, in 1843. Bright soon rose to the highest position as a parliamentary and popular orator, fervently advocating reforms in England and in Irish government, as a general supporter of Mr. Gladstone. He was a strong opponent of intervention in foreign quarrels, and left Mr. Gladstone's ministry in 1882, when the Egyptian war began. He finally severed his connection with Gladstone on the subject of "Home Rule", a measure which he stoutly opposed until his death in 1889. Mr. Bright, from 1847 to 1856, was M.P. for Manchester, and from 1857 until his death, for Birmingham. In November, 1880, he was appointed Lord Rector of Glasgow University.

We pass over nearly ten years more, and find the Irish land-question again to the front. By this time, as we have seen, Mr. Parnell and his followers were on the field in full force, obstructing debate, keeping the House in continuous sitting for more than a whole day and night, and compelling the Commons to adopt new rules of procedure. It was in June, 1879, that the Home Rulers took the land-question in hand. An agitation against rent, or against landlordism, was set afoot. In October, Mr. Michael Davitt, a former Fenian convict, after two years' agitation in Ireland, founded the National Land League. Mr. Parnell advised farmers to combine and ask for due reductions of rent, and to pay no rent until they obtained the reduction claimed. He bade them "keep a firm grip of their homesteads", and then "no power on earth could prevail against them". His object was that of forcing the landlords to sell their property, at a fair price, to the tenants. In support of the new Land League, which aimed first at fixity of tenure and fair rents, with peasant proprietorship, Mr. Parnell in person crossed the Atlantic and sought funds among the American Irish. It was in connection with the operations of the Land League that, in the autumn of 1881, the arrest of Irish leaders occurred which has been already described. In the same year, Mr. Gladstone, in power for the second time, strove to deal afresh with the grievances of Irish tenants. The cardinal feature of his second Irish Land Act was the principle of a "judicial rent". Land Courts were established to deal with disputes, and these Courts could fix a rent, payable at that standard for fifteen years, during which time the tenant could not be evicted except for non-payment of rent, or for the breach of certain specific covenants. Advances of money could also be made by the Land Commission to tenants and to Companies for agricultural improvements, including the reclamation of waste lands. Great good followed from the passing of this measure. In 1882, an Arrears Act wiped out all sums for rent due by tenants, on payment of only one year's rent. In 1885, another Act extended the operation of the "Bright clauses" of a former statute, as they were called from Mr. John Bright, the proposer, enabling the state to advance two-thirds of the price to tenants wishing to purchase the fee-simple of the land from owners disposed to sell. Five millions sterling were thus supplied, and the state, now lending money to cover the whole price, left the

borrower to clear himself from the whole amount by paying interest at four per cent for forty-nine years. In 1888, five millions more were granted for the same purpose, and in 1890 the sum was extended to about thirty millions. A real and substantial advance has thus been made towards the creation of a new large land-proprietary in Ireland, by a series of enactments that constitute the largest effort yet made in any country to establish an independent tenantry, and then to convert tenants into owners of the soil.

In taking leave of Ireland until such time as we shall be called upon to note her advances in religious freedom, it is a pleasing duty to record a great unmistakable growth in material prosperity during the latter half of the nineteenth century. In spite of all obstacles and disadvantages, the revenue produced for the common exchequer grew from less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1850 to above 8 millions in 1899. The deposits and private balances in joint-stock banks grew from about ten millions of money in 1852 to nearly sixty-five millions in 1899. The savings'-banks, which contain the resources of the poorer classes of depositors, held £1,200,000 in 1849. In 1898, this sum had increased to nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions. The Post-office Savings'-banks, in 1898, had nearly seven and a quarter millions sterling at the disposal of the thrifty depositors. In 1854, only 1 person in 132 of the total population of the country was a depositor in a savings'-bank of any kind; in 1887, about 1 in 28 was thus showing the possession of prudence and thrift. A wonderful improvement also appears in the condition of the dwellings of the people. The Census Commissioners of 1841 divided the Irish abodes into four classes. The lowest class included all the mere mud-cabins, of only one room. The third class was composed of somewhat better houses, still built of mud, but containing from two to four rooms and windows. The second class were ordinary, comfortable farm-houses, of from five to nine rooms and windows. Forty years later, in 1881, the one-roomed mud-huts had diminished from nearly half a million to just over forty thousand. The third class houses were 384,000 instead of 533,000. The second class abodes, or decent farm-houses, from 264,000 had become 422,000. Superior dwellings, of the first class, had increased from 40,000 to nearly 67,000. For every 100 families living now in mud-cabins, there were 700 at the beginning of Victoria's reign. Making the largest allowance for the

lessening of the population in the removal, mainly to the United States, of the most impoverished dwellers in Ireland, we have strong proof in these figures of progress in wealth and civilization.

In educational matters, the facts are even more satisfactory than those above adduced. In 1841, more than half the population of five years old and upwards were unable to read and write. In 1897, only one-seventh were in the same condition. In 1837, the number of pupils in the Irish schools was about 170,000. In 1898, it exceeded 800,000, and the Parliamentary grant and rates in aid of the schools had grown from £50,000 to over one million and a quarter. The ship-building trade of Belfast has been enormously developed, and grand ocean-liners, such as the *Majestic* and *Teutonic*, now exceeded in tonnage by the most recent vessels launched on the Lough, have proceeded from the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. The manufacture of woollen goods has been established in various places, and Irish tweeds and friezes are competing with the best productions of English and Scottish looms. It seems that at last, under the influence of beneficent legislation which has recognized and striven to remove the mischiefs of the past, the shades of night have vanished from the sky. The Irish people, brave, quick-witted, warm-hearted, hospitable, devoted to their religion, their country, and their homes, ever responsive to kindly treatment, are dwelling, in the opening years of the twentieth century, beneath a risen sun of righteous dealing that must warm into new life and happiness and strength the land which was so long benumbed and darkened by oppression's chill and gloom.

In April, 1900, the Queen, acting under the inspiration of one of her numberless "happy thoughts" for the benefit of her subjects, again visited Ireland, after the lapse of thirty-nine years. During a residence of nearly three weeks in Dublin, she showed herself freely among all classes of the people, being warmly and loyally welcomed in every quarter, and paying visits to nunneries and many charitable institutions. At the same time, in order to testify her sense of the valour of her Irish troops in the South African War, she issued an order, as head of the army, that Irish soldiers should henceforth wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, and that a new "Irish Brigade" of Guards should be embodied.

CHAPTER IX.

DOMESTIC EVENTS OF THE CENTURY.

The frost of 1814 and summer of 1893—The O. P. riots at Covent Garden Theatre.—Notable fires. York Minster—Westminster Abbey—Bonded stores in Dublin—Chambers of Parliament—Royal Exchange, London—Inner Temple, London—Covent Garden Theatre—Tooley Street, London—Crystal Palace—Her Majesty's Theatre, London.—Maritime disasters. The *Kent*, East Indiaman—The *Rothesay Castle*—The *Forfarshire*—Grace Darling—The *Amazon*, mail-steamer—The *Birkenhead*, troop-ship—The *Royal Charter*—The iron-clads *Captain* and *Vanguard*—The *Princess Alice*—The *Victoria*, iron-clad.—Railway disasters: Staplehurst—Abergele—Abbots Ripton—The Tay Bridge.

The “frost of the century”, in the British Isles, was that which marked the winter of 1813-14. The chief incident of this long period of cold, in the southern part of the islands, was the holding of a fair on the frozen Thames at London. At “Frost Fair”, as it was styled, in the early days of February, 1814, thousands of persons were gathered on the ice, and donkeys were seen trotting on the hard safe road which extended along the middle of the frost-bound river. Some merrymakers warmed themselves at skittles, dancers tripped in reels to the sound of many a fiddle, the drinking-tents were thronged with revellers, while others sat outside around large fires, imbibing tea, coffee, and other stronger drinks. Booths and stalls were there for the sale of toys and books, while every purchaser received a label setting forth that the article was bought on the frozen Thames. Printing-presses of the rude sort common in that age, machines little changed since the days of Caxton, were striking off various papers, one of which records some facts of interest. “Printed to commemorate the remarkable severe frost which commenced December 27, 1813, accompanied by an unusual thick fog that continued eight days and was succeeded by a tremendous fall of snow, which prevented all communication between the northern and western roads for several days. The Thames presented a complete field of ice, between London and Blackfriars bridges, on Monday, January 31st, 1814. A fair is this day (February 4, 1814) held, and the whole space between the two bridges covered with spectators.” About the same time, to the north of the Border, a festival was held on the frozen Tweed, at the pleasant little town of Kelso, in the county of Roxburgh.

A large tent was erected on the ice in the middle of the river, and a numerous and respectable company sat down to a good hot dinner. The marquee, well heated by stoves, was surmounted by an orange flag, and the union flags of England and Holland were displayed on the tables. One of the toasts alluded to the preceding winter in Russia, which had caused such havoc among Napoleon's invading host, "General Frost, who so signally fought last winter for the deliverance of Europe, and who now supports the present company". An incident of this dinner was the presence of an old inhabitant of the town who had, seventy-three years before, in the winter of 1740, dined on the frozen Tweed at Kelso, when part of an ox was roasted on the ice.

Among the seasons of the century which specially favoured the trips of the tourist, by river, sea, and land, the pride of place, in the records of the British Isles, must undoubtedly be given to the long, unmarred, and glorious summer of 1893. The agriculturist, indeed, had reason to deplore the loss occasioned in his hay-crop and his roots by long-continued drought. The south and east of England, above all, suffered from an almost universal lack of rain. The Midlands and the northern counties were fairly supplied with needful moisture. The Scottish farmers, in hay and corn and root-crops alike, gathered an abundance scarcely ever known. The western counties of England, in the orchards of Dorset and Devon, of Hereford, Somerset, and Gloucester, were richly gifted with supplies of apples rarely equalled in the memory of man, and the foaming cider-presses crushed out the wholesome juice of the ruddy and yellow fruit in rivers ample enough to fill the casks for the consumption of several years to come. To the dwellers in the country, and the travellers who went forth to see the countless beauties of their native islands, and to bask on sandy shores by shining seas, the time was one that, in the longest life, would never be forgotten. For weeks and months the sky presented little but blue depths of air, illuminated during the long-drawn days by a rarely-clouded sun. The season rushed at once, without a spring-time of approach, into fulness of summer before March was closed, and held its course, in brilliancy and warmth, until long after August had ended her career.

In the first decade of the nineteenth century, a series of incidents, forming one memorable transaction in dramatic history, serves to

illustrate at once the manners of the age, and the interest which was then taken in theatrical amusement. For sixty-one nights the O. P. Riots, disturbances in which popular passion produced a rare commingling of the serious and comic, agitated London, divided society, and convulsed the precincts and theatre of Covent Garden. The old play-house had been burnt down on September 20th, 1808, with the loss of twenty lives, of Handel's organ, the wines of the famous Beef-Steak Club, the wardrobe of Munden the comedian, and the jewels of the actress Miss Bolton. The new theatre, built from the designs of the younger Robert Smirke, was opened to the public on Monday, September 18th, 1809, under the management of John Philip Kemble, who had first appeared on the London boards as *Hamlet* in 1783, and was brother of Mrs. Siddons, the unrivalled *Lady Macbeth*. Public feeling, in democratic circles, had been already excited by the novelty of reserving a saloon for annual renters behind the third tier of boxes. The chief grievance was the raising of the charges from the "old prices" (O. P.) of six shillings in the boxes to seven, and of 3s. 6d. in the pit to 4s. Political feeling was imported into the affair by the Tory papers' advocacy of the new prices, while all the Whig newspapers supported the old charges.

When the curtain rose for *Macbeth* on the fateful night, and Kemble strode forward to speak the opening address, he was received with a storm of mingled barking, groaning, shouting, screeching, cat-calling, and a roar of "Off! Off!—old prices!" The proud performer, with his strong black brows compressed into a frown, and a cloud on his dark luminous eyes, recited his address, and the play began. It was carried on amid universal uproar, and Mrs. Siddons, in her grandest scenes, had her voice drowned by hoots and clamour. Two magistrates from Bow Street, when the after-piece was over, came forward to the foot-lights, but were driven off with hisses. The police seized some people in the upper gallery, but neither they nor a body of fifty soldiers could clear out the rioters until hours after the curtain fell. The *Times*, next morning, supported the brawlers in an indignant and "patriotic" article, and the critics of the clubs and the wits of the press fell foul of Kemble and all his works and ways in jest, epigram, and song. On the third night, the opposition was fully organized, and *Macbeth* was performed in virtual dumb-show, amid hissing, whistling, and

the scream of trumpets and roar of bugles from sitters in the boxes. Placards presented at the front of every box on the first and second tiers demanded "old prices", described the contest as "John Bull against John Kemble", and denounced foreign performers in the person of Madame Catalani, the greatest Italian songstress of her time, who had been engaged for operatic music. After vain attempts to get a hearing for his cause, Kemble hired watermen, of bruising powers, to coerce the rioters, and much fighting took place in the galleries and pit.

Night after night, and, with an interval, week after week, the contest went on, with the usual noise and display of placards, and vain attempts at negotiation. At an early stage, Kemble had gained some applause by announcing that Catalani had resigned her engagement, but he held firm on the subject of prices. For a short time the theatre was closed, while a committee of able men of business, including the Solicitor-General, the Recorder of London, and the Governor of the Bank of England, examined the past financial affairs of the theatre. Their report stated that the new prices would only give a profit of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the capital expended for the new theatre, according to the results of the past six years. This was received with disbelief by the public, and the rioting was resumed when the theatre was re-opened on October 10th. Dustmen's bells and watchmen's rattles now added to the uproar, and the letters O. P. were worn on waistcoats and hats. Pigeons let loose from the boxes flew around, and the O. P. dance, nightly performed by the rioters, consisted of an alternate stamping of the feet, with the cry of O. P. uttered in regular monotonous cadence. Kemble and the other managers, in their fury of rage, obtained from the Bow Street magistrates "runners" armed with bludgeons, and Mendoza, the prize-fighter, with another professional pugilist, attacked the O. P. pittites with the fists of broken-nosed, bull-necked rowdies. On the second night of this new phase, both constables and fist-fighters were driven from the place by the bold and indignant rioters, who at every turn remained the masters of the position. At times, Kemble would obtain a hearing as he pleaded for the change of price which could alone afford a return on the capital, but the tumults went on, with a very brief lull, and the O. P. men were delighted when one of their party recovered damages for assault and false imprisonment in an action brought

against Brandon the box-keeper. A public dinner, attended by three hundred persons, celebrated this event on December 14th, and a committee was formed to defend the persons then under prosecution for a share in the riots. The proprietors gave way, and the old price of the pit, 3s. 6d., was restored, while the charge for the boxes remained at seven shillings. The O. P. men then insisted on the dismissal of Brandon, and peace was restored by Kemble's consent to this sacrifice of his zealous servant. A placard, "We are satisfied", was hoisted three times from the pit, amid thundering cheers, and the O. P. riots passed away into history.

The records of accidental conflagration in Great Britain during the nineteenth century are mainly concerned with commercial losses, but some of these events either threatened or involved the destruction of priceless historical edifices devoted to the uses of religion, legislation, or the arts. On Monday, February 2nd, 1829, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, a chorister-boy, passing through the minster-yard, saw smoke issuing from various parts of the roof of York Cathedral. His sight was directed upwards through a fall on his back as he trod on a piece of ice. A speedy entrance revealed the fact that the fine carved wood-work of the choir was ablaze. This beautiful and curious production of fourteenth-century skill and steel was clearly doomed, and the safety of the whole magnificent structure seemed to depend on the roof failing to catch fire. The wood-work there was very dry, and was soon kindled by lapping tongues of flame, and at half-past eight it fell in with a crash. The crowd of citizens that now looked on believed that the minster of their pride was about to be wrecked, but strenuous effort, with the lack of fuel for the flames when they reached the great stone tower that surmounts the transept, happily saved the main building. The great east window, the glory of the superb fabric, suffered little damage, and the stone screen dividing the altar from the Lady Chapel was not beyond repair. The clustered pillars of the choir, made of magnesian limestone, readily splitting under heat, were wholly destroyed. The disaster was due to a lunatic named Jonathan Martin, who journeyed to York in the belief that a divine voice had bidden him destroy the minster. On the Sunday evening, after service, he secreted himself in the building, struck a light late at night with a razor, flint, and tinder, shouted

"Glory to God!" till he was tired, and at three in the morning collected the cushions, fired them with a bundle of the long brimstone-matches of the period, broke a window, and let himself down to the ground outside by the knotted rope of the prayer-bell. This account is due to the statements of the incendiary himself, and it was partly confirmed by the evidence of persons who heard noises in the cathedral during the night, and had not the energy or good sense to ascertain the cause. A good restoration of the choir was effected through the liberal funds subscribed, and the use of some drawings of the choir-stalls and screen that were in the possession of the Dean and chapter. Jonathan Martin was confined for life after his notable and pernicious exploit.

On April 27th, in the same year, Westminster Abbey had a narrow escape. About ten o'clock at night, flames issued from the north transept, and were rapidly mounting to the roof, when an entrance was made and the mischief stayed by energetic work. It was feared that a mania for destroying ecclesiastical buildings was abroad, but in this case, though nothing was clearly proved, it seemed that thieves, who had come to steal lead from the roof, had by accident ignited lumber, including a cast-off scene of the Westminster plays, laid away in a corner.

Our next incident takes us beyond the Irish Channel. In the summer of 1833 a terrific fire consumed the bonded stores connected with the custom-house at Dublin. A vast amount of property was destroyed, but much valuable merchandise had been placed in fire-proof vaults, and the shipping at the quays was saved, while puncheons of sugar were flaring up in succession like huge torches, and tallow was sending up columns of flame into the night, and fiery floods of whisky rushed over the edge of the quay-wall into the Liffey, spreading sheets of blue flame over half the breadth of the river towards the coal-ships towed to the further side. No offer of reward revealed the source of the fire, which was believed to be the work of incendiary hands.

The next "sensational" fire was that which, on the night of Thursday, October 16th, 1834, destroyed the two chambers of Parliament, with most of the adjoining buildings, and seriously threatened Westminster Hall. The House of Lords caught fire about seven o'clock, owing to the carelessness of workmen engaged to burn in the stoves about two cart-loads of old exchequer-tallies. These

were square rods of well-seasoned hazel or willow, marked on one side with notches indicating the receipt of divers sums of public money, and inscribed on two other sides with the same sum in Roman characters, along with the name of the payer and the date of payment. This antiquated method of keeping public accounts had been disused since the beginning of the century, and a clearance was needed in the tally-room of the exchequer. The fierce blaze in furnaces rashly filled with fuel caused overheated flues which kindled the dry wood-work of the halls that had echoed with the eloquence of Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, and many other renowned orators. The Commons, at this time, sat in the old St. Stephen's Chapel, wainscoted to hide the pictures of the Catholic days, with a wooden floor above the stone pavement, and the roof hidden by a modern ceiling. The flames rapidly spread, the tide in the river was low, and the paltry engines of that day had but a scanty supply of water. In view of a vast multitude, and amid shouts that bade the firemen to "Save the Hall!" the conflagration swept away, besides the two legislative chambers, the library of the Commons, the Painted Chamber of the Lords, many committee-rooms, the Clerk's house, and part of the Speaker's, and many other places of official residence or use. The law-courts which then, and for many years later, screened from view the western exterior of the great historic hall, were preserved, with their papers, but the roofs were stripped off, and the interiors deluged with water. The Serjeant-at-arms saved the mace of the Commons, but the loss included, among many other valuable and interesting documents, the original death-warrant of Charles the First. The rough wit of the hour attributed the catastrophe to the instigation of Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., the able, honest, and zealous economist and reformer, who had repeatedly striven to procure a vote in favour of erecting a new chamber for the Commons, declaring that he would no longer bear the discomfort of the dingy, contracted room in which they sate. As the flames cleared the ground for a better housing of the legislature, some of the crowd exclaimed, "Mr. Hume's motion carried without a division!" That most worthy member, in fact, was at the time engaged in saving with his own hands a part of the Commons' library. The fire was one of real service to the nation. The parliament-houses had been long very unfit for the transaction of business, and detrimental to the health of members. As a tempor-

ary measure, a new House of Commons was made on the site of the Lords, who now sate in a building that replaced their Painted Chamber, and these erections, hastily fitted up for the session of 1835, were the scenes of legislation until the completion of Barry's magnificent Palace of Westminster in 1860.

The history of great fires now transports us from Westminster to the centre of the world's trade in the city of London. On January 10th, 1838, a night of bitter cold, with a north-easter blowing, the Royal Exchange was destroyed. The building, much altered and restored in 1820-26, was the one that replaced Sir Thomas Gresham's structure, the first "Royal" Exchange, by Elizabeth's designation, which perished in the great fire of London in 1666. The Royal Exchange of 1838 was quadrangular in plan, with a three-storied tower, surmounted by a lantern, and with a gilded grasshopper, the crest of the Greshams, as a vane. The changes above mentioned gave the edifice a stone tower on the south front. Between 10 P.M. and 3 A.M. the building vanished in a conflagration that was seen nearly thirty miles away, and presented a fearful spectacle involving some notable incidents. As the wind roared, and the flames rushed and crackled, and huge timbers fell, and walls and roof crashed in, with the basement a blazing mass from end to end, the tall clock-tower remained steadfast and upright, and the hands of the dial passed on their course. Suddenly, the fine chime of bells broke into the air, "There's nae luck aboot the house". Then the flames began to climb the tower, and the tune had changed to "God save the Queen", when the eight bells, one after the other, fell from their supports, and the tall structure, after a few moments' swaying to and fro, sank into the abyss of fire below. The old statue of Gresham, which had escaped the Great Fire, was now destroyed. The grasshopper-vane was found nearly intact, and was placed on the new building, of which the foundation-stone was laid by Prince Albert in January, 1842, the completed structure being opened by the Queen in October, 1844. The royal and civic processions, meeting at Temple Bar, formed a pageant of great interest and splendour, while Lord Mayor Magnay, on horseback, bore in front of the Queen's carriage the great pearl sword presented to the City by Queen Elizabeth when she opened the first Exchange. The excavations for the founding of the new structure had carried back men's minds to our earliest historical days. A

deep pit was uncovered, filled with remains of Roman London, specimens of which are preserved in the museum at Guildhall.

In March, 1838, but two months after the destruction of the Exchange, the Inner Temple was the scene of a peculiarly mischievous fire. A lawyer, coming home from his club at two o'clock A.M., left a candle burning near some papers, and this was the origin of a conflagration that consumed more than eighty sets of chambers, with nearly all their contents, including deeds and other documents whose loss was irreparable and value beyond calculation. The Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor, lost a law-library worth £3000, and that was not his chief reason for deplored the carelessness of a professional brother.

In May, 1840, York Minster was again on fire, probably owing to the heedlessness of workmen engaged, with a brazier, in repairing the leaden covering. The roof of the nave was utterly destroyed, and the south-western tower was reduced to a shell, with the loss of the fine peal of bells that fell from their supports through the floors below.

We turn from devastation wrought on structures engaged in the more serious uses of mankind to a disaster befalling a famous scene of dramatic and musical art. The destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, in March, 1856, was directly due to the debasement of a noble temple of the Muses to the meanest purposes of frivolity and vice. The structure which, as we have seen, had been inaugurated with the turmoil of riotous discontent on the part of those who loved the drama, had contained, during its existence of nearly fifty years, countless thousands of intelligent men and women enraptured by the speech and gesture of John Philip Kemble and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, of Macready, Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), and Samuel Phelps. In 1847, a secession from the old operatic house known as Her Majesty's Theatre had devoted Covent Garden to the musical drama, and the operas of Bellini and Rossini, of Mozart, Meyerbeer, and Donizetti, had received the grandest and most efficient performance from a magnificent company that included Tamburini as baritone, the unrivalled *Don Giovanni* in Mozart's splendid work; Formes, the sonorous and massive German *basso*, with Giulia Grisi as chief *soprano*, and Mario, the tenor, queen and king of Italian tragic opera. The band, of more than 100 performers, directed by

Michael Costa of Naples, styled by Meyerbeer "the greatest *chef d'orchestre* in the world", was one of the finest bodies of executants that ever was brought together. In an evil hour, Mr. Gye, the very able and successful lessee, sub-let the theatre, then known as the Royal Italian Opera, to a performer of jugglery who called himself Professor Anderson, "the Wizard of the North". The operatic season was approaching when this man requested permission to close his performances with a specimen of the style of entertainment, at once dreary and immoral, known in Paris as a *bal masqué*. Mr. Gye, who was then in Madrid, engaged in securing performers, at first gave a decided refusal, but was induced to yield a reluctant assent, by telegram, to Anderson's pathetic representation that the matter had been announced, and was eagerly expected, and that withdrawal would cause him a serious loss. The result of Mr. Gye's concession was one of mingled good and evil. A noble theatre was burnt, but masked balls fell, in this country, into lasting discredit. Up to midnight, the house, with the pit floored over for dancing and promenade, presented a fairly decorous spectacle. The retirement of the more respectable and orderly visitors then left behind the materials of a mere Bacchanalian revel. The firemen of the theatre, whose duty it was to remain aloft and watch among the inflammable contents of the workshops and painting-rooms, left their posts to gaze on the tipsy throng below whirling in the dance, brawling at the bars, or staggering to and fro in the exuberance of their degraded delight. A startling change came between four and five o'clock, when most of the revellers, wearied out, had withdrawn, and but two or three hundred reckless men and women remained. The word had been given by Anderson for the lowering of the gas, and for the close of the orgies with the gross profanation involved in playing the national hymn. Before the musicians could begin the air, the ceiling around the great prismatic central chandelier opened with a crackling din, and a shower of sparks came down upon the floor. The musical performers leapt from their seats in affright, leaving their instruments behind. The votaries of Venus, Dionysus, and the dance cut a sorry figure under the influence of Pan, the deity of terror suddenly inspired. In the rush for the doors, women were crushed and trodden under foot by their recent partners in merriment, and the people that

had quickly gathered in Bow Street and Covent Garden Market mocked at the dishevelled masquers in motley array pouring forth in their fright, as the flames dashed out from the upper windows, and volumes of dark smoke whirled up beneath the moon. There was no loss of life occasioned by the fire, and the only sufferers were those who had limbs fractured or bodies bruised in the frantic struggle for escape. As usual in the case of fires at theatres, the destruction was complete. At half-past five o'clock the roof fell in. At eleven A.M. the present writer viewed, by permission of the firemen, the four bare walls that enclosed a scene of smoking and entire desolation and ruin. It was almost certain that the fire arose in spontaneous combustion of waste matter, saturated with oil and varnish, in the workshops at the top, where Mr. Grieve, the great scene-painter whose brush produced many a beauteous stage-picture in this old "Covent Garden", had before called attention to the danger of such accumulations. The Italian Opera of Mr. Gye's performers found shelter at the *Lyceum*, and the splendid new theatre of Covent Garden was opened in 1858.

The London Bridge, or Tooley Street, fire of June-July, 1861, was the greatest and most costly conflagration in the British Isles since the Great Fire of London. In the early evening of Saturday, June 22nd, Mr. Braidwood, the famous chief of the London Fire-Brigade, received a "call" at the head-office in Watling Street, City. An outbreak of fire had occurred at Cotton's Wharf, Tooley Street, on the Surrey side of London Bridge, fronting the river near St. Olave's Church, and adjacent to the arches of the London Bridge railways. The buildings which were attacked covered a space of three acres, and rose to a height of six stories, filled in the upper part with tea, coffee, bales of silk, and other valuable merchandise; while the lower floors and basement contained a vast stock of oils, Russian tallow, tar, saltpetre, hemp, rice, bales of cotton, hops, grain, and sugar. It was seen from the first that a fire of unusual magnitude had obtained a firm hold of highly inflammable materials. The whole of that quarter of London was lit up with the flames from a huge furnace, and the countless spectators on London Bridge and the opposite shores witnessed a scene of unequalled character. Cataracts of blazing fat poured over the massive stone front of the wharves into the blood-red river, and streams and floating islands of flame that water could

not quench were carried half-way across and far down the tideway, endangering the shipping at other wharves, and in the Pool towards the Tower. The air was filled with the sound of rushing fire and with the constant explosion of barrels of oil, tar, and saltpetre. Thousands of rats, driven from their comfortable homes among the sugar, grain, and fat, hurried to the water, and made for the other shore, swimming in irregular battalions of retreat, or climbing on and clinging to pieces of charred wood hurled into the stream by explosive force. Some floating-engines on the river aided the land-steamer in fighting the terrific foe, but it was useless to pour water on the blazing oily matter, and the main work was that of drenching adjacent property, and enabling it to resist the shooting flames and the intensity of heat. London-Bridge Stations were with difficulty saved, but warehouse after warehouse along the river downwards was involved in the disaster, and seven acres of ground were completely cleared. At an early period of the fire, Mr. Braidwood, the gallant, able, and experienced leader of the opposing force, was buried beneath tons of brickwork from a warehouse front driven outwards by an explosion of tremendous violence. Death was instantaneous, and his body could not be recovered until a later stage of the fire. For four days and nights the ruins were ablaze, and, four weeks after the outbreak, the present writer, viewing the scene of desolation, saw smoke still issuing from huge heaps of rice and other matter. The pecuniary loss reached two millions sterling.

On December 30th, 1866, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham had a narrow escape from complete destruction. A fire which began in the north wing, abutting on the gardens, destroyed one of the transepts, with a large collection of birds and apes, and left the building permanently disfigured by the huge gap that exists between it and the northern water-tower, and by the lop-sided appearance due to the want of a transept at that end of the brilliant structure.

The destruction of theatres by fire in the capitals of the three kingdoms, and in other large towns, has been commensurate with the risk attached to such edifices. We can here only specify the loss, in January, 1868, of the fine opera-house, noted for its excellent acoustic quality, styled "Her Majesty's Theatre", in the Haymarket and Pall Mall, London. That beautiful abode of

Italian music and dramatic display then utterly perished, to the regret of all who had there listened with delight to the notes of Pasta, Alboni, and many other queens of song, including the "Swedish nightingale", Jenny Lind; of Luigi Lablache, finest of deep basses for combined volume and rich quality of tone, a man of grand histrionic presence and power, a friend and instructor of Queen Victoria; of Rubini at an earlier, and of Giuglini, at a later day, each the unrivalled tenor of his time; or had witnessed, in the palmy days of theatrical dance, the surprising grace and agility of Maria Taglioni and Fanny Ellsler, of Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Lucille Grahn. The theatrical world was made poorer by the loss of scenery painted by the brushes of Telbin, Calcott, and Grieve. The great Hungarian *soprano*, Teresa Tietjens, one of the noblest impersonators of operatic characters for power and purity of voice, musical skill, dignity of form and demeanour, and energy of action, was deprived of many valuable jewels.

Calamities due to the power and wrath of oceanic storms, or to outbreaks of fire on board voyaging ships, or to chance collision on river or sea, are certain to form part of the history of a nation unequalled for the extent alike of her warlike and her commercial marine. Just prior to the nineteenth century, in 1800, the royal navy had suffered a severe loss in the burning, off Leghorn, of the 110-gun ship *Queen Charlotte*, a tragedy in which 700 sailors and marines had perished. In 1805, the Indiaman *Abergavenny* was wrecked on Portland Bill, with the loss of 300 lives. The same year saw the *Aurora* transport, with an equal loss of human beings, engulfed in the terrible Goodwin Sands. In 1810, with the *Minotaur*, of 74 guns, 360 mariners perished in the waves of the North Sea. In the following year, the *St. George*, of 98 guns, and the *Defence*, 74, were wrecked off Jutland, with the total loss of 1400 British seamen.

The year 1825 witnessed a noble display of coolness, courage, and endurance in British officers and men when the *Kent* East Indiaman took fire during a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The *Kent* was a fine new ship of 1400 tons, commanded by Captain Henry Cobb, and bound to Bengal and China. Leaving the Downs with a fine fresh north-easter on February 19th, she carried 20 officers, 344 soldiers, 43 women, and 60 children belonging to the 31st Regiment, with 20 private passengers, and a crew, with officers,

of 148. The total human freight thus amounted to nearly 650 persons. On March 1st, the vessel was rolling heavily in a gale of wind, as she lay-to under a triple-reefed main topsail. Just before dawn on March 2nd, a rum-cask adrift in the hold knocked a lantern out of the hand of one of the ship's officers, as the vessel gave a heavy lurch. The cask was stove in, the rum was kindled at the lantern-light, and the *Kent* was instantly on fire. The conflagration spread to the cable-tier, and the seamen and troops were working at the pumps, passing buckets along, and flinging wetted sails and hammocks on the burning matter. Captain Cobb, in this hour of awful risk, showed dauntless courage, combined with the utmost firmness of will and provident resource. The carpenters, and the military pioneers, with their axes, were made to scuttle the lower decks, and open the lower ports to the wash of the waves, in the hope that the water would extinguish the fire. The vessel soon became water-logged, while the upper deck was crowded with the hundreds of the people, displaying every phase of conduct from cool composure to the frenzy of terror and despair. The sea-water which had come aboard had partially checked the flames for a time, and so lessened the risk of their reaching the spirit-room and the powder-magazine. Amidst countless touching scenes, the danger of the conflagration grew, and the violence of the waves increased. Major M'Gregor enclosed a few lines of writing to his father in a bottle which was dropped in the cabin and forgotten. It floated from the wreck at a later hour, and was afterwards picked up on the coast of Barbadoes. When nothing but death, by drowning or by fire, was present to the view and thoughts of all, a man at the foretop gave a clear, sharp shout, "A sail on the lee bow!" Ringing cheers from the men were followed by the flutter of flags of distress, the firing of guns, and the hoisting of sail for the *Kent* to move towards the hope of rescue. The *Cambria*, a British brig of 200 tons, bound for Vera Cruz, in Mexico, was the vessel in sight, and she soon bore down towards the burning ship. With the utmost difficulty and danger, in the high-running sea, some of the wives and children of the officers and troops were taken in the *Kent's* cutter to the *Cambria*, and the rescuing vessel's boats came astern of the *Kent*, and picked up people who were let down by ropes. Many lives were lost, but far more were saved, as night came on, and Colonel Fearon and the Major, commanding the

troops, with Captain Cobb, remained till all had left the doomed vessel, save men that feared to risk the drop into the sea. These officers escaped in the *Cambria's* boat, and at half-past one in the morning the magazine exploded and blew the *Kent* to pieces when she was about three miles from the *Cambria*. Prior to this event, the masts had fallen overboard, and those who had before refused to leave the vessel now sprang into the sea and clung to the floating timber. After the explosion, the *Caroline*, a barque bound from Alexandria to Liverpool, came upon the scene, attracted by the fire, and, in the end, saved more than a dozen lives. The *Cambria*, with her rescued hundreds of human beings, made her way to Falmouth through the heavy gale. The people saved from the perils of fire and sea were received with the utmost kindness by their Cornish fellow-countrymen, the Quakers of Falmouth being conspicuous in good works. A special service of thanksgiving was a moving spectacle of gratitude and joy. The officers and men of the 31st were conveyed to Chatham, where they were allowed a period of rest and quiet before re-embarking for India. The Secretary at War, Lord Palmerston, afterwards prime minister, awarded the sum of £500 to the captain and crew of the *Cambria*, and that commander, whose name was Captain Cook, received a piece of plate from the officers and passengers of the *Kent*, with well-deserved pecuniary and honorary rewards from other quarters. The East India Company assigned him £600, with proportionate sums to his officers and crew, and to the miners who had been his passengers. The total loss of life in connection with the *Kent* amounted to 81 persons, including 1 woman, 25 children, 1 seaman, and 54 soldiers.

The loss of the *Rothesay Castle*, in August, 1831, was a tragedy due to the folly of a man wholly unfit for command. The vessel was a leaky, battered old steamer plying between Liverpool and Beaumaris, on Menai Strait. The captain started in rough weather, refused to seek a port when excessive leakage came, swore that there was no danger when the cabins were filling with water, hoisted no lights, and refused to fire a signal-gun for help, when the lamps of Beaumaris were visible ahead. The hapless ship drifted along, and went to pieces at midnight, with her groups of tourists, her musicians, and her crew. But twenty-two were saved out of nearly 150 persons who left Liverpool. Two of the survivors honoured

LORD PALMERSTON

Born at Westminster in 1784, Lord Palmerston was educated at Harrow, Edinburgh University, and St. John's College, Cambridge. He first entered Parliament in 1807. In 1830 he was made Foreign Secretary in the Whig Ministry of Earl Grey, and continued in office, with a break of only a few months, until 1841. It was during this period that he gained his great reputation for vigilance and energy in foreign affairs. In 1845 he supported the repeal of the corn-laws. On the resignation of Lord Aberdeen's coalition ministry he became Prime Minister, which position he held, with a brief interruption, until his death in 1865.

THE CHINESE IN SINGAPORE



From a Photograph by CHARLES WATKINS

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, THIRD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON
PEELMILR 1855 1858 AND 1859-1865

human nature by a signal display of noble self-devotion. These men, strangers to each other, found themselves clinging to the same plank, and quickly discovered that it could save only one. Each begged the other to maintain his grasp, the younger, because his companion was old, the elder, because his comrade in danger was young. Neither would consent to be saved at such a cost, and both at the same moment let go their hold. By extraordinary accidents both were saved, and when day had dawned they met on shore with the utmost delight and surprise. We may regret that no poet immortalized the names of the heroes who were enabled to enjoy so sweet and moving a recognition.

The wreck of the *Forfarshire* brings before us that famous girl of daring deed and comely name, Grace Darling. She was born, in the year of Waterloo, at Bamborough, renowned in our olden story for the fortress that crowns a steep basaltic rock. Vainly besieged by Penda, Mercia's heathen king, and often assailed in Danish descents, the stronghold witnessed, in 1296, Baliol's acknowledgment of Edward I.'s supremacy. Destroyed in the civil conflicts of the Roses, the restored castle became, just prior to the opening of the 19th century, the centre of a noble charitable trust due to the benevolence of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham. Fitly enough for the scene of Grace Darling's birth, the Bamborough funds, amongst many other good uses, provide appliances for the rescue and relief of shipwrecked sailors. The village was once a royal borough, and returned two members to Parliament under Edward the First. In 1838, in her twenty-third year, Grace was living with her father, William Darling, lighthouse-keeper at Longstone, one of the Farne Isles, opposite Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland. In the early morning of September 7th, the *Forfarshire* steam-packet, bound from Hull to Dundee, with sixty-three persons on board, struck broadside on the north-west side of Harkar's Rock, about half a mile from the Longstone. A projection of rock cut the vessel in two at the paddle-wheels, and the after-part was swept away, with the instant loss of forty-three lives. The chief mate and seven of the crew took to the longboat, with one of the passengers, and were picked up by a sloop and carried to Shields. Nine survivors, passengers and crew, remained with the fore-part of the vessel on the rock. At a quarter to five their danger was discerned by Grace Darling, who awoke her father, and with him considered

the means of rescue. Mrs. Darling, when she saw them launching the little open boat, insisted on sharing the peril of her husband and her daughter, but she was induced to stay behind, as being useless in the boat, and to prepare fire, and blankets, and clothing, and food for those who might come back over the boiling waters. By nine o'clock, in two separate trips, of which Grace shared the first, the nine persons, including a woman-passenger, were all landed at the Longstone, after desperate struggles with a raging sea. For three days and nights the heroine tended the rescued people, some of whom were severely injured. One of the old seamen clinging to the wreck had been moved to tears when he saw a young woman, of slender form, imperilling her life for his preservation. The fame of her exploit flew through the world, while she protested, in her simplicity of soul, that there were girls all along the coast who would, and did, accompany their fathers and brothers over stormy seas when human life was calling for aid. She had, in fact, once more revealed the existence of the moral wealth that long abides unknown in our midst, of the virtue that obscurely lives and quietly acts while the turbulent elements of human life are making tempests on the surface of our social system. Grace Darling had, without any thought or intent, won renown by her deed, and had therewith lost the peacefulness of life. The little room in the lighthouse, where she sat at her sewing, was invaded by many of the rich and high-born who came to pay homage to heroic worth. She was overwhelmed with presents of money and other gifts, and the Duke of Northumberland found it needful to become her guardian against the pressure of importunate admiration. Her life, though not her manners and mind, had lost for ever the preserving charm of simplicity, and her health gave way under the want of repose. The Longstone lighthouse had become a shrine, but the inmate did not long survive. In October, 1842, the news of Grace Darling's death by consumption, after a year of declining strength, spread a tender sorrow through the nation's heart. Her body lies in Bamborough churchyard, and her monument presents an image of perfect rest in the sculptured form reclined with oar on arm.

The disasters of the deep, in Victoria's reign, include the total loss, in 1841, with circumstances to this day wholly unknown, of the *President* steamship, voyaging between New York and Liverpool; of the *Reliance* East Indiaman, near Boulogne, in 1842, with the

sacrifice of 116 lives; of the *Ocean Monarch*, burned in 1848, off Great Orme's Head, on the north coast of Wales, when 178 persons perished; of the *Royal Adelaide*, off Margate, in 1849, with the loss of about 400 lives. In 1850, 200 persons perished in the emigrant-ship *Edmund* on the west coast of Ireland. In the first days of 1851, the public mind was stirred by the tragedy that befell the fine new West India mail-steamer *Amazon*. Sailing from Southampton on the evening of Friday, January 2nd, she was at midnight on Saturday well to the westward of the Scilly Isles. An hour later, with a heavy sea running under a strong south-westerly gale, the alarm of fire was caused by flames that seemed to start from the engine-room. The conflagration quickly mastered all efforts to save the ship with her 161 passengers, besides the crew, for whom but one life-boat was ready to launch. All save forty perished by water or fire, and the explosion of the magazine sent the hull to the bottom. One of those who died was Eliot Warburton, the Irish landowner and author, born at Aughrim in 1810, and best known in literature by his spirited description of eastern lands entitled *The Crescent and the Cross*.

The name of the steamship *Birkenhead* is one that will ever gratefully recall a typical example of discipline and cool courage in British soldiers. This troopship, of the royal marine, was conveying drafts of various regiments to Algoa Bay, on the south coast of Cape Colony, for service in the Kaffir War. The detachments included men of the 74th Highlanders, and were all under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Seton, commander of that distinguished corps. At two o'clock on the morning of February 27th, 1852, in a fairly smooth sea, the vessel, steaming at the rate of about ten miles an hour, struck on a sunken rock near Point Danger, midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Agulhas. The shock was such that a huge rent was made in the iron plates of the lower hull, just aft of the foremast. The water, pouring in, drowned in their hammocks most of the men on the lower troop-deck, while the rest hurried to the upper deck, where no light was seen except that of the stars. Colonel Seton and Captain Wright commanded the maintenance of discipline and silence, and most nobly were their orders obeyed. The soldiers, chiefly young recruits, uttered not a murmur or cry, but drew up on the rocking and loosening deck with as steady and

firm a spirit as if they were paraded for drill. Death was all around them as they stood in their ranks. About 120 men had been set to the pumps, and the rest were gathered astern so as to ease the fore part of the vessel. Only two boats could be used for rescue, and these conveyed the women, the children, and the sick. The water around was alive with sharks, which seized some of the horses that were driven out of the port gangway, to have a chance of swimming ashore. When the helpless people had been placed in the ship's cutter, the whole bow of the vessel broke off at the foremast, and the funnel fell over on the side, carrying away the starboard paddle-box and boat. About 60 men were crushed in the fall of the funnel, and as many more were drowned below at the pumps. The *Birkenhead* then broke in two crosswise, and the stern-part filled and went down. About 70 men were carried safely to shore clinging to the main-mast rigging or to drifting furniture, and about 50 more were taken off the wreckage in the afternoon by a schooner that had picked up the people in the boats and conveyed them to a place of safety. Nearly 500 lives, out of about 690, were lost, including that of the gallant Seton who, with so many intrepid followers, thus nobly died on his first field of action. This grand display of military obedience and heroic self-sacrifice elicited a notable eulogy from the Duke of Wellington, in one of his latest public utterances, delivered at the Royal Academy dinner of 1852, four months prior to his death. The old Field-Marshal dwelt not on the bravery displayed by the troops, assuming that a soldier should be brave, but on the discipline of which his victorious career had shown him so many splendid examples. A mural tablet and brass plates at Chelsea Hospital, containing the names of the officers and men who perished, 357 in all, were placed there by Queen Victoria's command, "to record heroic constancy and unbroken discipline".

The loss of the *Royal Charter* steamship, in October, 1859, gave a name to one of the most violent storms that ever blew in the latitude of the British Isles. The "*Royal Charter* gale" will never be forgotten by those who, at the sea-shore, witnessed some effects of its terrific force. The vessel was homeward bound from Australia, carrying hundreds of passengers and nearly three-quarters of a million sterling value of gold in nuggets and coin. On the north-east coast of Anglesey, the captain was trying to make

headway near shore in the hope of meeting with a pilot for Liverpool. When no progress was possible, two anchors were let go, and the engines, worked at full speed, strove to lessen the strain on the cables. Man's machinery was powerless against sea and wind; the cables parted, and the ship drove ashore on the rocks astern in Red Wharf Bay. The masts and rigging were cut away, but the vessel, after beating on the sharp-pointed rocks, was thrown broadside on and perfectly upright on the shelving stony beach. A rope was got to land by a sailor struggling through the heavy surf, and a hawser was then hauled out and fastened ashore. A "chair" was then rigged on the thick rope, but the furious sea and wind made it almost useless for rescue. The waves were soon pouring into the saloon, and a series of tremendous shocks broke the vessel amidships. A few of the crew reached land by the hawser, and some persons were flung bruised and almost senseless on the rocks. About 450 people, including the commander, Captain Taylor, all the ship's officers, and many women and children, were drowned. The force of the waves was such that the iron treasure-safe was broken up into shapeless pieces, and, in the crushed fragments of smaller iron boxes, sovereigns and nuggets of gold were found imbedded as though they formed part of the substance of the metal. The catastrophe was followed by terrible scenes for many a day as the bodies of the dead were cast ashore and recognized in many cases by anxious relatives and friends who had journeyed to the spot. Most of the victims were buried at Llanalgo, near Moelfra, on the fatal coast.

In the spring of 1865, the steamer *London*, bound for Australia with a cargo mainly composed of railway-iron, was caught by a cyclone in the Bay of Biscay. The heavy seas which came aboard found their way below, and the vessel was becoming water-logged when her commander gave the order to put back for Plymouth. The ship had nearly reached the outer edge of the storm when this fatal course was taken, and, in her almost helpless condition, she passed again into the area of angry winds and seas. A few men escaped in one of the boats; about 220 lives, passengers and crew, were lost when the ship fairly foundered in the centre of the hurricane.

The first great disaster that befell any ship of the modern British ironclad steam-navy was the foundering of the *Captain*, in

September, 1870, near Cape Finisterre, on the north-west coast of Spain. Captain Cowper Phipps Coles, of the royal navy, turning his mind to naval construction, induced the Admiralty to build a turret-ship from his designs, on the plan so greatly developed by the famous Swedish engineer Ericsson, in the naval service of the United States. The *Captain* had little more than six feet of free-board, or height of deck above the water at rest, and was from the first pronounced, by some high authorities, wholly unsafe for ocean-service. This double-screw "monitor" of about 4,300 tons carried armour-plates from three to eight inches thick, with two revolving turrets, the strongest and heaviest yet constructed. The forecastle and the after-part of the ship were raised above the "free-board", and were connected by a light hurricane-deck which played an important part in what occurred near Spain. The *Captain* was one of a squadron of eleven men-of-war when, a little after midnight on September 7th, in a heavy gale, she was slowly proceeding, under three double-reefed topsails and foretop-mast staysail. It is doubtful whether her screw was really in motion, but it is almost certain that full steam-power would have saved the vessel. About 12.20, the *Captain* gave a terrible lurch to starboard, but soon righted, and a few minutes later she heeled over on the same side, and went on her beam-ends, quivering through all her frame with the blows of the short, angry seas, while the shriek of the storm was mingled with the roar of steam from the boilers, and both sounds were overpowered by the cries of the engineers and stokers who were being drowned and scalded below. The vessel was soon bottom uppermost, and went down stern first, carrying with her nearly 500 lives. The loss included her commander, Captain Burgoyne, son of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne; Captain Coles, the designer of the ship; a son of Mr. Childers, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and several sons of British peers. Seventeen sailors and a gunner escaped in one of the ship's launches, which was found floating, and was covered with canvas that kept in the oars. After twelve hours' pulling they made their way to Corcubion, north of Cape Finisterre, and on the morning of September 8th the telegraph had brought the terrible tidings to British readers. The vessel should not have carried sail at all, and, when she once heeled over, the under-part of the hurricane-deck, acting as one vast sail, gave

the leverage that mainly threw her on her side and made her case hopeless.

The next marine disaster in our record was due to the gross carelessness, and the fearful loss of life which it occasioned was mainly caused by the outrageous inhumanity, of the people in charge of a Spanish steamer. In 1873, the *Northfleet*, an emigrant ship, was lying at anchor, on a clear night, off Dungeness, on the south coast of Kent. The passengers were all in their berths below when the steamer ran into the vessel, and left her to sink with about 300 persons, sheering off and hurrying away without any attempt to save a single soul.

The loss of the fine ironclad *Vanguard* was happily unattended with any sacrifice of life, owing to the strict discipline, coolness, and courage displayed by all on board the stricken ship. The catastrophe was the first which, in our own navy, gave proof of the enormous power of the "ram", or sharp heavy projection of metal, placed below the water-line at the bow-end of some modern men-of-war. On September 1st, 1875, the reserve squadron of the Channel Fleet, including the *Warrior*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Iron Duke*, and *Vanguard*, under the command of Vice-Admiral Tarleton, started from Kingstown, co. Dublin, for Queenstown, co. Cork. The *Achilles* hoisted a farewell signal, and made for Liverpool. The other ships were soon enveloped in a fog off the Wicklow coast, and at 12.30 afternoon they had slackened speed from 14 to less than 7 knots an hour. The "look-out" could not see fifty yards in front, and the *Vanguard*, with a sail ahead reported, put her helm hard down to avoid mishap. Her speed was checked, and her broadside, instead of her stern, was thus presented to the vessel in her wake, the *Iron Duke*. The commander of that ship, Captain Hickley, ordered his engines to be reversed, but it was all too late. The *Iron Duke's* ram struck the *Vanguard* on the port-quarter, abreast of the engine-room, about four feet below the armour-plates. A huge rent was made, and the water rushed by tons into the hold. A brave and ready-witted workman hurried to the engine-room and let off steam, thereby preventing an explosion which would probably have destroyed all on board. Captain Dawkins, of the *Vanguard*, called for order to be preserved, and the men formed on deck, without another movement made till the word of command. The after-part filled, the fires

were extinguished, and the vessel slowly settled down. The boats were launched, and in the fifty minutes of time afforded between the blow of the *Iron Duke's* ram and the sinking of the *Vanguard*, every officer, man, and boy was put safe on board the vessel that had wrought the mischief. Captain Dawkins had remained at his post on the bridge, and was the last man to quit his sinking ship, which, after two or three twists, plunged suddenly down into deep water.

The catalogue of marine calamities brings next before us the training-ship *Eurydice*, which, with more than 300 men on board, in the spring of 1878, suddenly sank near Shanklin, on the coast of the Isle of Wight. She was a wooden sailing-ship, built in 1842, and was returning from the West Indies off a training-cruise. On the afternoon of Sunday, March 24th, carrying full sail, and with the ports open on both sides, the *Eurydice* was struck suddenly by a squall and snow-storm when she was five miles distant from the headland called Dunnose. She at once capsized, and but three men were picked up by a passing schooner. All the others perished, by a cruel fate, within an hour of the time when they hoped to anchor safely at Spithead, eighteen days after sailing from Bermuda.

The summer of the same year, 1878, brought the most grievous disaster that has ever occurred on the river Thames. The *Princess Alice*, a river saloon-steamer, was run down near Woolwich by a collier named the *Bywell Castle*, with a loss of about 650 lives of excursionists on her crowded deck. The vessel was almost cut in two by the towering bow of the other steamer, going down river after discharge of cargo. The unhappy victims were flung by masses into the water, and some were actually smothered to death.

Many other wrecks, and losses of ships that have sailed from port and vanished for ever in the mighty deep, might be added to the list of marine disasters in the nineteenth century, but we have had space only for a few typical cases, mostly involving severe loss of life, and we must end with the most fearful instance of calamities in the royal navy that the reign of Victoria has seen. The magnificent ironclad that worthily bore the sovereign's name, carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet, was sunk by a blow from the ram of the *Camperdown*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Markham, the second

in command. On June 22nd, 1893, the fleet was engaged in manœuvres a few miles from Tripoli, on the Syrian coast, and a signal from Admiral Tryon for a change of course, at a distance of 6 cables only, or 1200 yards, instead of 8 cables (1600 yards), the usual safe interval, caused the collision which, in fifteen minutes, sent to the bottom a noble vessel, with the admiral-in-chief, many officers and midshipmen, and about 350 British seamen of the best quality. The secret of the reason for the wrongful order that wrought the ruin perished with its author. A most able, experienced, and trustworthy chief hoisted the signal for 6 cables' distance; he verbally changed the order to 8 cables, when his attention was called to the matter, and he finally kept the signal for the change of course to be made at the interval that caused the direful issue. The water that rushed in caused the *Victoria* to heel over, and the weight of her turrets then made her turn keel upwards. During the few minutes that had elapsed since the blow, the seamen on deck behaved with the utmost coolness and courage, making no movement for escape until the Admiral, from the bridge, bade them jump for their lives. The catastrophe was one without parallel at sea for cruel swiftness and completeness of destruction. A world of teeming life was swept away, amidst horrors seen and unseen by the eyes of the survivors. The whole fabric of the engine-room was overturned on the heads of the stokers and engineers in an avalanche of fire, quickly quenched by rushing sea. As the ship went down, two terrific explosions sounded her knell of doom, and some of the crew, as they struggled in the water, were cut to pieces by blows from the blades of one of the screws that kept revolving to the last. About 250 men were saved by the boats of the fleet. Nearly 350 British tars went with the upturned hull, through seventy fathoms, down to the bottom of the Syrian sea.

Of disasters befalling railway-trains we give a few typical instances, illustrative of divers forms of peril which have beset, and of modes of destruction that have smitten, the service now conducted with such marvellous safety, punctuality, and speed. On June 9th, 1865, a terrible accident, due to the grossest neglect of common care, occurred at Staplehurst, in Kent, on the main line of the South-Eastern Railway, midway between Ashford and Tunbridge. The public interest and horror were heightened by the

fact that Charles Dickens was one of the passengers in the train that was wrecked, bringing with him for publication a portion of the MS. of *Our Mutual Friend*, then appearing in the usual serial form. The cause of the catastrophe was as simple as it was blame-worthy to the railway-officials. Near Staplehurst, on the Ashford side, the line is carried by a bridge across a narrow stream flowing in a sort of ravine. The road on the bridge was under repair, and some of the rails on the up-line had been lifted, so that a gap of bare earth broke the continuity of the metals. A fast tidal-train, carrying more than 100 passengers, had left Folkestone in the afternoon, and, though the line at Staplehurst is perfectly straight for many miles in each direction, running nearly due east and west, and the train could be seen while it was yet far away, no adequate effort was made to stay its rushing course to ruin. The engine, at full speed, with fourteen carriages in its rear, came on to the gap, and eight of the "coaches" were flung over into the ravine and dashed to pieces. Ten persons were killed by crushing or by drowning, twenty more were fearfully maimed, and many others had less serious hurts. Mr. Dickens, displaying, in this hour of most real demand upon personal effort, all the promptitude, energy, and humanity that had always marked his passage through life, gave ready and efficient help to the sufferers. He afterwards wrote some account of the disaster, the effects of which upon his own sensitive nervous system were probably of a serious kind, partially revealed in his bodily condition during his five remaining years of life. A verdict of manslaughter against the district-inspector and the foreman platelayer marked the sense of the coroner's jury concerning the care displayed by some railway companies in enforcing bye-laws against passengers, and their neglect of due precautions for the public safety.

The Abergele railway accident of August 20th, 1868, remains to this day unequalled in our railway annals, not for the amount of sacrifice of human life, though its record, in that respect, has only once been surpassed in the British Isles, but for the peculiar horror of the mode of destruction. On that summer's day, in the county of Denbighshire, North Wales, on the line from Chester to Holyhead, the Irish limited mail, running west at full speed, and nearing Abergele, came into collision with some trucks from a goods train on the line ahead. At Llandulas "bank", a sharp incline, these

wagons had become detached through breakage of the couplings, and, after coming to a stand when impetus was exhausted, they ran backwards, by gravitation, down the incline, and crashed into the advancing mail. The engine was shattered, and several of the leading "coaches" were flung across the rails, with death or injury to the passengers inside. This was but the beginning of the tragical event. The petroleum in some barrels forming part of the freight of the shattered goods wagons was ignited by the fire of the engine furnace, and the whole of the wreckage was soon enwrapped in the fiercest flames. The passengers who had emerged from the hinder carriages were powerless to help their hapless fellow-creatures, who were burnt to ashes before their eyes. The thirty-three victims of this frightful disaster included Lord and Lady Farnham, of county Cavan; Sir Nicholas and Lady Chinnery, of co. Cork; and Mr. Berwick, an Irish judge. The Duchess of Abercorn, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and some of her family, were in the last carriage of the mail, and escaped unhurt. A few heaps of charred remains, reverently gathered, and laid in one grave in Abergel churchyard, were all that represented the victims at burial. Colonel Rich, the government inspector, in his report after the inquiry ordered by the Board of Trade, accused railway companies of "systematically allowing" many of their excellent printed rules, issued to their servants, to be daily broken without notice taken. Attention was drawn, in the public mind, to the danger attending the passage of goods trains and passenger trains over the same lines of rails. It was clear that the timing of the trains was faulty, and that due precaution was wanting in the carriage of such an article as petroleum.

The Abbots Kipton accident, one of tragical note, was mainly due to atmospheric conditions, and its fatal results were partly caused by the extremely rare event of double collision. The disaster derives its name from a village lying near to the Great Northern Railway, about six miles north of Huntingdon. The line near this point runs through a very deep cutting, and on the evening of January 21st, 1876, a snow-storm of the fiercest character was raging. The driving flakes wholly obscured the red danger-light hoisted to warn the approaching up-express from Scotland, and the driver, supposing the road ahead to be clear, sent his engine into the end of a coal-train which was being shunted on to a siding.

The rails were covered with the wreck of carriages and wagons, and many persons were lying killed and wounded, while the un-hurt were engaged in the work of rescue, when a down-express, bound for Leeds, having passed through Huntingdon without any check from signals, came rushing through the storm full on the shattered timber, iron, and human forms which were the direful work of the previous collision. Twelve persons, in all, were killed on the spot, and scores were more or less seriously maimed. The people slain included the son of Mr. Dion Boucicault, the popular dramatist and actor, and Mr. Muir, a Scottish barrister. The Russian Ambassador, Count Schouvaloff, was one of those who remained unhurt. Mr. Boucicault's affection for the son thus lost caused him to strive, in a most becoming and admirable way, to perpetuate the memory of a sad event. At his sole charge, the half-ruinous building where the scholars of the Huntingdon Grammar School assembled for tuition, was finely restored with a due display of the Norman archwork and pillars of the 12th century. The bases of the columns had, in course of time, been buried some feet deep by accumulated earth. The building, in its new form, became a striking adornment of the market-place at Huntingdon. Oliver Cromwell, in his boyhood, was taught within the old walls, but a few yards distant from the church which witnessed his baptism and marriage. The present writer was the first head-master of the school to profit in his work by the bounty of Mr. Boucicault.

The most fatal railway-accident that ever occurred in the British Isles was that of the Tay Bridge, crossing the estuary to the south-east of Dundee. In 1878, that flourishing town received direct railway-communication with the south by means of a bridge about two miles long. The engineer, whose name it is a kindness to forget, had received a knighthood as the reward of his work, when his reputation for practical skill, and the fabric which he had designed and erected, were destroyed by subjection to a sudden and most searching test. On Sunday, December 28th, 1879, a hurricane of tremendous violence was raging on the east coast of Scotland. In the evening, a train was passing over the bridge, when it was blown from the metals against the iron-work at the side, and toppled over into the water below, with the loss of the whole living freight of more than 80 persons. A large part of the structure was at the same time destroyed by the shock from the capsized train and by

the force of the wind, and the whole bridge practically ceased to exist. In 1887, a new and more substantial one was opened for traffic, 60 feet higher up the estuary, and at the somewhat lower elevation of 77 feet clear above high-water.

CHAPTER X.

DOMESTIC EVENTS OF THE CENTURY (*Continued*).

Fauntleroy the forger—Commercial crisis of 1825-26—The Railway Mania—Banking-house frauds—The Cotton Famine—“Black Friday” in London—Failure of Overend, Gurney, & Co., and of the City of Glasgow Bank—Crimes of violence—The “Whitechapel murders”—Franz Muller—William Palmer—Dr. Edward William Pritchard—The “Watson murder”—Garrotting.

The name of Henry Fauntleroy, the London banker, partner and practically sole manager of a firm, Messrs. Marsh, Sibbald, & Co., whose place of business was at No. 6 Berners Street, Oxford Street, was famous at a time when the convicted forger paid with his life the penalty of his wrong-doing. This man, living, in his hours of leisure, a life of luxury and splendour in his Brighton home, under the shadow of George the Fourth’s fantastic palace, the Pavilion, was universally regarded, by those who admired and envied his position, as a great and substantial capitalist, and as a benevolent, upright, and most worthy man. Such was the mask that he wore for the world’s view. He was, in truth, and had long been, in September, 1824, a gambler, a forger, and a robber on an enormous scale. A pang of horror and surprise pierced the commercial soul of London when news arrived of Fauntleroy’s arrest, on September 10th, on charges of forging powers of attorney, by which he had disposed of nearly £400,000 worth of Bank of England stock entrusted to his care by confiding clients of the firm. Alarm and distrust were severely felt, and the trial at the Old Bailey, on October 30th, before Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Baron Garrow, proved the worst rumours of commercial guilt and loss to be wholly true. Papers in the handwriting of the accused were produced with evidence sufficient to hang twenty bankers. Peers, peeresses, and commoners had all been robbed, and the Bank of England had suffered to a very large amount. After witnesses to character, of

high position, had wasted time in stating their opinion of Mr. Fauntleroy's merits, the jury, in twenty minutes, returned a verdict of "guilty". The sentence of death was followed by the usual unjust and irrational efforts to save the condemned man from the worst penalty of his crimes, for no apparent reason save their vast extent, and the fact that he, above all others, should have respected the rights of property. In November, 1824, Fauntleroy died by hanging on a scaffold outside Newgate Jail, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, including many cruel wretches who gloated over the sight of a gentleman and banker being "turned off". Only two more persons were executed for forgery between that date and 1832, when the law exempted all forgers from the gallows save those who dealt in wills and powers of attorney for the transfer of stock. Five years later, in the opening year of Victoria's reign, capital punishment for forgery was abolished.

The commercial crisis or panic of 1825-6 was a period of disaster and disgrace to the British nation, led astray by the temptation due to sudden prosperity and by the provision of unusual facilities for trade-gambling. The sharpers of society—scheming attorneys, company-promoters, and all their kin—stirred the spirit of sanguine speculation for their own base ends, and foolish people in every class, save that of labour for a weekly wage, became the prey of their own cupidity and of the charlatans who sought to turn it to account. In 1824, the wealth of the country, as displayed in warehouse and shop; in stackyard, barn, and flocks and herds; in the factories and the stores of raw material; in the balances of money resting with London and provincial bankers; in the low rate of interest, and the price of Consols, had vastly increased since the close of the war. By the spring of 1825, the large exportation of gold and silver, contrasted with the greatly increased issue of notes by the Bank of England and provincial banks, was exciting alarm amongst sagacious men of business. These processes continued until, by the autumn of 1825, the country was deluged with paper-money. A rage for speculation arose, and extended, far beyond the limits of trade, to retired professional men, living on acquired means, to ladies deriving their income from the funds, and to families whose money was out on mortgages at low interest. Investments were made in every kind of scheme, including joint-stock

companies for baking, washing, brewing, wool-growing, steam-navigation, and canals. The newly-made republics of South America drew off many millions of British capital for getting silver and gold in places where the precious metals either did not exist or could not possibly be worked at a profit. Legitimate trade in the same quarter of the world was carried to the wildest excess, and, in a few weeks, more cotton-goods from Lancashire were landed at Rio Janeiro, in Brazil, than had been before required for 20 years. It is positively asserted, and is probably true, that warming-pans from Birmingham were despatched for use in that burning climate, and that skates from Sheffield were offered for sale to people who had never seen such a thing as ice. Milkmaids from Scotland were sent out to Buenos Ayres, for the milking of the cows and the making of butter in the provinces of Rio de la Plata, only to return when it was found that the butter would not keep, and that the people of the country preferred to use oil. We are reminded of the latter days of the 19th century when we read of large investments for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, and of poetical descriptions of the scene to be witnessed when the Atlantic waters should pass into the Pacific, and the procession of the merchant-ships of the world should ride through on the new-made current. Towards the end of 1825, prices of commodities, in which speculation had been made for a rise, had greatly fallen; the capital of traders was locked up in enterprises reaching into a distant future; money began to be scarce. Bankers had lent out their funds on discount-bills of long dates, and, at this critical time, the Bank of England began to raise the rate of discount, and to contract her issues. Panic ensued, and wide-spread ruin supervened. Firm after firm stopped payment, bank after bank gave way. Securities became waste-paper; a run on the banks began in London and the provinces. Within six weeks from December 6th, 1825, nearly 70 banks had closed their doors. Hundreds of thousands of people, hitherto enjoying comfort in life, were deprived of all or of a large part of their incomes. The widow and her children had no money for the tradesmen's bills. The dying man was forced to alter his will, and lessen his children's portions to a mere pittance. The marriages of lovers were perforce postponed. The market-people, bringing produce to the stalls, were appalled by the sight of closed doors at the district-bank. The pawnbrokers' houses were crammed

with goods from the cellar-floor to the rafters. The skilled weaver and his wife, in the cottage-industries, leant faint with hunger against their idle loom. During the latter half of 1826, matters began to slowly mend, and certain changes in the financial system, arranged by the Government and the Bank of England, provided against future dangers from insecure banking.

The Railway Mania of 1844-46 was the result of excessive speculation in the development of steam-communication by land. Knavery and rashness were again abroad, and the rapacious made a prey of ignorance and folly in the planning of lines that could never pay, or that were never meant to be constructed at all. Unpaid-up stocks and shares in lines not yet authorized by Parliament were passing freely from hand to hand, and the prodigious amount of gambling in "railway-scrip" recalled the days of the South Sea Bubble. Much loss and distress were caused by the speculative rage of the time. Up to October 31st, 1845, more than 1400 railway-enterprises had been registered, involving a suggested outlay of above 700 millions sterling. The market was flooded both with British and foreign projects, and multitudes invested their savings in scrip that turned out to be worthless save to light a fire. On the last day of November, 1845, a wonderful scene was witnessed at the railway-department of the Board of Trade in London. The arrangements of that important office had been remodelled to meet the wants of the time, and November 30th had been named as the last day for receiving plans, specifications, and drawings, conveying complete information on projected lines, as essential for Parliamentary sanction to their schemes. Lithographers' clerks and draughtsmen were working night and day, and one printer was compelled to engage 400 men from Belgium. Horses were kept ready to carry plans to London at the last moment, and special trains were sometimes engaged. The doors of the Board of Trade were to be closed at midnight, and, as the hour drew on, the department was beset with incessant arrivals. Masses of papers were pouring in when the clock began to strike, and at a quarter-past, a post-chaise, drawn by four reeking horses, rushed up to the door. Three gentlemen, with armfuls of plans, alighted. The door was closed, and they rang the bell. An inspector of police came and refused admission, but the papers were flung into the hall, breaking

the lamp that was burning there. Thrown out into the street, they were flung in again, and finally ejected, when the door was re-opened, amid the laughter of the crowd. The post-boy, ignorant of London streets, had been driving the luckless agents about Pimlico since half-past ten, unable to discover the offices of the Board of Trade.

The years 1855 and 1856 were made notable, in the commercial world, by frauds of an extensive and disgraceful character. The house of Paul, Strahan, and Bates was one of the oldest and most respected private banking-firms in London. The head of the business, Sir John Dean Paul, was of high rank in religious and charitable circles, often presiding as chairman at meetings in Exeter Hall, and freely subscribing to the funds of benevolent societies. On October 26th, 1855, the three partners were placed in the dock at the Central Criminal Court, on a charge of fraudulently using certain valuable bonds. Convicted of this offence, which was only a part of their extensive frauds, causing severe loss to many persons, they were sentenced by Mr. Baron Alderson to fourteen years' transportation.

It was in February, 1856, that Mr. John Sadleir, M.P. for Sligo borough, slew himself by poison on Hampstead Heath, to the north of London, after committing embezzlements and forgeries to the amount of nearly half a million sterling in connection with the Tipperary Bank, in Ireland, and other institutions. The bank-frauds of this wretched man and his brother were peculiarly mischievous and cruel in their effects. Thousands of small farmers and tradesmen in the south of Ireland lost their savings placed on deposit, and the shareholders were, in most cases, stripped of all their property. The wicked brothers, but a month before the bank stopped payment, had issued a balance-sheet and report in which the business was represented as most flourishing. Numerous widows, spinsters, and half-pay officers were thereby induced to take up shares, and many of them were utterly ruined in the end.

In August, 1856, the failure of the Royal British Bank caused severe loss to shareholders of limited means. The grossest incapacity and neglect, combined with fraud, were proved by the investigation set on foot. Every one in the management had been freely helping himself to money, and the official manager and

some of the directors were very lightly punished by a year's imprisonment.

It is a relief to turn from these workings of the baser elements in human nature to the Cotton Famine of 1862–1865, a matter of grievous and wide-spread trouble in which countless victims, wholly innocent themselves, did honour to the British name and nation by patient submission to inevitable ill-fortune. The supplies of raw cotton for the mills of the north-west of England were almost entirely withdrawn through the blockade of the ports in the Southern (Confederate) States of America by the Northern (Federal) squadrons. The small quantity procured by blockade-running fell far below the needs of the trade, and the cotton obtained from India and Egypt was not only scanty in amount, but of very inferior quality. Most of the Lancashire cotton-mills were either entirely closed, or the machinery ran only for a few hours per week, and many thousands of operatives were thrown out of work. The distress became severe by the middle of the year 1862; and was encountered with the utmost courage of endurance and resignation by the class that had been forced into idleness and consequent penury. Mr. Lincoln, the noble-minded President of the Federal States, a man whose name and fame have already long conquered the base detraction and shallow misjudgment of certain sections of the British press and nation in his own day, received an address from the working-men of Manchester, expressive of their hatred of slavery. In his reply, dated January 19th, 1863, he justly described the utterances made to him by such persons, under such circumstances, as "an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country". Special measures of relief were adopted by the Poor-Law Board, through Parliamentary action, and nearly three millions sterling was contributed in subscriptions to different relief-funds, more than one-half being provided in Lancashire alone. Funds poured in from India, Canada, Australia, and all other British colonies and dependencies, and from foreign lands, and nearly half a million came through the Mansion House Committee, headed by successive Lord Mayors of London. Food and clothing were also profusely bestowed, and the northern States of America, in the midst of their own struggle, despatched more

than one ship-load of provisions for the suffering people of Lancashire. The resources of this well-deserved charity were administered by local persons with great energy and wisdom, Lord Derby, the eloquent ex-Premier, presiding with abundant devotion of personal effort over an Executive Committee of twenty-four gentlemen chosen from landed proprietors, capitalists, and large employers, without distinction of religious or political creed. The self-respect of the people was maintained in the methods used for the distribution of alms. The children were kept at school by payment of the fees. About 20,000 men, at their own desire, were employed upon useful and necessary public works, partly of a sanitary kind, and the paralysis of an industry on which half a million of persons were dependent passed away in the opening of the cotton-ports at the close of the American civil war, without any serious injury even to the health of the impoverished people.

May 11th, 1866, was the day known in the City of London, and long remembered, as "Black Friday". The principle of "limited liability", restricting a shareholder's risk to the fully-paid-up value of his own shares in any commercial enterprise, had been so largely employed that nearly 250 "limited" companies, either new associations or enterprises developed out of private firms, had sprung into existence within a few months. On the day above-named, the largest of these institutions, the great discount house of Overend, Gurney, and Co., was found to have stopped payment, near the close of business hours on Thursday afternoon, with liabilities amounting to eleven millions sterling. The utmost confidence had been placed in the stability of the firm, so that the shares had at one time reached 10 per cent premium. The terror and loss corresponded to the extent of ill-founded trust, and even the Bank of England could not see a way to help. The bank-rate of discount went up as high as 9 per cent, and Lombard Street and its approaches were besieged by eager and excited crowds of men ruined or expectant of ruin. A financial earthquake shook the City, and firm after firm, bank after bank, went down with a crash. Reckless undertakings tumbled to pieces like houses of cards, and thousands of families, sinking from affluence and comfort to penury and suffering, had

reason to deplore the speculative spirit of modern finance. Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, under pressure from the mercantile world, enabled the Bank of England to afford some relief by a suspension of the Bank Charter Act, so that notes could be issued beyond the limits fixed in that law. The general state of the country was sound in financial affairs, and in a few months the trouble passed away.

The last commercial trouble dealt with in this record is that of the City of Glasgow Bank. On October 2nd, 1878, that great concern, whose shareholders were not guarded by limited liability, shot a pang through many hearts by suddenly stopping payment. None had a warning of the wreck that was to come. On the day before its doors were closed the shares were advertised in the public market at over double their original price. A loss of more than six millions sterling spread ruin and desolation over Scotland. The shareholders lost every penny of their investments, and were liable to make good five times the amount paid-up for shares. The most reckless mismanagement had been shown in investments that included Australian and New Zealand lands, American railway-stock, property in India and Burmah, buildings at home and in the colonies, shipping, produce, and other matters beyond the usual range of legitimate business. Most of the sufferers were people of limited pecuniary means, and in numerous cases they were deprived of every part of their possessions. Trade was severely shaken, credit much impaired, suspicion rife. The only poor satisfaction accorded to the plundered people was the arrest of the six directors, the manager, and the secretary of the Bank, followed by the conviction and sentence, to short terms of imprisonment, of all save the secretary, who was discharged from custody, and gave evidence against the rest when the trial came on.

This narrative is not a Newgate Calendar, nor must its pages be polluted with the hideous details of many murderous crimes. There are, however, a few cases worthy of mention, in part illustrative of the folly of the comfortable maxim, "Murder will out", by which society strives to console itself for the occasional incapacity of its official guardians, and to hide from view the absolute impunity of many criminals of the most atrocious kind. The reign of Queen Victoria alone presents us with scores of undetected murders. We

select two of the most notorious cases, one being a single incident, the other a series of atrocities unparalleled in the whole modern history of crime in all countries of the world. On September 9th, 1857, a little after the dawn of day, two boys who were rowing up the river Thames saw a carpet-bag, tied round with a cord, resting on one of the abutments of Waterloo Bridge, in London. It seemed that the bag had been lowered from above by the rope attached, with the intention of sinking it in the water, but it had been let down from the side, instead of from the middle of an arch, and had rested on the projecting masonry of a pier. The lads examined the contents of their find, and were horrified to see the remains of a headless human form, hacked and sawn into twenty pieces, and packed in blood-stained clothing pierced with cuts from a sharp-pointed knife or dagger. Professor Taylor, the eminent physiologist and anatomist, found that the remains were those of an adult male of medium height, probably of dark complexion, and that the flesh had been partly boiled and salted. There was one stab between the third and fourth ribs on the left side, such as would probably penetrate the heart. It was quite certain that the body was not, as some suggested, one that had been anatomized in a dissecting-room. To this day no clue to the perpetrator has been obtained. Waterloo Bridge was at that time barred by toll-gates at each end, and the man in charge at the Strand side of the bridge on the previous night, about ten o'clock, deposed to having seen the bag carried on to the bridge by a tall person dressed in a female's attire. The victim was supposed to be a man connected with some secret society, and done to death, for treachery to the cause, in the Soho district where numerous foreigners dwell. Such was the famous "Waterloo Bridge mystery", from which no "Sherlock Holmes" of amateur renown, no skilled detective of Scotland Yard, ever succeeded in drawing the veil.

All mysteries of crime, not only for the reign, but for the century, seem almost trivial compared with the "Whitechapel murders", the East-end atrocities, of the years between 1887 and 1891. During that period, at intervals of time varying in length from a few weeks to some months, and from months to nearly two years, at least nine murders were committed, all, with one exception, in the open air, at various points in or close to the densely-populated district called Whitechapel, in East London. From the peculiar mode of slaughter

adopted by the assassin it may be safely averred that at least eight of these crimes were the work of the same hand. The victims were, in all cases, women of the same fallen and unhappy class. They were in all cases slain by the severance of the throat. Their bodies were in all cases mutilated in the same region, with the same indescribable ferocity, by the use of a blade with the keenest edge. No one who did not, like the present writer, inspect the scene of at least some of these fearful tragedies, can appreciate the daring, the swiftness, suddenness, and skill needed for successful action and escape. In the darker recesses of public thoroughfares under regular patrol of the night-police; in back-yards of lodging-houses teeming with persons whom a single scream would have aroused; without a cry from the slain; without a sight of the slayer ever obtained, without a sound of his steps as he went to or quitted his loathsome work, the deadly steel wrought deed after deed of the most savage cruelty. The slashing of the victims' flesh caused the vulgar to dub this miscreant "Jack the Ripper". Not the faintest clue was ever obtained. Like a fiend he came and like a fiend he vanished, laughing man to scorn in the loneliness of some secure retreat, or exulting, in the depths of his wicked heart, over his utter defeat of all the resources of our boasted civilization for the detection of crime.

The highwayman's exploits in robbery of riders on horseback, or in coach, or in post-chaise, on the roads in the earlier decades of the nineteenth century came to an end with the institution of efficient patrols of county-police, and, especially, through the use of railway-travelling. Few instances of murderous violence, for purposes of robbery or other reasons, have ever occurred in our railway-trains. The most notable was the crime of Franz Muller, who, on the night of July 9th, 1864, slew a gentleman named Briggs in a first-class railway-carriage on the North London Railway, during the short journey from Fenchurch Street station to Hackney-Wick. The victim was chief clerk to Messrs. Robarts, bankers of Lombard Street, and was found lying on the space between the two lines of rail at a spot close to Hackney-Wick, the station before Hackney. He was then just living, but was covered with blood arising from severe wounds on the head caused by some blunt weapon. He died within a few minutes, and was found to have been robbed of his watch and chain, the latter

broken off close to the link which attached it to the button-hole of his waistcoat. The compartment in which he had travelled was found empty at Hackney station, but the floor, the window, the side, and the cushions were bespattered with blood, and a round felt hat, not belonging to Mr. Briggs, was left behind. The assassin had not had time to complete the despoiling of the man whose senseless body he had flung out on the railway-line. A pair of gold eye-glasses was missing, but money and a silver snuff-box were found in the pockets, and a diamond-ring remained on its usual finger. A week later, a sharp-witted cabman gave valuable information to the police. A young German who had been lodging in his house, at Old Ford, Bow, had come home, about eleven o'clock on the night of the murder, in a very confused and agitated state. A day or two later, he had given to one of the cabman's children a card-board box, such as jewellers use, marked with the name of Mr. Death, of Cheapside. That tradesman, questioned by the police, declared that he had given this box, along with a watch-chain, to a young man of foreign appearance, in exchange for another chain, which was found to be that of the murdered Mr. Briggs. The hat found in the railway-carriage was shown by the cabman to be one which he had bought for his lodger, Franz Müller, a native of Cologne. A photograph of Muller was proved by Mr. Death to be that of the man who had bartered the chain, and, on this information, the police made search for the man who had vanished from his usual haunts. He was found to have sailed for New York in a ship named the *Victoria*, and two detectives, with the jeweller and the cabman, started in pursuit by a swift mail-steamer that reached New York four days before the slower vessel. Armed with warrants procured in London, and endorsed by the American authorities, the officers boarded the *Victoria* on her arrival, and found Müller in possession of Mr. Briggs' watch, and of his hat, cut down and altered to suit its new possessor. The hat was proved to be the murdered man's by the hatter, doing business at a shop outside the Royal Exchange, with whom Mr. Briggs was a regular customer. These were the chief links in a chain of the most complete circumstantial evidence on record. Muller stoutly denied his guilt both before and for many days after conviction. Some of the German colony in London talked loudly of "murdering an innocent man", and foolishly, of interference from the Prussian government.

Their minds were set at rest by Müller's words, "*Ich hab'es gethan*" ("Twas I that did it), whispered, at the moment when the rope was put round his neck at Newgate, into the ear of the Lutheran chaplain who attended him on the scaffold. His denial had been maintained to that final moment of his life through the vain hope aroused by his countrymen's talk concerning a reprieve. This remarkable case had no small influence in inducing railway companies to provide in carriages some means of communication with the guards of a train. A much later instance of railway murder, committed by Lefroy on the Brighton Line, needs no detailed description here. An autobiographical work of the late Mr. Montagu Williams, the famous criminal counsel, contains the whole of his most ingenious but fruitless speech for the defence.

The basest method of murder is that adopted by the secret poisoner. In the annals of crime there are scarcely any worse cases of cold-blooded, systematic, slow assassination than those connected with the names of Palmer and Pritchard. Both were members of the medical profession, though of widely different standing and repute prior to the discovery of their guilt. William Palmer, a surgeon of Rugeley, in Staffordshire, had almost ceased to practise his profession, in order to devote his time and talents to horse-racing and betting. His character was not in high esteem among his townsmen, and his pecuniary position had, unknown to them, been long sustained by means of bills bearing the forged name of his mother, a lady possessed of considerable wealth. Early in 1856, he was in desperate straits. On the death of his wife, afterwards proved to have died by poison, Palmer had received the sum of £13,000 for which he had insured her life. He then induced his brother to effect an insurance for the same large sum, and to assign the policy to him. When the brother died, by poison, as exhumation afterwards proved, the office declined to pay the money over to Palmer. In the summer of 1856, this man was put on his trial at the Central Criminal Court, in London, on a charge of having poisoned his friend John Parsons Cook, a young man of respectable family but loose conduct, who had inherited a fair fortune, and had, as the phrase runs, "gone on the turf". In an evil hour for himself, he became entangled with Palmer in pecuniary matters. The habitual forger signed Cook's name as endorsement to a cheque, and was thus

enabled to take up one of his own forged bills. Palmer's debts had swallowed up all his previous ill-gotten gains, and it was needful, in his view, not only to conceal this last forgery from Cook, but to appropriate, if possible, a sum of nearly £3000, lately won by his friend at Shrewsbury and Worcester races. With this object, he proceeded to administer antimony in brandy and water, broth, coffee, and other liquids given to Cook by his hands. The sickness and other symptoms which ensued aroused no suspicions, as it appears, in the minds of doctors who were called in, and Palmer, eager for the end, gave pills containing strychnine. An elderly medical practitioner certified for death from apoplexy, but the stepfather of the victim, a man keen of insight, and of prompt and determined action, appeared on the scene, and caused a post-mortem examination to be held. Little or no trace of strychnine was found, but the symptoms, prior to death, in convulsive and tetanic action of the muscles, were unmistakeable. Clear traces of antimony were found, and these alone proved Palmer's murderous intent. The purchase of strychnine on two occasions by Palmer was clearly proved, and his statement that he had bought it in order to poison dogs that molested his race-horses in a meadow was shown to be false. His attempt to induce the coroner to withhold an inquest, and his efforts to tamper with the sealed jars containing the matter for scientific analysis, helped to strengthen the case, which was conducted for the prosecution with masterly skill by the Attorney-General, Sir Alexander Cockburn, soon to become Lord Chief Justice of England. The trial lasted for several days, and there was a great conflict of evidence, as to the precise poisonous cause of death, among the most famous analysts and physiologists of the day. Professor Taylor attributed death to strychnine alone. Sir Benjamin Brodie, uncertain as to the actual poison used, was positive that no natural death had ever, in his knowledge, been attended with such symptoms. The presiding judge, Lord Campbell, Chief-Justice, dealt with the facts as to the administration of poison by the accused to the deceased, and treated the medical evidence as merely subsidiary. Thus relieved from brain-confusion due to scientific jargon, the jury, without much difficulty, found Palmer guilty. He received his sentence with perfect composure, and maintained his demeanour as a "sportsman", when

the verdict was given, by handing to his attorney a slip of paper with the words: "The riding did it", in allusion to Cockburn's speech for the prosecution. Palmer died on the scaffold with the firmest assertion, to his last breath, of his perfect innocence concerning Cook.

In 1864, Dr. Edward William Pritchard, a native of Southsea, Hampshire, a man of high intelligence and marked ability, who was a fellow or member of many learned societies in the United Kingdom, was established in medical practice at Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. His person and demeanour were attractive, and his professional knowledge had been shown in many published scientific works on various diseases and their treatment. He was a man who had seen much of the world during a seafaring career as a surgeon in the royal navy, having thus visited the Mediterranean, and the Pacific and Arctic oceans. He had married Miss Taylor, a niece of Dr. Cowan, formerly surgeon-in-ordinary to William IV. A brilliant and useful course of life lay straight before Dr. Pritchard, when he was taken down to the lowest depths of guilt by two propensities which lay hidden below the surface for ordinary observers, but had been noted by some to whom he was best known. He was utterly untruthful both in word and action, and he was capable of cruelty to a remarkable degree. In reality, his nature was cold, crafty, calculating, cunning, sensual, and absolutely fiendish in its capacity for slowly murdering with a smile upon the face, and for changing smiles at will into what seemed to be the tears of honest and heartfelt sorrow. On March 20th, 1865, Dr. Pritchard was arrested at Glasgow on the charge of having poisoned his wife, who had died three days before after an illness extending over about three months. Her mother, Mrs. Taylor, who had come from Edinburgh to nurse her daughter, had died suddenly on the evening of February 24th. Analysis proved that both ladies had been done to death, the younger one after many weeks of agony, the elder very speedily, from the administration of tartarised antimony, or tartar emetic. The trial began at Edinburgh on July 3rd, in the High Court of Justiciary, before the Lord Justice Clerk (Lord Ardmillan) and Lord Jerviswoode. The utmost interest was aroused throughout Great Britain, and reporters for the public press were present from every great town. It was conclusively proved, in a trial extending

over five days, that the prisoner had purchased large quantities of tartarised antimony in Glasgow, and that he had given this poison to both the deceased ladies. His motives were never accurately known. His wife, Mrs. Pritchard, may have died because he wished to be free to marry some wealthier woman. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Taylor, probably perished because he saw that she suspected foul play towards her daughter, and she was about to remove that lady from his clutches by taking her away to Edinburgh for nursing. The jury, after less than an hour's consultation, found an unanimous verdict of "guilty", and on July 28th Pritchard died by hanging at Glasgow, leaving behind him the reputation of being one of the vilest criminals of modern times.

There is only one instance, within the British Isles, during the 19th century, of sentence of death for murder being passed upon a clergyman of the Established Church of England. We allude here to the deplorable case of the Reverend John Selby Watson, M.A., gold medallist in classics of Trinity College, Dublin, and for many years head-master of the Proprietary Grammar School at Stockwell, in London, an institution now defunct, then in union with King's College, London. Mr. Watson's attainments in Latin and Greek were evinced by his translations from some classical authors in Bohn's well-known series, and he was also the author of a meritorious *Life of Porson* and other works. At Christmas, 1870, he had relinquished his educational post, and in the following September, 1871, he was residing at Stockwell. On a Sunday evening in that month, the one servant of the house was for some hours absent according to custom, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Watson, a childless couple, together in a sitting-room on the first floor. When the maid returned, her mistress had disappeared. Her master stated that a telegram had come, summoning Mrs. Watson to visit a dying sister in Ireland, and that she had hastily packed up and departed, locking the door of her own bedroom, and taking the key away with her. This chamber lay at the back of the house, Mr. Watson's room being in the front. The servant, satisfied with this explanation as to the bedroom-door being locked, went about her business as usual. Mr. Watson, in the course of the two following days, caused the construction of a large wooden chest, which he stated would be used for the conveyance of books. On Wednesday afternoon, the maid heard groaning

from his bedchamber, and, entering the room, saw her master prostrate on the bed. His medical attendant was promptly fetched, and he found Mr. Watson suffering from a dose of weak or greatly-diluted prussic acid, which, in its normal state, would have certainly been fatal. The sufferer was revived by remedies applied, and the doctor, reading a note on the drawers addressed to himself, found therein a statement that the body of Mrs. Watson would be found in her bedroom at the back of the house. The police were summoned; the door was broken open; the body was found, with the head battered in. The wretched man had killed his wife with repeated blows from the butt-end of a heavy brass-mounted horse-pistol, several of which weapons, long in his possession as family heirlooms, were found in the house. The wooden chest had been intended, as its dimensions proved, for inclosing the body, to be sent away by rail as a preliminary to flight, but the murderer's nerve had failed him at the last, and he resorted to a real or simulated attempt at suicide. When the trial came on at the Central Criminal Court, in November, before Mr. Justice Byles, a feeble attempt to prove insanity as a defence was made by Mr. Watson's medical attendant and by certain experts or "mad doctors", but as nothing was shown beyond a habit of talking to himself as he passed along the streets, the jury quickly arrived at a verdict of "guilty", with a strong recommendation to mercy "on the ground of the prisoner's age and previous good character". The Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce (afterwards Lord Aberdare), advised the sovereign in accordance with this humane suggestion, which was intended to save society from the scandal of a clergyman's execution. The unhappy man, whose countenance in the dock presented throughout a sullen apathy of despair, was reprieved, and died, many years later, in a convict prison. The "Watson murder" was, in fact, a warning to wives who, instead of being a helpmeet and solace to their husbands, become a source of constant misery and torture. The present writer succeeded Mr. Watson in the charge of the Stockwell Grammar School, and, from his residence close to the scene of the crime, and other sources of information, is enabled to affirm that the murdered lady was one who, with a rigid devotion to the outward forms of religion, and a Puritanical precision of practice in the face of the world, was abandoned in her home to the odious

habit of secret drinking, was morbidly jealous, without the least shadow of excuse, of her scholarly and studious spouse, and was wont to harass him by reproaches and insults for offences that existed solely in her own imagination. Within a few days of the commission of the crime, the writer, viewing the room where it was perpetrated, discovered a scrap of paper, bearing Latin words in Mr. Watson's handwriting. They ran thus:—"Felix in omnibus ferè rebus, praeterquam quod ad femineum sexum attinet", "Happy (or successful, lucky) in almost all affairs, except in what concerns the female sex". Written, as it was, about the time of the tragedy, this expression at once hints at the motive for the crime, and suggests, with a pathos made terrible by the issue, a long-drawn period of antecedent provocation and pain.

It was between the years 1858 and 1863 that the footpads of London and large provincial towns adopted, for purposes of robbery, the new method of attack called "garrotting", named after the Spanish instrument of execution for criminals, the twisted cord round the neck, or the brass collar. The assailants worked usually in gangs of two or three. One of them, coming suddenly from behind with noiseless tread due to india-rubber shoes or list slippers, placed his crooked arm round the victim's neck, and reduced him to helplessness or insensibility by severe pressure on the throat. An accomplice, meanwhile, seized the watch and rifled the pockets, and the gang escaped, leaving their prey disabled on the scene of action, often with serious injury to the throat, and sometimes with fatal mischief arising from shock to the nervous system. Some of these sufferers were persons who had favoured assault by lack of caution in passing dark corners or recesses, or by their own half-t tipsy condition at the time. A panic ensued among those whom the calls of duty or pleasure took abroad late at night in the streets or suburban roads, and many men armed themselves with short sharp daggers, loaded canes, life-preservers, or the gloves called "knuckle-dusters", composed of thick leather, covering part of the hand, and fitted with projecting iron spikes or plates cut into sharp facets. Sword-sticks and revolvers were also carried, and some of the cowardly ruffians received a severe handling. The more sedate portion of society called for a stricter vigilance on the part of the police, and for heavier sentences on captured and convicted robbers. There

were cases where the garrotters made mistakes, of an awkward issue for themselves, in their choice of victims. At the east end of London, a tall man, thus attacked by three of these wretches, evaded the attempt to encircle his throat, and retired with his back to a wall. A desperate rush was made upon him, but in two seconds, by right and left fists sent well home, he felled two of the men senseless with blows that would have shaken an ox. Alec Keene, the assailed, a professional prize-fighter in good training, then went whistling on his way, leaving the men to be picked up by the police. The third man had already vanished in terror at the punishment dealt out to his comrades. At Leeds, in the great thoroughfare called Briggate, an athletic tradesman, after a rough-and-tumble fight with three assailants, captured two, of whom one was senseless from blows, and handed them over to the care of the constables attracted by the struggle. At Cambridge, in 1859, an undergraduate was "tackled" in the narrow thoroughfare called Senate-house Passage, between the Senate-house and Caius College, by a gang of three men. His resistance was so vigorous, and help, in the person of a college-waiter, so timely, that two of the robbers were secured, and, as old offenders, they received at the ensuing Cambridge assizes sentences of 20 years' penal servitude. The writer, then a student at Cambridge, well remembers joining in the cheers delivered from the undergraduates' gallery on degree-day in the Senate-house, "for the plucky undergrad who fought the garrotters". For some years, imprisonment with hard labour was the sole penalty assigned for the crime of robbery with violence, but in 1863 an Act imposed flogging with the "cat" as an additional punishment within the discretion of the judge. An immediate change resulted from the laying-on of strokes by strong-armed warders in the presence of witnesses who reported some of the details for the benefit of all concerned. In spite of the persistent denials of squeamish faddists who oppose every kind of corporeal punishment, it is a fact that this form of retribution, involving severe physical pain, had a very great effect on the minds of the rougher class of criminals, so that this method of robbery became almost extinct.

Our account of British crimes in the nineteenth century must here be closed. The events just described, and other forms of human ill-doing, are the dark side of all civilization, and, rightly

read and considered, they are full of instruction to the patriotic reformer, the moralist, the legislator, and the student of psychology. Those who desire to make a wider acquaintance with the subject, as regards Great Britain in the later Georgian and the Victorian times, will find accounts of many interesting criminal deeds and judicial investigations in Mr. Serjeant Ballantine's *Experiences of a Barrister's Life*, and in Mr. Walter Thornbury's *Old Stories Re-told*. Mr. Ballantine's book also contains notices of prominent judges and counsel, and of our judicial system in England, over a period of about sixty years, with interesting matter concerning the social life of London prior to, and in the earlier days of, the Victorian age.

CHAPTER XI.

DOMESTIC EVENTS OF THE CENTURY.—*Continued.*

Mining Disasters—Bursting of the Reservoir at Holmfirth—Inundation of the Sea near Wisbeach—Bursting of the Bradfield Reservoir.

THE people who dwell in a coal-producing country are always liable to be shocked by tidings of calamities mostly invested with a dreadful sameness of detail—the deadened roar of subterraneous explosion due to the ignition of gas from a fiery seam of coal; the column of smoke, with the shattered timbers of the staging at the pit-mouth, shot into the air, the hurried gathering of women and children around the scene of disaster; the cries of anguish that rend the air, as the bodies, brought to bank, are recognized by the wives, the mothers, the sisters, the daughters, and the sweethearts of the dead. Our first instance of colliery-accidents arose from a very unusual cause. On January 16th, 1862, about 10.30 a.m., the beam of the pumping-engine at Hartley Pit, about ten miles north-east of Newcastle-on-Tyne, suddenly broke, from rottenness of the metal, and fell into the shaft, crushing in its fall an ascending "cage". Five men were instantly killed or fatally wounded, and three others were extricated alive. The brattice, or vertical partition dividing the shaft into upcast and downcast for ventilation, was struck by the beam, weighing forty tons, and the whole framework of iron and wood was carried down to the bottom of the

mine. The lower portion was thus cut off, and 215 men and boys were buried. The utmost efforts of rescuing parties could not reach them until six days later, and not one was then alive. Two by two, for some days of mournful work, the bodies were brought to bank. Touching incidents and scenes had occurred during the work of attempted relief. Families of dead men were found lying in groups, children in the arms of fathers, brothers with brothers. The faces of most had the calm expression of slumber. A memorandum in a book taken from the pocket of an "overman" was dated Friday afternoon, the day after the accident, at half-past two. Four men were named as being "took extremely ill". A prayer-meeting had been held, and some of the miners had exhorted their companions in presence of death. The Hartley colliers, as a body, were steady men; there were many total abstainers among them, and some were local preachers and class-leaders among the Methodist communities. Messages to families were found scratched on boxes and flasks. There appeared, in general, to have been perfect calm and peace in meeting death. The funeral-scene at Earsdon, three miles away, on a piece of ground given by the Duke of Northumberland, was very solemn and affecting. One woman had lost her husband, five sons, and a boy whom they had brought up and educated. The relations, in a long procession, followed the many coffins, singing the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past". A letter from the Queen addressed to Mr. Carr, the head-viewer of the colliery, was read by the incumbent of Earsdon at a large religious meeting held on the pit-head. It was dated from Osborne, where the widowed Victoria was lamenting the recent death of the Prince Consort. "In the midst of her own overwhelming grief", she expressed "her tenderest sympathy with the poor widows and mothers", for whom "her own misery made her feel the more". More than £80,000 was raised by public subscription for the relief of about 400 persons who had been dependent on the earnings of those who had perished. Among the most fatal colliery-disasters due to explosion were those at the Oaks Colliery, near Barnsley, in South Yorkshire, in 1866, which destroyed about 360 lives; at the Ferndale Colliery, in the Rhondda Valley, Glamorganshire, in 1867, with a loss of 178 men and boys; and at Abercarn, in the south-west of Monmouthshire, in 1878, when about 300 pitmen perished.

In Great Britain, we have been generally free from serious losses by the inundation of rivers, to which France, Hungary, Spain, and Italy have at divers times been subjected, but on three occasions during the reign of Queen Victoria, water has caused great damage to property and life, or to property alone. The bursting of huge reservoirs was the origin of two of these calamities. In February, 1852, the embankment of the Bilbury Reservoir, above the little town of Holmfirth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, south of Huddersfield, suddenly gave way. The great receptacle had been constructed in 1838, for the supply of water to the mills in the valley of the river Holme. In 1846, the Commissioners intrusted with the care of the reservoir became, as a corporate body, bankrupt. The engineers and managers declared that the works could not be safe without a lining of puddled clay. This needful operation was never performed. The immediate cause of the catastrophe was, however, the gross neglect of those in charge, who might, at the cost of a few pounds, have put the waste-pit in proper order, and lowered it beneath the level of the embankment. The water burst down with terrific force upon the narrow pass in which Holmfirth stands. The whole contents of the reservoir, 150 yards long, and 90 feet high, swept down towards the plain. Whole rows of cottages went down like card-board before the rush. Mills, dye-houses, barns, stables, were dashed into ruin. Huge trees torn up by the roots, carts, waggons, and house-wreckage were borne along, and, being stopped in their course by the bridges which spanned a stream in the valley, they formed obstacles behind which the mass of water gathered for a new and overwhelming sweep of destruction. About a hundred lives were lost in the flood. The damage to property was estimated at £600,000, and some thousands of people were left destitute. Large sums of money were subscribed at home and in the colonies for their relief. The coroner's jury found that the disaster was due to the gross negligence of the persons who had been charged with the construction of the reservoir. An inquiry held on the spot showed that one of the commissioners had lived close by the reservoir for six years, and had all the time known that leakages were taking place, and that any unusual strain would bring extreme danger. Neither he nor any of his colleagues could be reached by the existing law.

Ten years later, in 1862, an inundation took place through the bursting or blowing up of a great sluice made for the drainage of the Middle Level between King's Lynn, in north-west Norfolk, and Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire. About 700,000 acres of the most productive land in the kingdom lay below the high-water level of the Wash, and depended for their safety upon great embankments and self-acting sluice-gates. Four miles south of Lynn was a gate through which the waters of one of the huge drains emptied themselves, at low tide, into the river Ouse, thus passing out to sea with the receding tide, the gates closing of their own accord under the pressure of the rising sea-water. These works had been allowed to fall into disrepair, and the German Ocean, with a spring-tide, came up the river and overthrew the defences. The waters kept pouring through the gap thus made, and, day by day, the floods crept on, covering farm after farm and homestead after homestead, swallowing up flocks and herds, and driving back yeomen-families who had been reduced to pauperism. The sea-water spread over 10,000 acres, and it was long before the skill of engineers could, even in part, remedy the mischief.

The disaster near and at Sheffield in 1864 was far worse than either of those just related. The Bradfield Reservoir, in the hills about seven miles to the north-west of the great seat of the cutlery and other manufactures, was seventy-eight acres in area, and contained nearly 700 millions of gallons of water. The position and formation of this great artificial lake were peculiar. It was almost a natural tank, leaving but little for art to accomplish. The deep valley was stopped at the end by an embankment 500 feet wide at its base, and tapering up to a very narrow apex, while the rear was left open for the free ingress of water, pouring down the sides of the hills in many little streams. On the south side a waste-weir, a foot below the water-line, was supposed to provide for safety under any ordinary circumstances. About nine o'clock on the night of March 11th, a farm-labourer noticed a crack in the embankment. The engineers in charge had just left for the night, but he brought them back. Other signs of danger were soon observed, and an attempt was made to blow up a weir that crossed the dam, and so allow some of the water to escape. The men were laying the charge of powder as the engineer and his assistant crossed the fissure seen by the labourer. The crack suddenly became a chasm, and a

part of the embankment, 110 feet long and 70 feet deep, gave way in a few moments, letting out a tremendous mass of water that, with a terrible roar, rushed down into the valley. Bridges, work-shops, rows of houses, were swept away like sand-heaps. As it bore on towards Sheffield, the flood swept off several entire villages, and then, dividing into two streams, devastated the whole district. At a quarter past twelve at night the water reached Sheffield, and soon flooded some of the most populous quarters to the depth of six or eight feet. The streets became rivers in which drowned animals, timber, trees, wrecks of machinery, furniture, and buildings, were carried to and fro. Gas-lamps lay on the pavements below the water. The Midland Railway Station was flooded; shops and cellars were filled with sand and mud. A number of dead bodies were found at Rotherham, about ten miles east of the reservoir. Nearly 300 persons perished in all; the loss of property was beyond calculation. The coroner's jury found that the works had not been constructed with due skill and attention, and that proper inspection had been neglected. Large public subscriptions, headed by the Queen, again provided some compensation for sufferers, and a special Act appointed commissioners to assess damages against the Sheffield Water Works Company.

CHAPTER XII.

DOMESTIC EVENTS OF THE CENTURY (*Continued*).

Visitations of cholera—Rinderpest or Cattle-plague—The fanatic John Thom—Remarkable trials—Impeachment of Viscount Melville—The “Wager of Battle”—Earl of Cardigan—The Claimant, or Tichborne Case—Public spectacles—Funerals of Lord Nelson and of Duke of Wellington—Marriage of Prince of Wales—Jubilee of Queen Victoria—Sovereigns and royal families of the century—George the Third—George the Fourth—Queen Caroline—Princess Charlotte—The sons of George the Third—Frederick, duke of York—William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide—Edward, duke of Kent—Ernest, duke of Cumberland—The Orange Conspiracy—Augustus Frederick, duke of Sussex—Queen Victoria—The Queen's children

Our narrative now takes us to special visitations of disease affecting human beings and farm-stock. The malady known as Asiatic cholera, prevalent for centuries in certain parts of India, especially in the valley of the Ganges, first made its way almost

throughout the civilized world in the nineteenth century. It was in the early days of 1831, just prior to the political conflict concerning the Reform Bill, that the dread of cholera first arose in the British Isles. It was known that the pestilence, having passed through Central Asia, had reached European Russia. In October, 1831, cholera appeared in Sunderland by importation from the Baltic port of Riga; in February, 1832, it reached London from Hamburg. An outburst of panic arose, largely caused by the elements of utter novelty and ignorance as to the real nature and proper treatment of the plague, and aggravated by the patent facts of its terrible symptoms, its swiftness in destroying human life, and the great and rapid rise in the number of deaths. The disease was then believed to be infectious, and groups of men, assembled at the street-corners discussing the prospects of "the Bill", would break up in haste at the approach of the covered stretchers on which the stricken poor were being carried to the hospitals. The vicious, the feeble, and the diseased were the readiest victims of Asiatic cholera. During its fifteen months' visit to the United Kingdom on this first appearance, the average of deaths was less than one in three of those who were attacked. The lack of accurate registration forbids any attempt to give exact figures concerning the mortality due to this visitation, but the deaths in Great Britain were certainly not fewer than 32,000, and in Ireland they exceeded 21,000. Scientific investigation discovered by degrees that, in the case of Asiatic cholera, care in prevention is far more potent than any efforts at cure, and that purity of drinking-water, and general cleanliness of person and abode, are among the best means of avoiding any attack. During the second British epidemic of cholera in 1848-49, with a far higher population, over 53,000 persons perished from the disease in England and Wales. We have no figures for Ireland and Scotland, but can state that in North Britain seventeen towns were attacked. In 1854 a third assault of the Asiatic disease slew over 20,000 persons in England and Wales. In 1866, the last cholera-epidemic in the British Isles, the malady was almost confined to London, where about 6000 deaths occurred in a population then exceeding 2½ millions.

It was in 1865 that the British farmer, to his grief and loss, became acquainted with the Russian rinderpest or cattle-plague.

This terror of all possessors of horned stock, for which no successful treatment has ever been devised, was brought from the Baltic port of Revel to Hull, at the end of May, in a cargo of cattle. Thence, by railway-transit, the malady spread to London and the south, all through England, and over the Border. In November, 30 English counties, 1 county of Wales, and 17 in Scotland were affected, and before the year closed there were 9753 centres of infection, on farms or in the cattle-sheds of towns, within the limits of Great Britain. More than 70,000 animals, up to that date, had either died from the disease, or had been killed after attack, or slaughtered, in a healthy state, after contact with infected stock, in order to avoid spreading the malady. Orders in Council compelled the adoption of the only safe course, which consisted in the slaughter and prompt burial of all diseased cattle, and of every animal that had been rendered liable to disease by association with those actually stricken. In 1866 an Act enforced the slaughter of all foreign cattle at the port of arrival, and the most stringent measures were adopted for the regulation of the inland trade in stock. The disease gradually disappeared, large sums of public money being paid in compensation to owners who were deprived of healthy cattle by precautionary slaughter in the public interest. The fine pasture-farms of Cheshire had been devastated by this terrible visitation. Beneficial results came in better care for the sanitary condition of farms, and of milk-establishments in towns. Live cattle-markets in London and large provincial towns were replaced by dead-meat markets, with great advantage to public cleanliness, comfort, and health, and a wholly new branch of trade arose in the direct supply of milk by railway from the country to great centres of population, with the consequent closing of the cow-sheds in towns, places which had proved to be prolific contagion-beds of the disease.

A marvellous instance of ignorance and credulity among the agricultural population of Kent occurred early in the year 1838. A lunatic named John Thom, formerly a farmer and maltster living in Cornwall, appeared among the peasantry of the district around Boughton, a village near Canterbury, mentioned by Chaucer in his greatest poem. Under the name and title of "Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, Devonshire, knight of Malta, king of Jerusalem", &c., he claimed to be a species of Messiah and social

reformer, promising to the farmers land without rent, and abundant wages, or things far beyond wages, to the tillers of the soil. By a mountebank's tricks he persuaded the country-folk of his invulnerability, and of their own immunity from all harm if they followed him. Of his power to work miracles many persons were fully persuaded, and he administered a sacrament in bread and water to his deluded devotees. As he marched about the country, denouncing all laws, and especially the new Poor Law, labourers were enticed away from their work. The law then interfered, and all the folly and farce of Thom's proceedings had a serious and tragical issue. On May 31st, a constable who sought to apprehend the impostor, then at the head of about a hundred men and women, was shot by Thom, who then stabbed his prostrate body with his dagger, and flung it into a ditch. The mob were hurrying to attack Canterbury when two companies of infantry appeared, under the command of Lieutenant Bennett. Thom and his followers withdrew to the shelter of Bossenden Wood, and when the troops drew near to disperse them he shot the officer dead with his pistol. The fanatics then charged with a fierceness so sudden as to cause some confusion among the leading soldiers, but a volley, at close quarters, from their comrades in support, stretched Thom and about ten others lifeless on the ground, while many more were wounded by the fire. Several of the rioters were convicted of murder, but their sentence was commuted to transportation, and some others were imprisoned for a twelve months' term. It was long believed by the more credulous fanatics that Thom, according to his promise, would rise from the dead. With almost inconceivable folly, the clergyman who read the service at the funeral of the maniac omitted the words which relate to the resurrection, lest the delusion of his followers standing near the grave should receive encouragement. The real disgrace lay with the nation and the society that had permitted any members of the body politic to grow up in ignorance so abject and so mischievous almost beneath the shadow of the stately cathedral that forms the ecclesiastical centre of the established faith.

The nineteenth century has produced some of the most notable judicial investigations of all British history. In 1806, the last impeachment in our national records brought to the bar of the House of Lords Viscount Melville, on the charge of "gross malver-

sation and breach of duty" in his former office as Treasurer of the Navy. This able and energetic politician, a devoted follower and friend of the younger William Pitt, is better known as Henry Dundas. The first division in the House of Commons, in April, 1805, on the motion that assailed Melville's character for personal integrity, was only carried by the casting-vote of the Speaker, Mr. Abbott, but the accused man at once resigned his office as First Lord of the Admiralty, and awaited further proceedings. It was in April of the following year that he came before his peers in Westminster Hall. The Whigs, then in power, did their utmost for a conviction, but a majority of the Lords, on the sixteenth day of trial, acquitted the accused statesman. Melville had assuredly been guilty of no more than indiscretion and neglect with regard to the usual official forms in dealing with public moneys.

In 1817, the British public were surprised by a revival of the long obsolete Wager of Battle, or Trial by Combat, which the usage of our ancestors had permitted in civil and criminal cases, as an appeal to the justice of Heaven, tested by the result of a personal conflict between the disputants. The classical instance in our literature is that between Norfolk and Bolingbroke, as given in Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, Act I. Scene 3. In May, 1817, a servant-maid, named Mary Ashford, was found dead in a field at Erdington, a Warwickshire village near Birmingham. Appearances pointed to murder, and Abraham Thornton, a farmer's son and young bricklayer, who had been in her company at a club-feast and dance on the preceding night, was charged with the crime. Tried at the Warwickshire Assizes, in the following August, before Sir George Holroyd, a very learned and sagacious judge, Thornton was acquitted, after evidence for the defence which almost completely cleared him, and even made it doubtful whether Mary Ashford's death were not suicidal. Intense public interest and controversy were aroused, and a sharp local solicitor induced William Ashford, as brother and heir of the deceased girl, to use an old unrepealed statute and proceed against Thornton for an "appeal of murder". The man once acquitted was thus again put on trial for the same offence. He retorted, under legal advice, by the words "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body". He then flung down a large gauntlet or glove, for the appellant Ashford to take up, but he declined the challenge, and his counsel

disputed Thornton's right to "wager of battle". These proceedings took place in the Court of King's Bench, at Westminster Hall, before Lord Ellenborough and other judges, who decided, in the end, for Thornton. The "wager of battle" was still refused by Ashford, and the appellee, or person accused under "appeal of murder", was accordingly, and most righteously, discharged. In the following year, 1819, a statute did away with both "appeals" and "wager of battle".

Passing over for the time the unsavoury subject of Queen Caroline's appearance before the Lords in 1820, we come to the last criminal trial in our annals of a British nobleman before his peers. The military career of the Earl of Cardigan, as commanding officer, in succession, of two regiments of Hussars, strikingly illustrates the evils attendant on the old system of "army-purchase", under which men of wealth bought promotion, instead of attaining advancement in the service by seniority, with its necessary concomitant of experience, or by distinguished conduct in the field. Entering the army in 1824, as Lord Brudenell, his father's second title, he bought his way up from Cornet to Lieutenant-colonel in the 15th Hussars, in the course of seven years, by the expenditure of nearly £30,000, and thus, by mere money, acquired the right of holding Englishmen in military subjection. A born bully, tyrant, and martinet, he was wholly unfit to exercise rule over officers or men. His period of command was marked by scandal, favouritism, petty tyranny, and intrigue, and his subordinate officers had to lament both the misery which he could and did inflict upon them, and the glaring notoriety which was thus obtained for their regiment. In 1833, he resigned his command of the 15th Hussars, on the acquittal of an officer whom he had illegally put under arrest. Having strong interest both at Court and at the Horse-guards, he became, in 1836, commanding officer of the 11th Hussars. It is only fair to state that his exertions, combined with a lavish expenditure of his private means, rendered that corps one of the smartest of cavalry regiments. His relations with his subordinate officers were of the most unhappy kind. In frequent quarrels with men of usually mild and gentlemanly character, Lord Cardigan was almost always the aggressor. One of his captains was cashiered for writing him a challenge. To another he sent a very rude verbal message, and then placed him under

prolonged arrest for declining to shake hands with the brother-officer who had been employed to convey the affront. He violated decency by severely flogging a soldier on Sunday, between the services, on the very spot where, half an hour before, the man's comrades had been mustered for public worship. The regiment was, from time to time, before the public in connection with courts-martial either on Lord Cardigan or on some one of his antagonists. At last, the irrepressible peer brought himself within reach of the law of the land. A contemptible squabble concerning the appearance of some wine at the mess-table in a black bottle instead of in a decanter had caused the retirement from the regiment of a certain officer, with the style and title, after he had quitted the service, of Captain Harvey Tuckett. This gentleman then challenged Lord Cardigan, and the duel was fought on Wandsworth Common, near London, then a lonely expanse of grass and furze. Captain Tuckett was shot through the body, the wound happily proving not to be mortal. The victorious peer, with what he probably considered a chivalrous courage, but was in truth the mere insolence of aristocratic bravado, walked off to Wandsworth Police-station, and gave himself into custody. He was put on his trial before the House of Lords, and the British public had then an opportunity of viewing that illustrious body in its judicial capacity, on a matter concerning the person and property of one of themselves. The facts were notorious; the culprit was self-accused. His counsel, Sir William Follett, disputed the identity of the Captain Tuckett who was named in the charge with the person who had received in his body the bullet from Lord Cardigan's pistol. In the exchange of cards prior to the encounter on Wandsworth Common, Tuckett's card bore his full name, which included three Christian names. The peer on trial was asserted to have unlawfully fired at Captain "Harvey" Tuckett. A majority of the peers thereupon acquitted Lord Cardigan, with the usual formula "*Not guilty, upon my honour*". It was noted that the Duke of Cleveland used the words "*Not guilty legally, upon my honour*". The trial had caused a great expenditure of public money, and the result much impressed the public mind.

The most famous combination of civil and criminal proceedings, not merely in the 19th century, but in all British history, is doubtless that connected with the individual called "The Claimant",

and popularly known as "The Tichborne Case". The belief accorded, for a considerable time, by a large number of people not devoid of intelligence and education, to the statements and claims of the greatest impostor of modern times, throws into the shade, in some respects, the credulity of the Kentish clod-hoppers in the case of Thom. Only the briefest summary of the matter can here be given, and we must refer curious readers to Mr. Serjeant Ballantine's book mentioned above, or, for an exhaustive account, to the elaborate summing-up of Lord Chief-Judge Cockburn, which occupied 180 columns of the *Times* newspaper, and was afterwards issued as a 2-vol. book. In the spring of 1854, a slim, fairly-educated, gentlemanly man, twenty-five years of age, named Roger Charles Doughty-Tichborne, was lost off the coast of Brazil, in a sailing-vessel named the *Bella*, on a voyage from Rio de Janeiro to New York. She had foundered at sea with all on board, and not a sign of ship, passengers, or cargo, ever more appeared. Mr. Tichborne was the son and heir of Sir James Doughty-Tichborne, tenth baronet, and head of a family of very long lineage, of good standing in Hampshire before the Norman conquest. Their surname was derived from the river Itchen, at the head of which their possessions lay, being corrupted, in course of ages, from an original "De Itchenbourne". In the modern days with which we are dealing, the title carries with it a fine estate surrounding Tichborne House, about three miles south of Alresford, in Mid-Hampshire. In January, 1867, a very stout man, weighing about 26 stone, of coarse complexion, but with the small hands and feet which are supposed to be often significant of gentle birth, arrived in London from Australia. He appeared in response to an advertisement from Lady Tichborne, asking for news of her long-lost son. That son he claimed to be, with the assertion that, along with eight other men, he had escaped by boat from the *Bella* in 1854, had been picked up at sea, and taken to Australia. He had been living in New South Wales and elsewhere, under the name of Thomas Castro. He claimed the title and estates from Sir Henry Doughty-Tichborne, a minor, son of the Sir Alfred who, on the death of Roger, had become heir as second son of Sir James. A recognition of this claimant by Lady Tichborne, Roger's mother, took place in Paris, but she died before the first, or civil, trial came on, and the precise value of her asserted

recognition was never tested by any form of legal examination. That some resemblance in feature and form, apart from the startling change of bulk, existed between the real original Roger and the claimant of his identity, is proved by the fact that some persons of good position and undoubted integrity, who had known Roger in society, in his cavalry-regiment, and elsewhere, testified that he was, in their full belief, their former friend. Public belief in his story was shown, to a large extent, by investments in bonds on the Tichborne estates, issued by the claimant to raise money for litigation. In May, 1871, an action of ejectment against the occupant of Tichborne House came before the Court of Common Pleas. After 103 days of trial, which cost the estate more than £90,000, the jury found that the claimant was not Sir Roger Tichborne. The evidence adduced was such as to show that he could not be what he claimed to be. In April, 1873, the Claimant was indicted for perjury and forgery, and in February, 1874, convicted on all the counts, he was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. The criminal proceedings cost the country over £60,000, and form a great reproach to our system of jurisprudence in the expenditure of time and money to a needless extent. There are persons (including a lawyer, otherwise perfectly sane, known to the present writer) who are still persuaded that the once-famous Claimant is wrongfully kept from his title and estates. In dismissing the subject of an almost unparalleled display of daring imposture and human credulity, we may state that the trials disclosed the whole process by which the imposture was gradually built up; the acquirement of information needed to sustain the claim advanced; and the manufacture of evidence that would, from the very fact of his existence, have belonged to, and been ready to the hand of, the man who was personated.

Naval and military reviews, coronations, and royal weddings, with all their pomp and splendour of effect, are beyond the limits of the space at our command, and we can only present a brief account of some of the other remarkable displays, both of a mournful and a joyous character, that have been witnessed within the British Isles during the nineteenth century. The funeral of Lord Nelson, at St. Paul's Cathedral, on January 9th, 1806, was a touching spectacle, marked, as the procession passed on its way, accord-

ing to the testimony of one who was there, by "impassioned grief, audible sighs, tears coursing down rugged cheeks". The leaden coffin, in which his remains had been brought home from the scene of his latest struggle and success, had been cut into pieces, which were distributed, in the words of the *Victory's* chief gunner, "as relics of Saint Nelson". A striking scene occurred in the Cathedral, at the moment when the coffin, covered with his flag, was about to be lowered into the vault. The sailors who stood around, with an irresistible impulse darted forward, tore away the flag, and rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived. The procession, headed by four regiments of infantry, occupied four hours from the time of its starting until the last coach stopped at the gate of St. Paul's. All the shipping in the river carried flags half-mast high, and the boom of minute-guns from the Tower came on the ear throughout the whole of the bright and calm winter's day. All the seven sons of George the Third were present beneath the dome. In all the long mourning-train, none drew the eyes of spectators more than about three-score men of the *Victory's* crew, bearing two Union Jacks and the St. George's ensign of the famous vessel, these colours showing holes made by the enemy's shot. The procession ended with forty-eight Greenwich pensioners clad in black gowns and bearing black staves.

More than forty-six years had passed away, when another great warrior of Nelson's day went to his rest in the fulness of venerable age, and at a time of European peace, soon to be broken by successive storms of war. "The Duke", as he had long been styled in his pre-eminent position as by far the greatest subject of the Crown, and as the possessor of an imperishable fame in his country's annals, died at Walmer Castle, on the east coast of Kent, on September 14th, 1852. The hero of the Peninsular War and of Waterloo, the honest, devoted friend of his country under four successive sovereigns, ever given to the cause of duty, having long outlived all political mistakes, was universally mourned on his decease amid the mild steady radiance of a glory untarnished by the faintest shadow of personal ambition, meanness, or wrong. A state-funeral, with interment near Nelson at St. Paul's, was at once decreed. That ceremony was preceded by a six-days' lying-in-state at the great hall of Chelsea Hospital, in London, from 11th to 17th

THE FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON.

On the 21st of October, 1805, was fought the famous battle of Trafalgar. The French fleet under Villeneuve sailed out from Cadiz, and Nelson, who had been blockading it, determined to attack at once. Towards mid-day he hoisted the famous signal "England expects that every man will do his duty", while about one o'clock his ship the *Victory* broke into the enemy's centre, sweeping athwart the French flagship and pouring in a terrible broadside. As the *Victory* drove onwards her foreyard became entangled in the rigging of the French ship *Redoubtable*, so that the two vessels crashed together and fought with yard-arm to yard-arm. It was at this point that Nelson, while walking the quarter-deck, was wounded by a musket-shot, and died after three hours of great suffering. His body was preserved in spirits and brought home in the *Victory*. For some time it lay in state in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, and was taken from thence (as shown in the illustration) up the Thames to London, where, amid the lamentations of a whole nation, the great admiral was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

of November. The whole interior of the stately room was covered with black cloth, the architectural lines of the vaulted roof being picked out with silver cord. Along the side-walls ran a low platform, on which stood Life-guardsmen, with arms reversed, in motionless, mournful, statuesque array. In their front were rows of huge silvered candelabra, bearing lighted wax-candles of enormous size. At the upper end of the hall, a dais, carpeted with cloth of gold, held the bier, hung with Wellington's stars and orders conferred, in his days of war, by the sovereigns of almost every European realm. The coffin was covered with crimson velvet, and the silver balustrade that ran around the bier had projecting pedestals, with black velvet cushions carrying the marshal's batons and orders of Great Britain, Hanover, Austria, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Spain. The first visitor, of all the quarter of a million persons that viewed this imposing sight, was the Queen, who, with faltering steps, advanced as far as the centre of the hall, and then broke into tears, and was led away by her husband, still bitterly weeping, to her carriage.

The funeral took place on November 18th. The memory of that day and that spectacle can never fade from the minds of those who, like the present writer, were permitted to share, with eye and ear, in the sights and sounds of a pageant unsurpassed for melancholy grandeur of effect. At seven o'clock on the gloomy, misty morning, the coffin was raised by machinery to the summit of a lofty funeral-car on the parade-ground behind the Horse-guards, at Whitehall. The vehicle, in its lower part, was wholly of bronze, elaborately worked, and supported on six wheels. Above this framework was a pediment richly gilt, and bearing, on panels, the inscribed names of twenty victories, from Assaye to Waterloo. Trophies of arms, surmounted by ducal coronets and batons, were arranged below the bier, whose velvet pall was powdered with silver embroidery and bordered with silver wreaths of bays. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord" was the legend running round, while a fringe of silver, two feet deep, hung below. The coffin bore the Duke's hat and sword, and the whole was surmounted by a canopy with pendent tassels and cords. This superb car, 27 feet long, 10 feet broad, 17 feet high, weighed between ten and eleven tons, and was drawn to the Cathedral, in presence of spectators numbering far beyond a million, by twelve

great black steeds, harnessed three abreast, selected from the splendid teams of notable brewers. At eight o'clock, the hangings of the tent around the car were suddenly furled; the first minute-gun was fired; the troops presented arms; the roll of sound came from muffled drums; and the long procession started to the notes of the Dead March in Handel's grand oratorio *Saul*. It was in a window of the Strand, adjoining Somerset House, that the writer saw the superb display of military pomp that included 6000 troops from every branch of the British army. The funeral-car was, of course, a chief object of attentive gaze, but there were many for whom the most touching sight was the dead hero's charger, with spurred boots reversed, hanging down from the empty saddle, and led along by the special groom that ministered to the wants of the favourite steed. Those who are stirred to their inmost souls by the penetrating power of musical sound can never forget the tones that came from the military bands, artfully arranged so that, as the notes of Handel's march died away ahead, the grand strains of mournful import from Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony stole upon the ear, swelling higher and higher as the band drew near, to fade away in turn, and be replaced by the wailing sounds from *Saul*.

At the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Alexandra of Denmark on March 10th, 1863, the whole of Great Britain, in the darker hours, was aflame with bonfires on the chief hill-tops of the country-side, and on the headlands by the sea, while the nightly sky was made fantastically bright with the countless sparks from the devices of the skilled artist in fire. By far the most picturesque display of the time was that furnished amidst the fine natural features, and the buildings, ancient and modern, stately, or beautiful, or quaint, of the metropolis of the northern realm. From stem to stern, the huge ship-like ridge, lying between the old town of Edinburgh and the new, was radiant with dancing, glimmering lights from thousands of seeming port-holes. The spire of St. Giles rose up as if studded with rubies and emeralds, and showed out brightly the ancient imperial crown. The dome of St. George's was beauteous with white fire. The Scott monument, the Melville column, the Nelson pillar were arrayed in a garb of brilliant illumination. Arthur's Seat sent forth a ruddy glare that lit up the surrounding heights, and clad the whins and heather in a vesture of gold. Countless variegated lamps and Chinese lanterns gave their

aid to the overwhelming grandeur of the scene, as pillars of fire and jets of parti-hued flame shot up in city and suburb, and rockets, soaring high, burst amid the clouds, and then fell around in glowing showers of sparks. On Salisbury Crags and the neighbouring summit bonfires, like volcanoes, blazed aloft, with tongues of flame twisting and waving in the air; while the Castle on its height presented great terraces of blazing lights, winding in all conceivable varieties of form.

On June 21st, 1887, the Jubilee of Victoria's accession to the throne was celebrated throughout the empire by people of all classes, parties, races, and creeds. Cordial words and precious gifts poured in from every quarter, and the land was given up, amid another blaze of bonfires and pyrotechnic light, to great and universal rejoicings. A grand procession convoyed the Queen, her family, and court from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, where a thanksgiving service was held before an assemblage of representatives gathered from every quarter of the civilized world, amid a scene of splendour that sparkled with jewels and was rich in every variety of hue and form that costly raiment can furnish in the modern style. The most striking feature of the great pageant on this memorable day was the Cavalcade of Princes, wherein there rode together twenty-four sons, sons-in-law, and grandsons of the British sovereign. The most stately figure in the group was that of the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, who died, twelve months later, as the Emperor Frederick, shortly after succeeding his aged father, William I., seventh king of Prussia, and founder, in 1871, of the new Germanic imperial realm.

Ten years later, in June, 1897, the subjects of the Crown, in all parts of the Empire, celebrated with fervid loyalty that unique event in our history, the completion of a period of sixty years of rule held by the same monarch. The chief scene of rejoicing was, of course, the heart of the Empire, mighty London, with her five millions of inhabitants swelled in numbers by visitors from the provinces and the colonial dominions, and from foreign countries, to a degree without precedent in British annals.

On Sunday, June 20th, the Queen's accession-day, the morning-service at Westminster Abbey was largely attended by the Peers, while the Commons, also in official array, marched from their

House to their adjacent Parish-church of St. Margaret. The congregation at St. Paul's Cathedral included the Prince and Princess of Wales, and numerous members of the British and of foreign royal families; ambassadors and special envoys; and representatives of learned societies and of many other great institutions. The sermons delivered at these sacred edifices comprised just and lofty eulogies on the merits of the sovereign as a constitutional ruler and as a most noble representative of all the best side of our national life.

On June 21st, the Queen received at Buckingham Palace the Indian princes, the representatives of foreign states, and the eleven colonial premiers—from the seven chief Australasian colonies, Canada, Newfoundland, Cape Colony, and Natal.

The chief ceremony of the whole great festival was the royal procession through London on June 22nd, when the Queen, with the royal family and a brilliant array of royal and other guests and their suites, made a progress through more than six miles of roads and streets, north and south of the Thames. A brief halt at St. Paul's gave time for a most impressive service of thanksgiving conducted on the steps at the great western front of the Cathedral. A scene of enthusiastic loyalty, of vivid and varied colour, and of military pomp rarely equalled, was afforded on this great day. To thoughtful and well-informed spectators, the central figure, the Queen and Empress, was an object of the deepest interest and regard apart from all considerations of the personal character and achievement which were causing so magnificent a display of loyal devotion. In that illustrious personage they viewed one who held constitutional or imperial sway over the largest number of subjects—approaching four hundred millions—that ever, in the whole history of mankind, owed allegiance to the same sovereign. These millions included a greater variety of races, colours, languages, religions, degrees of civilization, and social usages, than could be found in all history among the subjects of the same monarch. The extent of territory ruled by her—about eleven millions of square miles—far exceeded that controlled by any sovereign, ancient, mediæval, or modern. No personage that ever ruled could be more remarkable than Queen Victoria in respect of lineage. Nine different nationalities furnished the strains of blood commingled in the royal line Ancient British, or Welsh; English;

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE PROCESSION CROSSING LONDON BRIDGE.

The year 1897 is memorable in the history of the British Empire as the Diamond Jubilee year of Queen Victoria. She had reigned for sixty years over her world-wide dominions, and her subjects, in striving to celebrate the great occasion with befitting splendour, were moved by an unsurpassed enthusiasm. The chief ceremony of the festival was the Procession on June 22nd, when the Queen, with the royal family and a brilliant company of distinguished guests from all parts of the Empire, made a Royal Progress through London, both north and south of the Thames. Starting from Buckingham Palace the noble pageant passed along some six miles of streets, crossing the river by London Bridge and Westminster Bridge, thus making a circuit to the point of departure. At St. Paul's the pageant halted while a solemn thanksgiving service was conducted on the steps at the great western front of the Cathedral; and all along the route the Queen was greeted with a mighty outburst of cheering, the spontaneous evidence of that loving loyalty which characterized the attitude of all her people.

Norman-French or old Danish; Scottish; German; this extraordinary woman was also Dutch, from Philippa of Hainault; modern Danish, from the wife of James the First; Spanish, from Eleanor of Castile; and French by direct descent from five ladies of high degree, all wives of English monarchs. This most notable of ladies then living, one of the most notable of all time, had also held power, and actually governed, with the full responsibility attached to her exalted position, for a longer period than any sovereign of any important country through the whole course of time. Not Mithridates in olden days; nor Akbar nor Aurungzebe, in modern India; nor any British sovereign, had ever reigned for sixty years. Louis the Fourteenth was king, indeed, for seventy-two years, dating from the day of accession, but the first eighteen years of his reign were passed under the tutelage of his mother and a chief minister.

The real importance, from the imperial and political point of view, of the grand demonstration at this second Jubilee, lay in what concerned the colonial dominions. One of the most picturesque features of the procession was found in the display of colonial troops. A body of fifty mounted men and six officers from New Zealand comprised twenty Maoris of pure descent, the first large number of that famous fighting race that ever set foot in England. These finely-built muscular men were worthy representatives of the most warlike and stubborn people that British troops ever met. Other colonial forces were there in the persons of Canadian troops, Cape Mounted Rifles, Natal volunteers, Zaptiehs from Cyprus, Lancers and Rifles from the Australian colonies and Tasmania; yeomanry from Trinidad, artillery from Malta and Jamaica, Haussas from West Africa; Dyak police from North Borneo; police from the Straits Settlements, British Guiana, and Hong Kong; volunteers from Ceylon. The native Indian Army was gorgeously represented by more than a score of stalwart officers, clad in the scarlet, or blue, or brown uniforms, richly decked with gold, of the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay Lancers, the Punjab cavalry, and the Hyderabad Contingent; and by troopers from Gwalior, Indore, Bhopal, Jeypore, and many other Indian states.

There was now afforded a striking proof of the fact that the British Empire, during the Queen's reign, had vastly grown in

blind, and the end of his career as a sovereign was approaching. On October 25th, 1809, the Jubilee of his accession was celebrated with much popular enthusiasm of bell-ringing, bonfires, and feasting in civic halls. The monarch had been always dear to the body of the nation for his virtues in domestic life, and, in the later period of his reign, for his sturdy hatred to Bonaparte and French domination in Europe; and the close of his reign was generally dreaded as the day that would admit to rule his profligate eldest son. That day was not destined to be long postponed. A final shock to his intellect came, at the close of 1810, in the illness and death of his favourite daughter, the Princess Amelia, and he passed into a state of complete mental alienation. Early in 1811, the regal powers of government were assigned by Parliament to George, Prince of Wales, as Regent, and Queen Charlotte received "such direction of the household as may be suitable for the care of his majesty's person, and the maintenance of the royal dignity". The death of the Queen, in November, 1818, transferred the charge of the king's person to the Duke of York, and the closing scene came on January 29th, 1820, when George the Third died at Windsor Castle.

Including the regency, George IV.'s period of rule extended over nearly twenty years, mostly passed in luxurious indolence, with intervals of spasmodic energy when he appeared to be desirous of emulating the position assumed, in his days of mental health, by his laborious and conscientious sire. His mode of life was, now and again, fiercely assailed in the House of Commons by the outspoken recklessness of Brougham, and he had cause to feel dislike for the measure of freedom enjoyed by the public press. His domestic relations with his wife and only child are dealt with below, and we here notice only some of his utterances and actions in public affairs. The Manchester tragedy, or "Peterloo massacre", of 1819, elicited from the Regent an expression to the local authorities of his "great satisfaction derived from their prompt, decisive, and efficient measures for the preservation of the public tranquillity". Under his controlling taste, the architect Nash produced the glories of Buckingham Palace, Regent Street, and the terraces in the newly-formed Regent's Park. A real service to the cause of classical art had been rendered when the prince, in 1815, bought for the sum of £20,000, and presented to the nation, at the British Museum,

the beautiful series of marble-reliefs which once adorned the temple of Apollo at Phigaleia, in the south-west of Arcadia, a province of the Peloponnesus, now the Morea, or peninsula of Greece. These "Phigaleian Marbles", as they are usually styled, representing the combat of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, are among our most interesting and charming remains of ancient sculpture. In August, 1820, the king's visit to Ireland was marked by the naming, as "Kingstown", of the now important suburb of Dublin. Prior to 1817, when the harbour-works were begun, the place was simply the fishing-village of Dunleary. In 1822, George the Fourth made a voyage to Scotland, landing at Leith on August 18th, where he received a warm welcome as the first sovereign of the House of Brunswick that had ever visited his Scottish subjects. Dressed in the Highland costume, he showed dignity and grace in his receptions held at Holyrood, and gave a pleasant surprise to the Lord Provost at a banquet by proposing his host's health as "Sir William Anderson, Baronet". He afterwards drank to the northern kingdom with the words, "Health to its chieftains! and God bless the land of cakes". He strove his hardest, in his own feeble way, against the admission of the Catholic claims, and uttered strong words against what he deemed to be the revolutionary projects of the Liberals whom he styled "the Jacobins of the world". His death, which occurred at Windsor Castle on June 26th, 1830, from a complication of disorders, was not lamented, and was regarded by the party of progress as opening a new era of salutary reform.

The Princess Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, and of Augusta, sister of George III., was married to the Prince of Wales in April, 1795. There was no pretence of affection on the part of the bridegroom, who took his cousin to wife on condition of having his enormous debts defrayed at the public charge. The lady was described by her own father as "wanting in judgment", and Lord Malmesbury, the envoy who arranged the match, wrote of her as one who "with a steady man would do vastly well, but with one of a different description would incur great risks". Her manners and personal habits were such that, prior to the marriage, as he conducted her to England, Malmesbury thought it his duty to advise and to remonstrate "on the toilette, on cleanliness, and on delicacy in speaking". The prince received her with a strange mixture of politeness and disgust, and the life of the wedded pair

corresponded to this inauspicious opening. After the birth of their only child, in January, 1796, the prince abandoned her society, and she lived in retirement at Shooters' Hill and Blackheath, near London. Reports to her discredit caused an inquiry, by the king's order, in 1806, on which occasion the Solicitor-general, Sir Samuel Romilly, a very high authority, reports that "the evidence of all the servants as to the general conduct of the princess was very favourable to her". George the Third, by the advice of the Cabinet, sent her a letter to the effect that while "there was no foundation for the graver charges against her, he saw, with serious concern, evidence of a deportment unbecoming her station".

In 1814, she obtained leave to visit Brunswick, and afterwards to make a farther tour. She visited the coasts of the Mediterranean, and lived for some time at Lake Como in Lombardy. On the death of George the Third, his successor, anxious to avoid her presence in England, offered her an annuity of £50,000, provided she would renounce the title of queen and continue to live abroad. These insulting terms were promptly rejected, in effect, by the queen's arrival, on June 5th, 1820, at Dover, amidst the shouts of the populace. On the evening of June 6th, surrounded by thousands of cheering people, she took up her abode at the house of her staunch supporter, Alderman Wood, of the London Corporation, in South Audley Street. Mr. Brougham, afterwards Lord-chancellor, and Mr. Denman, afterwards Lord Chief-justice, had been appointed as her attorney-general and solicitor-general. The queen thought proper to reject new terms which granted her the royal title and rights, with the use of a royal yacht or a man-of-war, and the due notification of her name and rank at the Court either of Rome or Milan, the capitals of countries in which she had expressed her intention to reside. She insisted upon full recognition and coronation, and in July the ministers, reluctantly yielding to the king's wish, brought in a Bill of Pains and Penalties which, on the ground of her alleged misconduct and infidelity as a wife, sought to deprive her of her regal title, prerogatives, privileges, and rights, and to dissolve the marriage between her and the king.

On August 3rd, the queen took up her residence in Brandenburg House, at Hammersmith, in London, and for four months was the object of popular ovations. The *John Bull* newspaper was

started by the famous wit and diner-out, Theodore Hook, for the express purpose of vilifying the accused lady, while violence and ribaldry were poured out, from the other side, against the king and his partisans in this unseemly strife, one without parallel in all British history. The scenes presented in the House of Lords during the investigation were often most exciting. A chair of state was placed for the queen, outside the bar, and fronting the throne and the woolsack. On August 21st the appearance, as a witness against her, of Teodore Majocchi, one of her domestic servants in Italy, aroused the indignant surprise of the accused lady, who turned suddenly round, uttered a loud cry, and rushed from the House. She was, it is fairly supposed, disgusted by the ingratitude of one whom she had always kindly treated. She had, assuredly, nothing to fear from his evidence, which was so ludicrous in its palpable falsehoods and suppressions that the man became a standing joke. Brougham and Denman conducted the defence with the utmost keenness, acuteness, and daring. One of the king's brothers was denounced to his face as a slanderer, nor was the sovereign himself spared covert but unmistakable insult in a reference to the history of imperial Rome, which dealt with Nero's conduct towards his innocent wife Octavia.

The second reading of the Bill against the Queen was carried only by 123 votes against 95, and the majority was still smaller when the penalty of divorce was brought into consideration. On November 10th, the majority for the third reading was only nine, 108 to 99, and the ministers thereupon abandoned the whole procedure, to the general joy. The present writer, after a careful perusal, with an open mind, of the whole of the evidence adduced in this memorable case, feels constrained to adopt the general opinion that Queen Caroline was not guilty of the charge brought against her, but that she laid herself open to grave and reasonable suspicion by imprudence and indecorum. She did not long survive her trial. Her popularity waned with her acceptance of an annuity of £50,000 from Parliament, after her declaration that she would take nothing till her rights as queen were acknowledged. In July, 1821, the Privy Council decided against her claim to be crowned along with the king, but she persisted in trying to enter Westminster Abbey, on the day of the ceremony, only to be met, at every entrance, with a humiliating rebuff. On August 7th she

found rest in death, but popular feeling caused a riot at the departure of her funeral-train from London, on the way to Harwich, for embarkation of her remains, which were to be interred at Brunswick. The Life-guards were attacked at Cumberland Gate, on the north side of Hyde Park, and two of the mob were shot, but the people carried out their purpose of escorting the hearse through the City, with the Lord Mayor at the head of the procession.

The death of this hapless lady's daughter, the Princess Charlotte Augusta, occasioned wider and more heartfelt grief throughout the British nation than any decease of a royal personage for ages had caused. She was the centre of a nation's fondest affection and hope. Bright, lively, and warm-tempered, brought up carefully in strict seclusion, she was betrothed, at eighteen years of age, in December, 1813, to Prince William of Orange, but she showed her spirit by soon breaking off this projected match in defiance of her father's wishes. She was married, in May, 1816, in an union of perfect love on both sides, to the accomplished and excellent Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards the admirable first king of the Belgians. She was regarded as a future true patriot queen, whose public duties as a constitutional sovereign would be amply fulfilled, and whose tastes, habits, and virtues would at once adorn the throne and promote the highest well-being of society. The married pair were living a happy and quiet life, surrounded by public regard and esteem, when, "without the slightest warning, without the opportunity of a moment's immediate preparation, in the midst of the deepest tranquillity, at midnight a voice was heard in the palace, not of singing men and singing women, not of revelry and mirth, but the cry, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh'". These solemn and affecting words, from the funeral sermon preached by one of our noblest Christian orators, the Baptist minister, Robert Hall, well befit the mournful occasion of their utterance. It was on November 6th, 1817, at Claremont House, in Surrey, that Charlotte of Wales passed away into the light of another existence, with the infant to whom she had given birth. The nation was plunged into deep and universal sorrow. The blackness of garb that was everywhere beheld was, for once, the symbol of something far more than official mourning. There were few firesides where tears did not fall for the people's and for the bereaved husband's loss, whom the language of heartfelt sympathy often spoke of as "poor man" and

"poor fellow". It was well for the British people that Providence had in store, yet unborn, another princess whose benignant and most constitutional sway should realize in full measure the hopes that had gathered, twenty years before, round the life of the kins-woman whose sun "went down while it was yet day".

Taking the sons of George the Third in order of birth, we come, after George IV., to Frederick, Duke of York. We have seen something of this royal personage's incapacity in the Netherlands as commander of British forces against the French. As commander-in-chief, he found his proper sphere of duty in directing military affairs at the Horse-guards, where he proved himself to be a diligent and sagacious man of business in many respects, and won real honour by the improvements which he introduced into the service, and, especially, by the kindly consideration for the interests of the privates which won him the title of "the soldier's friend". It is for these merits, we presume, that the tall column erected to his memory still looks down upon the parade-ground of the Horse-guards and the verdure of Saint James' Park. The duke was tainted with the profligacy of the times, which the king's good example was unable to restrain, and he thereby incurred grievous reproach in his official capacity. A parliamentary inquiry, promoted by the Radical leaders, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Folkestone, and Mr. Whitbread, and occupying the House of Commons for nearly two months, proved that the commander-in-chief had allowed his mistress, Mrs. Clarke, to influence him in the bestowal of army-commissions and other offices. It was not proved, except by the shameless woman's own hostile testimony, that the duke had any knowledge of her sale of such offices. A majority of the Commons, 278 to 196, freed him from the imputations of "personal corruption, and connivance at corruption", but the large minority included such distinguished Whigs as Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne) and Sir Samuel Romilly, with the eminent and spotless Tory, William Wilberforce. The duke, in consequence, resigned his post as commander-in-chief, but was re-instated in 1811, and continued to act for the good of the military service, without a renewal of the former scandals. In 1825, the Duke of York became, from a speech in the House of Lords, a most conspicuous opponent of the Catholic claims, and his words, as those of the heir-presumptive to the throne, had much influence in pro-

ducing the large majority by which the peers threw out a measure in favour of the Catholics which had just been carried in the House of Commons. The Duke of York had been married to the eldest daughter of the King of Prussia, but his death, in 1827, found him devoid of legitimate heirs, and the throne accordingly passed, in 1830, to the old king's third son, William, Duke of Clarence.

The history, before reigning, of William the Fourth, is in some degree connected with the British navy. We find him serving as a midshipman, in 1780, on Lord Rodney's fleet which relieved our brave garrison at Gibraltar from imminent starvation, and we read of a Spanish admiral's admiring surprise when he found the British sovereign's son obeying orders like any other petty officer. "Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea!" was the friendly foeman's comment, as a prisoner of war, on our naval discipline. When he attained a rank in the service which enabled him to command a ship of his own, he was not conspicuous in setting an example of devotion to duty. He twice quitted a foreign station without leave, and was leniently dealt with in being confined to harbour at Plymouth for as long a time as that of his absence from his proper post. Withdrawing from the active exercise of his profession, he lived quietly ashore for twenty years, rising in naval rank by the regular gradations until he was appointed, in 1827, to the revived office of Lord High Admiral. Debarred, by the Royal Marriages Act, from selecting a wife according to his own taste, he lived from 1790 till 1811 with the charming Irish actress, Mrs. Jordan, who, in spite of her name, was really a single woman. The fidelity of the lady, and the long-continued attachment and respectful behaviour of the prince, her virtual husband, gave a character to this connection which caused the ten children, five sons and five daughters, to be received in good English society with a freedom rarely accorded under such circumstances. When he became king, William created the eldest son Earl of Munster, by one of his own former titles, and gave to his other illegitimate offspring, the Fitzclarences, the rank and precedence of the younger sons and daughters of a marquis.

In 1818, the Duke of Clarence married the German princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, whose only two children, daughters, died in very early infancy. This excellent lady, known for twelve years as "the Queen-Dowager", won the deepest respect of the best part of the nation by her gentle, womanly virtues, and by the

sincere and humble piety of her character as a Christian, in which she merged all the claims of earthly rank. Dying in 1849, she left directions, "in one of the most touching and unaffected documents that ever went right home to English hearts", that her mortal remains should be carried to the grave, without any pomp or state, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, "by sailors". In his character and actions as king, William the Fourth has been already seen. He was a kindly man, one of mingled virtues and faults, like most human beings, one of whom we may say that it had been well for nations if no worse a monarch had ever sat upon a throne. His death at Windsor Castle, on June 20th, 1837, brought his niece Victoria to the position of queen.

The fourth son of George the Third was Edward, Duke of Kent. This blameless prince, of benevolent character and popular demeanour, had held, with high credit and esteem, military commands at Gibraltar and in Canada, where he gave his name, in 1799, to Prince Edward Island. In July, 1818, he was married to Mary Louisa Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and sister of Prince Leopold, widower of the lamented Princess Charlotte. The lady was widow of the Prince of Leiningen. On May 24th, 1819, the Princess Victoria, destined to succeed to the throne in 1837, was born. Eight months later, in January, 1820, her father met his death through his own lack of prudence in regard to health. Gifted with a robust constitution, he had braved, in his habit of regular exercise, the pelting rain of a wintry morning at Sidmouth, in Devonshire. On his return with wet boots, he neglected to change them, and remained for some hours petting his little daughter. A chill supervened, fever set in, and in three days he was dead, just six days prior to his aged father's decease at Windsor. The care of the little Victoria devolved upon her mother, and it is well known that the trust was admirably fulfilled, as regards the training both of intellect and character. Prudence, economy, method, courage, self-reliance, and a full acquaintance with the prerogatives and duties of that highest position which, as years rolled on, came full in view of the youthful princess, had all their proper share of attention from her mother, and from the tutors and the female instructors who were selected for duties so important to the chief person concerned, and, as it proved, to the British nation and empire.

The fifth son of George the Third was Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, a man who became thoroughly hated by the bulk of the nation. In political affairs his principles were most repugnant to the spirit of the age. His private character is mildly described by the assertion that it did not command esteem. His chief claim to a place in history, or notoriety, apart from his odious tyranny as King of Hanover, is derived from his connection with a somewhat dangerous conspiracy against the claims and rights of the Princess Victoria. The matter has by no means received from historians the amount of attention which it undoubtedly deserves. It is impossible to enter here into lengthy details. The duke had always been a stout opponent of measures of reform in Church or State, and his hostility to the Catholic claims for political freedom brought him into alliance with the Orangemen, or ultra-Protestants, of northern Ireland and Great Britain. In 1828, he became Grand Master of all the Orange lodges on both sides of the Irish Channel. These associations numbered, at last, within the British Isles, far more than a quarter of a million members, and, besides some thousands of Orangemen enrolled in Canada, there were lodges among the troops at Malta, Gibraltar, Corfu, Bermuda, and Australia. A system of secret signs and passwords existed, and all the members were prepared for absolute obedience to the orders of the Duke of Cumberland. The Orangemen were exasperated by the Act of 1829, admitting Catholics to Parliament and to most public offices, and a conspiracy was formed for the exclusion of the Princess Victoria from the throne, if it should come to her, from lack of heirs of William the Fourth, and for the succession, in her stead, of the Duke of Cumberland. That royal personage had appointed a certain Lieutenant-colonel Fairman as his deputy, with power to establish Orange lodges wherever he could. It is not likely that the nation would have permitted anything so absurd, but there was a measure of risk in the fact that thirty Orange lodges existed in the army quartered at home. Fairman proved to be a very energetic, if not a very wise, promoter of this plot. One of his suggestions, which excited peals of laughter outside the Orange lodges, was that there was danger lest, on the death of George the Fourth, the Duke of Wellington should seize the throne for himself. To those who know the man and his career, this idea must present the very quintessence of unreason.

There were, in the House of Commons, men with wit to discover and courage to unmask these treasonable schemes. The distinguished Irish members, Daniel O'Connell and Richard Lalor Sheil, and the sturdy Scottish Radical, Mr. Joseph Hume, in March, 1835, persistently questioned the ministers concerning certain Orange addresses to the king, and public attention was thus drawn to the matter. It was the energy and intelligence of Mr. Hume that were chiefly instrumental in disclosing the conspiracy. A Parliamentary committee of inquiry was appointed, and that committee found that Fairman had striven to enlist people in support of the treasonable movement. They also rejected the statements of the Duke of Cumberland and of Lord Kenyon, one of his chief supporters, as to their ignorance of the fact that an Orange organization existed in the army. The Bishop of Salisbury, many lay peers, and many clergymen of the Established Church, were connected with this half-ludicrous, half-monstrous plot, which was really killed by the light of publicity thrown upon it. Lord John Russell, as Home Secretary and leader of the Commons in Lord Melbourne's second ministry, treated the affair with much prudence, moderation, and courage. The Duke of Cumberland received a hint to withdraw himself from all connection with the Orange lodges, and, when he neglected this suggestion, he was censured in the Commons by Lord John Russell. The king, William the Fourth, in reply to an address from the Commons, promised the utmost vigilance and vigour in suppressing political societies in the army. Colonel Fairman, threatened with committal to Newgate for disobedience to an order of the Commons Committee, vanished from the scene. The Government resolved to prosecute the Duke of Cumberland, Lord Kenyon, the Bishop of Salisbury, and other persons in the Central Criminal Court, but the chief witness, an Orangeman who had taken fright at Fairman's incitements to treason, died a few days before the trial was to come on. In February, 1836, Mr. Hume moved a very strong resolution in the Commons against Orange associations, but Lord John Russell proposed, and carried unanimously, a milder course in an address to the king, praying him to take effectual measures for the suppression of the Orange societies. The Orangemen in the House were by this time cowed. The Duke of Cumberland, as Grand Master, then informed the Government

that he had recommended the dissolution of Orange societies in Ireland, and that he should at once dissolve all Orange clubs elsewhere. Thus ended the Orange conspiracy against the succession of Victoria, and it was for this plot, amongst other reasons, that the British public, in 1837, were very glad to see the departure of Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, when he became King of Hanover.

The most popular of all the male progeny of George the Third, full of grace and kindness at his father's court in his earlier years, was the sixth son, Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex. By his benevolence, his name is honourably connected with one of the chief London hospitals in the "Sussex wing", an extension erected at his cost. He was, in mid-life and in his later days, known as an amiable man, a lover of philosophy and books, and he died in April, 1843. The youngest son, Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, married, in 1818, the Princess Augusta of Hesse, and left, at his death, in 1850, a son, George, afterwards for many years Commander-in-chief, and two daughters, the younger being the popular Mary Adelaide, afterwards Duchess of Teck.

The life and character, both public and private, of Queen Victoria and her husband, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, are abundantly known from a mass of books that appeared in the Jubilee-year, from the Queen's own published writings, and from the *Life of the Prince Consort* due to the pen of Sir Theodore Martin. The death of the prince at Windsor Castle, from typhoid fever, on December 14th, 1861, was a great and irreparable loss both to the sovereign and to the British empire. As it often occurs with men of special worth, his value was only understood when he was for ever lost to this lower sphere of human activity. His life was one of spotless virtue, and, after his marriage, of absolute devotion to the interests and well-being of his wife and sovereign, and of the nation which she ruled.

It is needless to dwell on the marriage connections formed by the Queen's children. The tragical, or nearly tragical, events that have affected the royal family may be here recalled. Ten years after the death of the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, in December, 1871, all but fell a victim to the same malady. It was on the 14th, almost at the same hour as that of his father's death, that the son began to amend. On February 27th, 1872, his complete recovery was signalized by his attendance with the Queen

and the Princess of Wales at a solemn service of thanksgiving held in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Queen's second son, Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, in 1868 narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a man who was said to belong to the Irish Fenian organization. He was visiting Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, in his frigate, the *Galatea*, when, on March 12th, at a place called Clontarf, as he stood amidst a crowd that included the Governor, the Chief-justice, and other distinguished persons, a miscreant named Farrell raised a revolver, and, with deliberate aim, fired a bullet into the prince's body. The stricken man fell forward on his hands and knees, exclaiming that his back was broken. Sir William Manning, a member of the Legislative Council, rushed at the man, who pointed the revolver again, causing Sir William to stumble and fall in his effort to escape the second shot. The trigger, however, failed to act, and a third attempt sent a shot into the ground just before Farrell's hands were seized and his arms pinioned by a by-stander. It was found that the prince had been struck just behind the right ribs, and that the ball had passed over them and lodged, not deeply, in the muscles of the abdomen. There was much loss of blood and painful suffering, but no serious danger, and recovery from the wound was fairly rapid. The duke, on quitting the colony, interceded for his would-be-murderer, but the man was very properly tried, condemned, and executed as a salutary example to such cowardly, purposeless villains.

In December, 1878, the Queen's second daughter, Princess Alice, married to the Grand-duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, in Germany, died from diphtheria caught in close attendance upon one of her children who was expiring from that malignant disease. In March, 1884, the Queen's fourth and youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, died suddenly at Cannes, in the south of France, from a fit of epilepsy. Always of feeble health, he resembled his father in tastes and character, and the nation had hoped for good work from his efforts in the line of social and artistic improvement.

Another loss was suffered in the reigning house of Great Britain through the premature death of the Prince of Wales' eldest son, Albert Victor, on January 14th, 1892. At twenty-eight years of age, in the direct line for succession to the throne, he succumbed to an attack of inflammation of the lungs. He had lately been

betrothed to his distant kinswoman, the Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. This lady, in July, 1893, married the deceased prince's younger brother George, Duke of York. Some later events connected with the royal family of these realms may here be briefly stated. At the close of 1893, the Duke of Edinburgh became a minor continental sovereign by his accession to the dukedom of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, in Germany, as heir of his uncle, Ernest II., brother of the Prince Consort. In June, 1894, another heir to the throne, in the direct line of succession, was provided in the birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of York, and a second son of the same parents was born in December, 1895, and a daughter in April, 1897. Among marriages in the royal family, we may note that, under Queen Victoria, personages of the blood-royal have in three instances been permitted by the sovereign, according to the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, to wed non-royal subjects of the Crown. In 1871, the Queen's fourth daughter, Princess Louise, married the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Argyll. In 1889, Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, became Duchess of Fife, and in 1895, Prince Adolphus, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, was united in marriage with the Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the Duke of Westminster. In October, 1897, the British public had to lament the sudden death of the gracious and popular Duchess of Teck, long known as "Princess Mary of Cambridge", and in August, 1900, came the decease of the Queen's second son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, better known as Duke of Edinburgh. The opening days of the twentieth century saw the whole British race plunged into grief, and the whole civilized, and much of the barbaric and semi-barbaric, world stirred with regret, for the death of the most illustrious and venerable lady who had, for sixty-three years and seven months, ruled the British Empire. Victoria, Queen and Empress, died on January 22nd, 1901, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, and was succeeded by the Prince of Wales, who began to reign as "Edward the Seventh".

BOOK IV.

HISTORY OF BRITISH PROGRESS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

EVIL THINGS AMENDED OR PASSED AWAY.

Political corruption of the past—Sir Arthur Wellesley—Bribery at elections—Voting by ballot—The Corrupt Practices Acts—Bull-baiting—Societies for prevention of cruelty to animals established—Prize-fighting—The Rebekahites in Wales—Abolition of tolls on roads—Duelling—Pressgangs—Prevalence of smuggling—Lotteries—Lucifer matches and paraffin candles supersede the miseries of the tinder-box and snuffers

Political corruption is a mischief that will probably never disappear while man continues to be a political animal, but in these latter days of the nineteenth century we may claim to have made great advances since the time when George the Third was king. Let us glance for a moment at Irish administration under one of the most honourable men of his own or of any age, and we shall be able to form some conception of the political jobbery and robbery that were rife in the days of an unreformed House of Commons. Spotless in his personal character for manliness and integrity, the Sir Arthur Wellesley who was to immortalize the title of “Duke of Wellington” was in no wise ahead of contemporary morality in dealing with political affairs. The thorough devotion to duty of this illustrious man became, in this respect, the “fountain and birth of evil”. Actuated by the principle that the king’s service must be carried on in some way or other, this man, in all else so noble-minded, made free use of gross bribery. From March, 1807, till April, 1809, Sir Arthur, with two intervals of military service, was Chief Secretary for Ireland, under the Duke of Portland as premier. The state of Ireland was then deplorable. The ministry was pledged to George the Third not to countenance the Catholic claims. The wounds inflicted on the body politic in the rebellion of 1798, and in the withholding, at the Union of 1801, of the religious and political

freedom promised as the price of Catholic support to that measure, were still open and festering. The Orangemen were struggling hard to retain, in Church and State, the ascendancy which they had long held to be their birthright. The lower and middle classes were thoroughly disaffected, and were eagerly longing for a foreign invasion. The violence of the Parliamentary opposition at Westminster increased the difficulties of the government in England, and it was needful to maintain, by all means at command, a strong majority in both Houses. To this end material assistance was given by the unscrupulous exercise of patronage in Ireland, whose separate executive establishments abounded in very light duties combined with very heavy salaries. In order to dispel any doubt as to the correctness of the statements now to be made, we may premise that the whole evidence, as regards Sir Arthur Wellesley, is derived from his own civil correspondence and memoranda, where it is furnished with a frankness characteristic of the man. In plain English, he plunged over head and ears in the mire of Irish corruption, and very Irish and very corrupt it was. We find him writing to a lady to ask her what he could do for her if she would undertake to support the new Ministry. The lady, who was clearly a patriot of experience, refers in her reply to previous disappointments (not from Sir Arthur), and declares her intention, until something tangible is given, of "acting to the best of her judgment for the benefit of the Empire, and of Ireland in particular". The next letter to this is a reply of Sir Arthur's, with respect to certain demands of a truly modest applicant. This gentleman named, and obtained, as the price of his support—an Irish peerage for himself; the entire patronage of his county for himself and a friend, with a seat in the Privy Council for each; a legal office for another friend; a staff-appointment for a third; a pension for a lady in whom the applicant was interested; and immediate promotion in the army for a certain Captain Bailey. It reads like a joke, but it is absolutely true, on the testimony, against himself, of one of the most truthful men that ever lived in the world. A long correspondence ensues between Sir Arthur and the government in England on the most effectual mode of securing Irish seats in Parliament. He writes to the Secretary to the Treasury in London:—"Lord Enniskillen told me you might recommend to his seat at Enniskillen. He will, however, expect

its value. —'s seat at Dundalk might be had; as he prefers his brother's claim to a bishopric, he ought not to be suffered to sell. I have written to Henry about a seat for myself. I should not, of course, like to pay much money for one. Tell Lord Palmerston [this is the subsequent premier] to give me his interest for Sligo, and desire his agent, Henry Stewart, to do as I order him. . . . If Mr. Croker succeeds, he will have to vacate an office of £300 a-year, which will revert to Government, and will serve to bribe somebody else." The cool, business-like simplicity of these electoral arrangements, in the letter of such a man, reveals to us the state of political corruption. The whole correspondence has no word of comment on the baseness of the people with whom he had to deal, nor of reluctance to making himself an instrument in perverting to party-ends the institutions of the land, nor of regret at the enormous and systematic evil in which he took the lead. Having assumed the post of Chief Secretary, and found one of its duties to be that of corrupting as many constituencies, and debauching as many members of Parliament, as the means placed at his disposal would allow, Sir Arthur Wellesley addressed himself to the task with the same grave and deliberate energy as he afterwards more worthily displayed in the organization of armies, the winning of battles, and the attainment of imperishable renown.

If such were the conduct of a member of the Government, not much was to be expected from most of those who voted at parliamentary elections. Electoral contests for seats in the House of Commons were, in that age and for long afterwards, scenes of outrageous violence, drunkenness, and bribery. County elections extended over fifteen days. The most expensive contest on record was that in 1807 for the county of Yorkshire, when Mr. Wilberforce, the great supporter of freedom for slaves in the British Empire, was opposed by Lord Milton, eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam, and by the Hon. H. Lascelles, son of the Earl of Harewood. When Wilberforce reached the scene of action, after having represented Yorkshire for twenty-three years in successive parliaments, he found that his adversaries had secured houses of entertainment and all kinds of conveyances in every considerable town. Within a week, over £60,000 was subscribed to defray his election expenses, and, after a contest during which nearly half

a million of money was squandered, the illustrious Abolitionist headed the poll.

The evil of bribery, displayed in the open or covert exchange of votes for gold or for bank-notes, was vainly encountered by statutes of which the earliest dated from the days of William the Third. From time to time, indeed, punishment was inflicted, but its incidence was rare, and the law was almost with impunity defied. In 1804, we find three persons imprisoned for bribery at Ilchester, in Somerset. In 1819, Mr. Swan, M.P. for Penryn, in Cornwall, was fined and imprisoned, and Sir Manasseh Lopez was sentenced to pay £10,000, and to be imprisoned for two years, for bribery at Grampound, the notorious Cornish borough. In 1831, members for Dublin and Liverpool were unseated for corrupt practices, and in 1840, elections for Ludlow and Cambridge were made void on like grounds. In 1848, Sudbury, in Suffolk, was disfranchised, and St. Albans, in 1852, suffered the same fate. The investigation of charges connected with parliamentary elections was hitherto reserved for Committees of the House of Commons, and these gentlemen did not, nor could they, from the nature of the case, render justice in such matters. In 1854, the Corrupt Practices Act strove to deal with bribery and other evil modes of influencing electors, and in 1858 it was ruled that the payment of a voter's travelling expenses was "bribery". In 1859, gross corruption was proved to have been practised at Gloucester, Wakefield, and Berwick, and in 1866 government commissions of inquiry revealed disgraceful doings in elections at Great Yarmouth, Totnes, Lancaster, and Reigate, all of which boroughs were disfranchised by the Reform Act of 1867. By this time, the public conscience had become much enlightened on this subject, and an important step in advance towards electoral purity was taken in the Parliamentary Elections Act of 1868, which assigned the jurisdiction in election-cases to the judges of the superior courts. In 1870, the boroughs of Beverley, Bridgewater, Sligo, and Cashel were disfranchised for bribery and other forms of corruption.

The sincere and keen-sighted opponents of undue influence at parliamentary elections had long held that secrecy of voting was needed both for the protection of the electors against intimidation and for the suppression of the coarser forms of bribery. The method of voting by ballot, a term equally applied to the use

of a little ball or pebble, and to that of a ticket or a paper, dropped into an urn or a wooden box, was commonly employed for elective purposes in ancient Greece and Rome. A proposal for that method was carried through the Commons in 1710, but was rejected by the Lords. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, some of the Whigs were urging vote by ballot for parliamentary elections. Early in the nineteenth century, the followers of Jeremy Bentham, the great philosophical Radical, advocated the system with much earnestness, and we have seen that it became one of the six points of the Charter. The great historian, George Grote, proposed it in the Commons in 1833, and renewed the motion annually till 1839. In 1851, a motion for ballot-voting was carried in the Commons by a majority of 51. Mr. John Stuart Mill, the philosopher, a noted Liberal, argued against it on the ground that the franchise was a trust, and should therefore be openly exercised, but public opinion, greatly influenced by revelations of electoral corruption and coercion, came over to the ballot as the less of two evils, if it were an evil at all. In 1872, after one rejection in the Lords, the Ballot Act was finally carried, and introduced secret voting at all parliamentary and municipal elections, except parliamentary elections for universities. The same measure brought with it the great benefit of private instead of public nomination of candidates for parliamentary constituencies. The seeker of a parliamentary seat was no longer compelled, as he stood in the open air on a platform or "hustings", to face the uproar, and sometimes the brutal violence of words or acts indulged in by the riotous portion of an assembled mob of voters and non-voters. He would be no more liable to pelting with mud, stones, dead cats, or rotten eggs, with which missiles candidates in the past had been not seldom greeted as they sought to expound their views. Nomination-papers, signed by voters in the constituency, in favour of each candidate, were henceforth quietly handed to an official in a private room. The voters, as everybody knows, now make known their choice by placing a mark upon a paper containing the printed names of the several candidates, folding the paper, and dropping it into a large box, with perfect quiet in all the surroundings, and perfect safety and secrecy for themselves, if they but keep their own counsel. Whoever wishes to understand the nature of a contested parliamentary election at the begin-

ning of Queen Victoria's reign need only turn to the earlier pages of *The Pickwick Papers*, where the Eatanswill election presents him with what is but a slight burlesque and caricature of the real historical facts.

The Ballot Act had dealt a severe blow to direct bribery by making it uncertain for the briber whether the expenditure of his money produced for him any useful result. Even then, however, the enemy was not slain. After the general election of 1880, a member of the new Liberal Cabinet was unseated for the corrupt practices, not of himself, but of his agents, and widespread corruption was proved in the constituency of another minister. At last, in 1883, the Corrupt Practices Act began to work effectual reform. The legal expenditure of the candidate and his agents was limited to a certain sum, calculated on the number of electors, with heavy penalties for any expenditure, even of a character authorized by law, beyond this limit, and for any unauthorized expenditure of any description. "Bribery" was now made to include a promise to give refreshments, to pay travelling expenses, or to procure an office, and the holding forth to the voter of any valuable consideration whatsoever in return for his vote. If the candidate or any of his agents bribed, even to the smallest extent, or if bribery, not traced to any one, took place on any large scale, the election became void. Persons guilty of bribery could be punished by imprisonment, or by fine, or by incapacity to vote, or by incapacity for election to Parliament or for the holding of any public office. If a candidate were proved to have a guilty knowledge of bribery, he could be declared incapable for life of representing that constituency; if his agents were guilty, the candidate might be excluded, for seven years, from such representation. The terrors of this severe, ingenious, and searching statute have produced a real and entire change in the conditions of parliamentary elections. The pocket of the candidate is spared from undue expense, while the electioneering tout and the greedy voter have been deprived of their previous ill-gotten gains.

A direct benefit has ensued from the virtual abolition of bribery, and this in the way of political instruction. The candidate, no longer able to purchase his way into Parliament, is forced to appeal, in speech and print, to the intelligence and the sympathies of those who have the suffrages which can alone affix M.P. to his name. Making all allowance for misrepresentations in verbal addresses or

in printed matter distributed among the voters, every contested election contributes somewhat to the political education of the new democratic constituencies. The great assemblages gathered in public halls, the minor meetings in schoolrooms, and the knots of listeners on village greens, now have conflicting political principles and programmes presented to their mental view, and the electors can scarcely fail to arrive at some truth in the comparison of diverse statements and issues, and to winnow out some grains of wheat from the bushels of chaff with which they have to deal.

The cruel sport of cock-fighting, viewed by our kings in the cockpit at old Whitehall Palace, and made familiar to us, with the savage greed depicted on the faces of the spectators, by Hogarth's powerful touch, still flourished in the earlier years of this expiring century. George, the Prince Regent, and many of his noble friends, with town and country gentlemen, and persons in every lower grade, were eager viewers of and gamesters at this degrading form of amusement. The bull-baiting of the Tudor and Stuart times was not yet extinct. In October, 1809, on the occasion of the King's Jubilee, we read that "a fine sturdy animal, kept for the purpose, was baited at Windsor; in the opinion of the connoisseurs in bull-baiting, he furnished fine sport; but, at length, his skin was so cut by the rope that he bled profusely, and, as it was thought he could not recover, he was led off to be slaughtered". The fun consisted in fastening the animal to a stake with a rope some yards in length, and setting at him bulldogs, one at a time, trained to pin him by the nose. A yell of delight rewarded this feat of the puny, brave tormentor, but the spectators were not less charmed when the bull, receiving the dog on his horns, tossed him away to a distance, where he fell, dead or maimed, after his passage through the air. The views of some of our ancestors under George the Third are revealed by the reports of a debate in the Commons, in 1802, on a Bill to prevent bull-baiting. The Right Hon. William Windham, a distinguished scholar, orator, and statesman, who had been, and was again to be, Secretary for War, defended the amusement as one not more cruel than hunting, shooting, and fishing. He at last declared, in a burst of eloquence, his belief that "the bull felt a satisfaction in the contest". Another member avowed it to be "a glorious sight to see a dog attack a bull! It animates a British heart, &c." General Gascoyne held it to be an amusement which

the lower orders were entitled to, and expressed his "regret in observing a disposition in many members to deprive the poor of their recreations, and force them to pass their time in chaunting at conventicles". Mr. Wilberforce, on the other hand, denounced its barbarity, and referred to the evidence of magistrates for an instance of a mild-tempered bull, that did not sufficiently resent the attacks of the dogs, being roused to fury, after the use of many other expedients, by sawing off his horns, and pouring a stinging liquid on to the stumps. Sheridan supported Wilberforce, but the Bill was thrown out.

As time went on, public opinion was aroused, and that opinion took shape in effective legislation. England was the first country in the world that formed any society, or passed any laws, for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The English society for this purpose, and under this title, was founded in 1824; and the Scottish society in 1839. An Act of 1835 put an end to bear-baiting and bull-baiting, and a statute passed in 1849 imposed a penalty of £5 on any person connecting himself with cock-fighting. With regard to other animals, the writer well remembers, when he lived as a boy in Leicestershire in 1846 and some following years, seeing dogs in pairs engaged in drawing small carts filled with goods. An Act of 1839 prohibited this use of dogs in London, and this was afterwards extended to the country. Statutes passed in 1854, 1861, and 1876 make cruelty to domestic animals liable to fine and imprisonment, while the killing, maiming, and wounding of cattle are punishable by long terms of penal servitude. The tamed beasts in menageries are thus protected, and the torturing or ill-treating of any animal is liable to a fine of £5. Working horses, and animals and birds conveyed by rail, are protected by laws put in operation by the Society's vigilant officers, and kindness to animals extended, in 1861, to the foundation in London of a home for stray dogs, an example which has been imitated in other places.

Prize-fighting with fists between men, or pugilism, was in its palmy days from the middle of the eighteenth century until about 1860. The Prince Regent was a warm patron of the sport, which was conducted under strict rules of the P.R., or Prize Ring, and its supporters included men so high in fame and character as the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Palmerston. The last notable encounters were the one between the Englishman, Tom

Sayers, and the gigantic Irish-American, Heenan, in April, 1860; and that conducted nearly four years later, between Heenan and Tom King, who afterwards became a most honourable and respectable "bookmaker", or professional better on the turf. The Sayers *versus* Heenan contest remained, after a desperate struggle, a drawn battle. In the latter fight, King decisively conquered Heenan. In this country, the sport survives only in the form of fighting with gloves of various degrees of thickness in the padding. The brutal form of conflict with naked fists died out partly under the influence of public opinion; partly from increased vigilance among the county police, rendering it very difficult to conduct the affair to an end without interruption; and partly from the lack of wealthy patrons who formerly provided substantial sums in the form of stakes as a prize for the winner of the fight.

All middle-aged persons can recall the public nuisance and indignity caused by the barriers which crossed the roads as "turnpike-gates" or "toll-bars". A strong feeling of aversion arose within the breast of the traveller by horse or carriage, of the trader with his cart or waggon, and of the drover with his horned cattle or sheep, who found their passage hampered and their time wasted by these obstacles to free social and commercial intercourse. The toll-gate keeper, gathering his dues in sums varying from twopence to eighteenpence per vehicle, according to its use, to the number of its wheels and horses, and the special regulations of the "trust" which controlled the highways of the district, was regarded by travellers with an angry eye. The great humourist, in *Pickwick*, makes the elder Weller, in a moment of discontent, resolve to quit the cheerful world of stage-coachmen, and "keep a 'pike", to avenge his wrongs on the travelling class of his countrymen. The toll-gates of England were the wonder of foreigners who had come to our shores as visitors in the much-belauded "land of the free". The first turnpike-gates arose in 1663, on the old highroad from London to York, and at once excited the wrath of the waggoners, drovers, and pack-horse carriers, some of whom at first broke down the bars. The new device for raising funds to repair the roads held its ground, and spread until the whole road-surface of the British Isles was marked at intervals by the obnoxious 'pikes. One of the strangest episodes in our later history had its origin in this method of maintaining the highways. The inhabitants of the rural districts

of Wales had urgent reason to complain of tolls so heavy as sometimes to absorb the profit on produce carried to market by the humbler class of farmers. In 1839, a very unpopular set of gates was pulled down on the borders of Caermarthenshire and Pembroke-shire, in the belief that they had been illegally erected. The magistrates upheld the people's view, and the roads were henceforth left free of those particular barriers. This victory dwelt in the minds of the rude and primitive inhabitants, and, some years later, a regular conspiracy against toll-gates and toll-houses was formed. The supporters of this plot took the name of Rebekahites, or Rebekah's daughters, from the text in Genesis xxiv. 60, where Rebekah's kinsfolk bless her in the words, "Let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them". In the winter of 1842 and the spring of 1843, bodies of men, some of whom were clad in women's clothes, all having veiled faces, went about in the counties of Caermarthen, Cardigan, and Pembroke, under the leadership of a "Rebekah" in feminine attire. The attacks on toll-gates were marked by the utmost cunning, vigour, and success. While the magistrates and constables were gathered at one point, where an attack on a particular gate was feared, from hints or information purposely given to mislead, half a dozen gates and houses would be levelled to the ground in other parts of the district. At dead of night, the toll-keeper and his family were aroused from slumber by the blare of cow-horns, and the popping of guns. The door was burst open, and a crowd was beheld, furnished with flaring torches and glittering saws and hatchets. The furniture of the abode was carried out and laid in the adjacent field. The gate-posts were sawn off close to the ground, and the gate was chopped up. The toll-house was swiftly unroofed, the walls levelled, the floor-flags pulled up. When the road was made clear, and the collector's house had ceased to exist, the Rebekahites mounted and rode away to some distant point of planned destruction. The soldiers then arrived to find the keeper and his family alone beneath the stars, and pursuit was often baffled by misdirection from the peasantry, who were all in sympathy and league with the rioters. Chartist emissaries, as the year 1843 advanced, induced the foes of toll-gates to begin a warfare against tithes, and rents, and the establishments and system of the new Poor Law. Matters in South Wales then assumed a serious aspect. Threatening letters were rife; magistrates' houses were attacked

with shots through the windows. A mob of some thousands marched into Caermarthen, and half-destroyed the workhouse before soldiers arrived and ended the affair with the wounding of some rioters, and the capture of several hundreds of their number. In some instances the "Rebekah" assailants of toll-gates were captured. The movement then assumed a ferocious form, and active magistrates suffered from the burning of their stacks. Lawlessness at last reached the point of cruel murder, and in the autumn of 1843, an old woman, seventy years of age, was shot dead by Rebekahites who had fired the thatch of her toll-house. She met her fate through calling out that she knew the assailants. The coroner's jury, coerced by fear, returned the monstrous verdict that "the deceased died from the effusion of blood into the chest, which occasioned suffocation. But from what cause is to this jury unknown." Order was restored at last by the drafting into South Wales of a large military force, with a body of the active and intelligent London police, who hunted down the secret agents of the mischief. A special commission tried the prisoners, and another commission, for inquiry into grievances, reported that the hardships under the existing turnpike system of South Wales were "real and intolerable". An Act of 1844 carried out the objects of the Rebekah movement by consolidating and amending the laws relating to turnpike trusts in that quarter. So lately as 1871 there were, in most parts of Great Britain, toll-gates at a distance of every six or eight miles, and about 5000 persons were employed as toll-collectors, exclusive of their families. The people of Ireland were the first to be relieved of this burden on travellers, by an Act of 1857, which abolished the last one existing in the country. The removal of the bars in England began near London. Twenty-seven were swept away before 1860. In 1864, about eighty on the north side of London disappeared, and about sixty, on the south side, vanished in the following year. In 1883, Scotland saw many of her toll-gates removed, and in 1889 Great Britain was finally rid of this encumbrance on her roads. The bridge tolls of London were all removed before 1880, and in 1893 almost complete freedom of traffic was secured in the removal of certain gates, not liable to toll, in the north-west of the metropolis. The only surviving barriers are those on some country bridges, and the necessary payments for the support of sea-side piers. An Act of 1835, and subsequent amending

statutes, provide for the maintenance of roads by the ratepayers of parishes and districts, under the control of highway boards, composed of "waywardens" and justices; or, under the Public Health Act, of urban sanitary authorities; or, under the Local Government Act of 1888, of the county councils. The old turnpike trusts have thus been superseded, and an Act of 1878 created a new class of main roads under the joint management of parish or district authorities and those of the county. In Scotland, the Roads and Bridges Act of 1878 vests the management of all country roads in county road trustees; in the towns they are controlled by the burgh council or by the commissioners of police.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, a gentleman was almost forced, if he wished to retain his social position, to accept a challenge to fight with sword or pistols, or to issue such a challenge in case of being subjected to certain degrees of insult in word or deed. At the present day, and for many years past, the practice of duelling is and has been matter for mere ridicule. The issuer of a challenge to personal combat with deadly weapons would be either treated with utter contempt, or brought before a magistrate and bound over in sureties to keep the peace. If a duel were fought, and a fatal issue came to one or more of the combatants, the surviving principal, if any, and the "seconds" on both sides, would be tried for murder, and, on conviction, would incur the gravest risk of death by hanging. Statesmen of the highest rank, under George the Third, and, in one instance, under his son, were found confronting an adversary pistol in hand. Early on a May (and Sunday) morning in 1798, Mr. Pitt met Tierney, a fellow-member of the Commons, in a bloodless contest, of two shots from each foeman, on Putney Heath. His great rival, Charles James Fox, was wounded in a duel with a War-Office official, indignant at the great Whig's denunciation of the gunpowder issued by that department of the government. We have seen George Canning and Lord Castlereagh in action after the failure of the Walcheren expedition. In 1829, the Duke of Wellington fought his first and only duel, in Battersea Fields, near London. His adversary was the Earl of Winchilsea, who had charged the victor of Waterloo, then Prime Minister, with the "insidious design of introducing Popery", because he was supporting Catholic Emancipation. The weapons were pistols, and an apology was tendered and accepted

after the Duke, in presence of a crowd of spectators, had purposely fired wide, and Lord Winchilsea had discharged his weapon in the air. The duel was an institution, in the earlier decades of the century, of conspicuous service in drama and novel, and of common occurrence in connection with political controversy, contested elections, quarrels over cards, and squabbles due to the presence of wine and absence of wisdom. There were lamentable instances of promising careers cut short, of happy wives made widows, and of children deprived of a loving father, by this most barbarous and senseless practice, which did not even guarantee the "wild justice of revenge" in providing for the punishment of a wanton and cowardly aggressor, confident in his skill with pistol or sword, and relying for safety on his victim's lack of practice with his weapon. O'Connell, the Irish leader, had his life for many years embittered with the remorse which he felt for having slain, in a pistol-duel at Dublin, in 1815, his Protestant adversary, Mr. D'Esterre. The survivor of this contest settled a pension on the widow, and never passed the dead man's house in the Irish capital without uncovering his head and breathing a prayer. He also made, and kept, save in accepting a challenge from Sir Robert Peel, a solemn vow never to "go out" again. In this instance, the meeting was prevented through his arrest on his wife's information to the police, and his being bound over to keep the peace. We have already dealt with Lord Cardigan's duel with Captain Tuckett in 1840, and the flagrant miscarriage of justice in connection therewith. A disgraceful instance of fatal duelling occurred early in the reign of William the Fourth, and excited a disgust which did much to check the resort to these encounters. Sir John Jeffcott, just knighted, and on the eve of departure to Sierra Leone as chief-justice, had a quarrel with Dr. Hennis of Exeter concerning some remarks attributed to the latter. The doctor denied the utterance of the words imputed, but was denounced as "a calumniating scoundrel", and forced out to fight, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of friends. The encounter took place with pistols on Exeter race-course, and Dr. Hennis was shot dead on the ground. Jeffcott then set sail for West Africa, and was tried in his absence and acquitted, according to custom in duelling-cases. He was obliged, however, to resign his judicial post, and was drowned, a few months later, by the upsetting of a boat off

the African coast. In 1843, another fatal duel, of a grievous character, greatly influenced public opinion. Colonel Fawcett, in that year, was killed by his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Munro. An Anti-duelling Association was soon afterwards formed, consisting of more than 300 members, including many officers of both services, with peers, baronets, and members of the Commons. Duelling was by them denounced as contrary to the laws of God and man, and as being eminently irrational as well as sinful. The members further pledged themselves to discourage, by influence and example, the practice which they thus condemned. In the following year, the matter was taken up by a personage very near the throne. The excellent Prince Albert, with the full sanction of the Queen, induced the War Office to issue some amended articles relative to duelling. All officers concerned in such encounters were plainly threatened with court-martial and cashiering, and it was pointed out that honourable men are always ready to apologize for offence given in mistake or haste. A reference to friends, or, in the last resort, to the commanding officer on the spot, was to suffice for all purposes of personal justification. From this time the practice of duelling was doomed to extinction. Macaulay has pointed out, in one of his most powerful essays, that "in all countries those men whose calling is to put their lives in jeopardy for the defence of the public weal . . . are considered as the best arbitrators on points of honour and manly bearing". When the officers of the British army were bound by the rules of the service and by the Articles of War, neither to give nor to accept challenges to personal combat in private quarrels, no civilian could feel forced to indulge in such playing at murder. The last fatal duel fought in England took place in May, 1845, between Lieutenants Hawkey and Seton, when the latter was killed. His slayer, who had been greatly provoked, escaped with a term of imprisonment, but an intimation was given from the bench of justice and from the Home Office, that henceforth no killer of his antagonist in a duel would escape the capital penalty.

Some readers of this work will be, it is presumed, surprised to learn that the victories of Nelson and his famous compeers in maritime warfare were gained by crews of British seamen largely composed of men who were forced to serve in His Majesty's navy. The treatment of sailors on board the ships of the royal navy was

very bad in some respects. The food was unwholesome, the flogging was, with some captains, frequent and severe, and mutinies were, as we have seen, the natural consequence of harshness and injustice towards brave men. The system of impressment, or forced service on board a man-of-war, was a chief cause of the quarrel between Great Britain and the United States in 1812. Fighting-ships short of hands sought to complete their numbers by seizure of seamen either afloat or ashore, and many a tar in British ports, pounced on by the pressgang, and hurried on board ship, was carried off for years of foreign service, without a chance of farewell to his family or friends, leaving, in many cases, a wife and children devoid of help from, or even knowledge concerning their natural protector. The system was, in fact, one of the senseless barbarities of the "good old times" when authority, under rule little curbed by Parliament or Press, failed to offer the inducements to voluntary service which would have manned all the ships with blue-jackets eager to fight the French, to win prize-money, and to "see the world". Serious fights, often attended with loss of life, arose from the resistance of sailors seized by the armed pressgangs. The action of these parties of men was protected by statutes dating from Tudor times to those of George the Third, with certain exemptions for marine apprentices, fishermen at sea, part of the crews of colliers, and harpooners of whaling vessels. From time to time the regulations were mitigated, but the laws permitting impressment, long obsolete, have never been formally repealed. The British navy has long been manned by volunteers, sometimes attracted by a system of bounties.

During the first four decades of the century, an exciting, lawless, and, oftentimes, dangerous phase of seaboard life in the British Isles was due to the prevalence of endeavours to evade the custom-duties on imports from abroad by the secret introduction of goods in "smuggling". The temptation to smugglers lay in the heavy duties charged on foreign spirits, tobacco, and the finer kinds of manufactured goods, such as velvets, silks, lace, and kid-gloves. The vessels engaged in the traffic were swift-sailing cutters, luggers, and other small craft, whose first business was to escape capture and search by the revenue cruisers that swept the narrow seas, and then to get their ladings ashore, if possible, without the knowledge of the coast-guardsmen. These officers of

the law, night-glass in hand, were peering from the cliff-tops in search of suspicious sail, or of boats stealing in, with muffled oars, from a vessel in the offing, towards a sandy beach, convenient for a landing, near a lane leading inland, with carts in readiness to carry off the goods. Sometimes the smuggled cargo would be brought to a rocky shore, furnished with caves affording concealment for bales of merchandise and for casks of liquor. In many instances, the smuggling band came into collision with armed parties of the coast-guards, drawn to the pre-arranged place of landing either by their own shrewd divination of a likely spot, or by information due to the treachery of some confederate in the contraband trade, or to spies in the pay of the customs authorities. The smugglers, bidden to "stand and deliver their goods in the King's name", often showed fight, and encounters marked by loss of life and many a wound furnished matter for exciting stories in the later Georgian times. The ingenuity of smugglers, combined with cool audacity, sometimes enabled them to bring in goods beneath the very eyes of the revenue officers. A boat's load of geese, dressed for the table, brought from a vessel just arrived from the Channel Isles, a great dépôt for continental goods destined for smuggling, would be stuffed with French lace to an enormous value. Long bundles of lathes, liable to no duty, would each enclose a cylindrical tin-case, filled with many pounds of tobacco tightly rammed. The ends of the bundles showed nothing but wood, consisting really of short pieces hiding the valuable stuff within. A very large capital was invested in this contraband trade. In suburban Streatham, on the outermost Surrey-skirts of London, where these lines are being written, one of the finest modern houses once bore the name of "Smuggler's Hall". Its owner was head of a firm of warehousemen in the City of London, who dealt largely in the finest French manufactures. Much that was sold by this and other firms, at vast profit to themselves, never paid a farthing of duty to the Crown. A confederacy in the metropolis provided funds for the purchase of suitable vessels, and ample pay for the bold and skilful men who brought over the goods from France. A most artful device was adopted to secure a place of concealment on the Dorsetshire coast. A mansion, with surrounding wooded land, about two miles from a suitable shore for landing the cargoes, was rented by one of the London

confederacy. This man procured his appointment as a county magistrate, and, under this mask, superintended the reception of goods. The courtyard of his house contained a well-like excavation, the bottom of which was expanded into a roomy cave that would contain many bales of merchandise. The occupant caused information against himself to be given to the commander of the coast-guard in his district, who was advised to search the premises for smuggled commodities. A party of his men made a forcible entry and carefully examined every room and cellar. The courtyard-well became an object of suspicion, when nothing contraband could be found elsewhere, and a bucket was let down to test its character. It came up filled with water, because the lower space that gave entrance to the cave contained a cask that fitted the aperture, and, filled with water, provided the appearance of an actual well. The occupant of the house then demanded to know why his domicile had been violated, and began an action against the Crown for damages. From that day forward, until one of the smugglers betrayed the secret, the house was a safe dépôt for the goods that were landed, and the confederacy, after making fortunes by their frauds, compounded with the Crown for penalties incurred in their detected smuggling by the payment of sums which they could well afford. As for the risks incurred by smugglers, the present writer has often talked, on the Dorsetshire coast, with an innkeeper who, in his younger days, helped in "running" many a cargo of spirits. Chased by the coast-guard, as he climbed the cliff, with two brandy-kegs slung around him, he was fired at, when he would not stop his flight, and one of the kegs received the bullet meant for his body. Such was the extent of this illicit traffic, that in 1831, by the official estimate, the annual loss of the revenue by smuggling, exclusive of tobacco, approached a million sterling, of which half a million was due to French brandy. In Ireland, three-fourths of the tobacco that was consumed paid no duty, and three-quarters of a million was expended in the British Isles on the preventive coast-guard service. In 1840, it was estimated by the revenue department that nearly half the French silks that were sold in this country were introduced by the contraband trade. The reduction or abolition of duties, which will be dealt with elsewhere, put an end to the smuggling of nearly all commodities except spirits and tobacco, in which a small contra-

band trade is still fitfully carried on. The seizures of tobacco and cigars, in 1889, amounted only to 18,000 lbs., and of foreign spirits, to less than 200 gallons. There is no reason to suppose that any large quantity escaped the vigilance of the customs officers, so that this species of fraud on the revenue is all but extinct.

The wide prevalence, in this age, of betting on horse-races debars us from pointing to anything like an extinction of gambling. One mischievous form of this detestable vice was greatly checked by legislation in 1826. The story called *The Lottery*, in Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales*, is an excellent demonstration of the ruinous effects, on the wage-earners and the small traders, of the system by which prizes were assigned to certain numbered tickets issuing, by pure chance, from an apparatus called a lottery-wheel. Sums of money up to £20,000 might be won by lucky purchasers, the tickets being also divisible into shares of halves, quarters, eighths, or sixteenths, so as to attract a larger number of investors. The numbers to which no prize was attached were said to "come up blank", and, during the time of drawing tickets from the wheel, a feverish excitement filled the minds of those who had, in many cases, invested all their savings in the purchase of one or more chances of becoming suddenly rich. In the eighteenth century, there were many state lotteries, raising sums of money for public use, but these were abolished by statute in 1826, and Acts against private speculations of the same character were then vigorously applied, with the effect of suppressing what had become a public nuisance.

A petty trouble or annoyance, of daily and inevitable repetition, is a serious interference with the comfort of life. Only those who were born some years prior to the accession of William the Fourth can ever have been acquainted with the misery due to the tinder-box. Whoever desired, amid the darkness of night, or the gloom of a wintry morn, to procure a light in a bed-chamber, or the means of kindling a fire, might spend some minutes of valuable time, and incur much loss of good-temper, in vain struggles to strike an effective spark from the only resource existing before the invention of lucifers. The apparatus employed was, in general, a flat round box of iron or brass, containing tinder composed of charred linen or cotton rags. The lid being removed, the searcher after light struck together, over the box, a piece of flint or agate and a piece

of hard steel, until a spark fell upon the tinder. When this event occurred, the faint germ of fire had to be tenderly blown until it became fit to kindle a thin splint of wood, called a brimstone-match, some inches long, with each end pointed and tipped with sulphur. The flaming match would then be of use for lighting a candle or lamp. A superior mechanism consisted of a pistol-lock, with a reservoir of tinder in place of the priming-pan. A small candle-stick with a wax taper was often combined with the tinder-box or pistol. The painstaking procedure just described began to cease from tormenting many Britons about the year 1827, though it was long before the matches producing light by friction came into general use from cheapness combined with efficiency. The first lucifer matches were tipped with a mixture of chlorate of potash and sulphide of antimony, after being first dipped into melted sulphur. Ignition was caused by smartly drawing the match through a piece of folded sand-paper. Three years later, in 1830, the matches called Congreves came into use, with phosphorus in place of the sulphide of antimony. They were then sold in tin boxes of fifty at half a crown per box, each box containing a piece of glass-paper, or paper sprinkled with powdered glass, on which to strike the matches. As years went on, the matches, improved in readiness of ignition, came down to a penny per box, and, in still later times, the offensive smell of sulphur gave way to paraffin. The safety matches, invented in Sweden in 1855, divide the means of ignition between the match and the friction-paper on the box, so as to avoid the danger, to which many fires were due, of accidental ignition by friction on any hard surface, such as sometimes happened with the teeth of mice or rats. Wax vestas, paper fusees, and vesuvians dear to smokers needing a light in a high wind, are well-known later developments of the original friction matches.

Only the elder among those who were born under Queen Victoria can remember the affliction of candles that needed the use of snuffers. The sight of the implement, almost the very name, is unknown to the present generation of our people. A pair of scissors, with a box, open on its left side, fixed on the right-hand blade, for the reception of the portion of wick cut off by the left-hand blade, describes the obsolete apparatus. The lonely sempstress at her garret toil; the reader in his study; the social party in the parlour—all the users of artificial light who could not afford, or did

not choose to employ, gas or oil-lamps or candles made of wax, with self-consuming wicks, were subject to the trouble of frequent snuffing, and the offensive smell of smouldering cotton. The remedy came, apart from the introduction of other forms of light, in the manufacture of candles from better materials than mere melted tallow, and with a finer wick than the loosely-twisted cotton yarn of earlier days. The discovery of stearic acid in tallow, and of palmitic acid in palm-oil, through the researches, early in the century, of the great French chemist, Chevreul, led the way to improvement in the making of candles. About 1850, the introduction of paraffin, a white transparent crystalline substance first obtained from wood-tar, and then from coal and shale, as a commercial product, by James Young, F.R.S., made an enormous change in candle manufacture, and paraffin candles are those now most largely used in the United Kingdom. The plaited wick, which bends over during the process of combustion, and completely burns away as the heated end receives a supply of oxygen, effected the banishment of snuffers from household use.

CHAPTER II.

GOOD THINGS INTRODUCED OR MAINTAINED.

Methods of illumination—Use of oils—Gas-lighting—William Murdoch—Electric lighting—Dangers of miners—Safety-lamps—Precautions against fire—Fire Brigades—Life-boats, &c.—Labour-saving devices—Sewing-machines—The type-writer—Type-setting machines—Improved means of cooking—Alexis Soyer—Introduction of restaurants—Reform of the police system—Protection of property—Safe-deposits—Trade-marks—Trade-protection societies—Use and sale of poisons—Diffusion of scientific knowledge—The British Association—Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh—Royal Geographical Societies—Botanic Gardens at Kew—The “Nautical Almanac”—Storm-warnings and weather forecasts—Publication of state records—Ordnance and Geological Surveys—Registration of births, deaths, and marriages—Dr. William Farr—The decennial census.

Apart from new means of locomotion, we here note devices and changes of great importance to public and domestic comfort, convenience, and safety, and to the diminution of human labour. Dealing first with methods of illumination, or the provision of artificial light at home and abroad, in the chambers of houses, in streets and roads, and in public buildings of every class, we find a vast improvement

in oil-lamps, both in the construction of the burning-apparatus, and in the material consumed therein. The coarse, smoky lamps of early use burnt animal-fats and oils expressed from the bodies of fish. These were superseded by the more limpid vegetable oils extracted from the seeds of colza or rape, and of other plants, and from various kinds of nuts. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the old round, thick, and smoky wick was exchanged for the flat ribbon-shaped article, and the two Argands, Genevan chemists, brought in the ringed wick, and the glass cylinder, as a chimney over the flame, which produced steady burning, with a constant draught of air, and made their name live in "Argand burners", as used in the present day for gas. About 1840, the "Moderator" lamps, due to a Frenchman named Franchot, gave a simple and effective mechanism for regulating the flow of oil to the burner from the cylindrical reservoir below. The introduction of mineral oils, under the various names of paraffin, kerosene, and benzoline, burnt in lamps with either flat or circular wicks, was a great advance in the way of pure and brilliant lighting for every place and purpose. "Duplex" and "Triplex" lamps, respectively furnished with two parallel wicks, and with three flat wicks arranged in a triangle, appeared as British inventions in 1865 and in 1874, and supplied still more powerful and popular modes of lighting with mineral oils. Refined extracts of the petroleum supplied since 1861, in quantities so vast, from the oil-wells of Pennsylvania, and since 1880, from Baku, on the Caspian Sea, are also largely used in stoves for heating and cooking.

A revolution in lighting came with the adoption of gas extracted from coal. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, on a very small scale, coal-gas was used for internal lights. William Murdoch, in 1792, thus dispensed with candles or lamps in his house and office at Redruth, in Cornwall. This ingenious man, a native of Ayrshire, had entered the service of Boulton and Watt, the great Birmingham engineers, and was by them dispatched to superintend the erection and fitting of their steam-engines in Cornish mines. In 1798 he erected a gas-apparatus on a large scale at their Soho Foundry, Birmingham, and the new illuminant came fully into public notice in 1802, when the exterior of the factory blazed with light in celebration of the Peace of Amiens. In 1805, Murdoch lit up some mills at Salford, near Manchester, with gas issuing from one

thousand burners. In 1803, a Mr. Winsor showed the new mode of lighting in London, and in 1810 a National Light and Heat Company, under an Act of Parliament, was formed at his suggestion. Pall Mall, in London, was soon lighted with gas, but the new device had to win its way against fierce opposition, inside and outside Parliament, from those who denounced it as likely to ruin thousands of people connected with the whale-fisheries that supplied oil for lamps. In 1813, Mr. Samuel Clegg or Gleg, Murdoch's successor with Boulton and Watt, made great improvements in purifying, distributing, and measuring the new material, and the illumination of Westminster Bridge by gas, in the same year, was the forerunner of rapid progress throughout Great Britain in the new style of lighting public thoroughfares. In 1823, more than 200 miles of streets in London were supplied with gas-pipes, and about 40,000 public gas-lamps were lighted by the three chief companies. The time had arrived when, in the historian's emphatic words, men were to "see the capital all the year round, from dusk to dawn, blazing with a splendour beside which the illuminations for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale". The new method of lighting our towns had also a very important influence on the protection of street-passengers from ruffians and rogues, and there is much truth in the remark that "the adventurers in gas-light", meaning Winsor and his associates, "did more for the prevention of crime than the government had done since the days of Alfred". There is no need to descant on the social benefits derived from the method of lighting which is now universal—in the rooms of the humblest dwellers in towns, in many of the larger villages, in public halls, in stately churches, in railway-carriages on every line of traffic, from the slow-paced trains of the Underground Railway in London to the expresses hurrying northwards to the great Scottish towns, and westwards to Penzance. Incessant improvements, in the methods of purifying the gas at the place where it is made, in the form of burners, and in the shape and material of the chimneys and other glasses placed around the flame, have greatly added to the purity and power of the light due to coal. The softest radiance comes from the use of Argand burners; the most brilliant and wholesome light for large halls issues from the "sunlight" composed of rings of union jets placed horizontally on the base of a cone leading, through the ceiling, to a ventilating flue.

In these later decades of the century, the brilliancy of gas has been surpassed, and the noxious heat and other evil qualities of gas have been evaded, in the use of electric lighting. This illuminant is obtained through heating a suitable material to incandescence by passing through it an electric current. The substance usually employed is carbon, from its power of enduring a very high temperature without melting, and from its high emissive faculty. It was in 1810 that Sir Humphry Davy discovered that, when two carbon-rods, connected with the terminals of a powerful battery, are brought into contact and then slightly separated, the electric current continues to pass across the gap, in the brilliantly luminous "electric arc". The points of the rods become highly incandescent, and the space between them is occupied by a kind of flame, composed of a number of particles of white-hot carbon. For many years, this fact remained nothing but the basis of a pretty experiment. The intensity of light thus produced had no commercial importance or value until the dynamo-electric machine, partly due to a discovery of Faraday's in 1831, furnished the means of producing electric currents, at moderate expense, on a large scale. It was the electrician Gramme, of Paris, who, in 1870, showed the means of creating a current continuous in direction and uniform in strength. A successful arc-lamp, of French construction, was patented in 1857. In 1876, the Jabloch-koff candle, in which the arc was formed between the ends of a pair of parallel carbon-rods slowly burning down in the heat of the current, gave another form of the electric light, and before 1880 various forms of simple and effective arc-lights were illuminating large rooms, streets, and other out-door spaces. Electric lighting for domestic purposes became first successful in 1879, when the separate inventors Edison and Swan produced incandescent lamps. Here the incandescent conductor was composed of a fine thread or filament of carbon, inclosed in a glass globe almost destitute of air, so as to prevent the wasting of the carbon through combustion. The steadiness, and lower temperature, and whiteness of light, in the new form, were great advantages, and, unlike gas and the arc-light, the incandescent light gives off no products of combustion to vitiate the air of the place which it irradiates. The new illuminant is extensively used, for lighting harbours and open spaces, in the form of naked arc-lights, which

give more light in proportion to expense. In hotels, shops, dwelling-houses, and steamboats, the incandescent lamps are nearly always found. Street-lamps and houses are supplied with currents, through copper conductors, from central stations where the electricity is generated by dynamo-machines, driven by steam-power.

In some former pages of this work, we have seen the disastrous effects of explosions in coal-mines, due to the ignition of inflammable gas in the workings. The carburetted hydrogen disengaged from coal-seams becomes dangerous in mixture with about ten times its volume of atmospheric air, and the explosion of what miners call "fire-damp" produces equally fatal effects in rendering ten times its amount of atmospheric air unfit for breathing in the form of choke-damp. Early in the century, the great chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, made experiments which ended in his invention of the famous Safety Lamp, the greatest boon ever conferred by science upon the workers in coal-mines. The flame which burns inside the lamp is prevented from igniting inflammable gas outside by enclosure within a gauze of iron-wire, with apertures somewhat less than one-twentieth of an inch square. When fire-damp is encountered, the lamp-flame often becomes enlarged in a pale form so as to fill the gauze cylinder, and the danger arises of the metal being oxidized and easily broken. The miners using the lamp are warned by the change of flame in time to escape to a safe part of the mine. Davy's lamp dates from 1816, and soon came into general use. About the same time, Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland, introduced another lamp for the same purpose, having a thick glass cylinder round the light, and a narrower cylinder of gauze at the top for the entrance of air to feed the flame. George Stephenson's lamp, the "Geordie", had a glass cylinder, with a cap of perforated copper, inside the gauze. In highly explosive air, the light of Stephenson's lamp goes out. In the ill-ventilated days of mines, the air-current did not exceed a speed of five feet per second, but with improved ventilation that rate was often quadrupled, and the former "safety-lamps" ceased to be safe when the heated gas inside could be blown through the apertures of the gauze. The original Davy-lamp has long been superseded by improved forms which provide against this risk by the use of glass cylinders and of two or three gauzes, and which also furnish a far better light.

When George the Third was king, the appliances both for extinguishing conflagrations and for rescuing human life from the risk of death by burning or by suffocation were very imperfect. The brazen hand-squirts and leather buckets of Stuart days were, to some degree, superseded in the eighteenth century by Newsham's fire-engine, flinging water to the height of about 150 feet, but the nineteenth century was well on its course before any great progress was made. In 1829, steam was first used to drive the pumps of a fire-engine in this country, but only after 1860 did people see in common use the really powerful and effective steam-machines of the present day, with floating engines, driven by steam, battling on the Thames against water-side fires. Some benefit has, of late years, been derived in early stages of a fire from the use of chemical fluids evolving carbonic acid gas, the foe of all combustion, and from hose on the premises, attached to a hydrant connected with a constant water-service at high pressure.

Machines without skilled men to work them were of little avail, and the parish-beadle, with the parish-engine, and a crowd of boys and stray men in attendance, long remained the chief resource of householders who found property and life imperilled by fire. The insurance companies had, indeed, their own engines and firemen, bearing the emblems of each separate office, but there was no unity of action until 1825. In that year, some of them united their forces against fire, and in 1830 a movement was started in London for the combination of all the chief separate metropolitan establishments. Three years later, ten of the leading offices formed the London Fire Brigade, headed by Mr. Braidwood, the distinguished man whose death we have recorded in describing the great London-Bridge or Tooley-Street fire of 1861. In 1865, the Metropolitan Board of Works, under an Act, assumed the charge of this body, with all its appliances, and the whole service for London was greatly extended and improved. The firemen, known by their strong helmets and metal epaulets, have long been renowned for their self-devotion and skill in saving property and life. They are aided by some volunteer fire brigades, and by salvage-corps maintained by insurance companies. In 1889, the existing force of nearly 700 men, 150 fire-engines, inclusive of 55 worked by steam, with 155 fire-escapes and other appliances, came under the control of the London County Council,

who at once resolved to increase the resources against fire by adding 138 firemen, 4 stations, with steam and manual engines, and 50 fire-escapes. Most of the larger provincial towns have fire brigades of the same organization as that of London. Speedy notice to the fire-stations is provided in London and many other places by the electric alarms placed in the streets. A small box, with a glass side, to be broken in case of need, contains a button to be pressed or a handle to be pulled. The signal is thus given to the nearest firemen, who, within a few minutes, turn out with steam up in the engine, horses ready to start, axes, ladders, and every needful device.

The prevention of fires, a far better thing, in this as in other mischiefs, than cure by extinction, has been aimed at in so-called "fire-proof" buildings. In the true sense, no such edifice exists. Stone splits under the action of heat, and iron-girders, expanded by the same agency, thrust down the walls which they connect, or, in a heated condition, break up under the sudden cooling by the injection of water upon their surface. A near approach, however, to perfection in this line is attained by a judicious combination of thick walls of well-baked bricks, wood armed against fire by steeping in chemical solutions, concrete for floors, metal beams or girders encased in fire-clay blocks, and double iron-doors, with a fair space between them. Much ingenuity has been expended on the means of escape from fire which has fairly seized an edifice containing human beings. Among these appliances are ladders in a series that can be jointed together, and various combinations of ropes, ladders, baskets, and nets. The usual fire-escape is composed of a long ladder mounted on a four-wheeled carriage. The sides of the ladder are fortified with wire-rope, and it is furnished with a trough of copper-wire netting, down which people may slide from a window to the ground with ease and safety. Other ladders, jointed on to the main portable staircase, can be added for the reaching of greater heights than usual. At theatres, so liable to sudden and fatal outbreaks, the precautions include the letting-down of a strong iron-screen, which cuts off the stage, the general source of the fire, from the auditorium, and the provision of wide passages leading straight to the exit doors, and of extra doors easily opening outwards.

There are few objects which appeal more strongly to the

interest and sympathy of British souls than the lifeboats whose crews ply their noble work on our rock-bound, shingly, or sand-beset coasts and river-mouths. The general use of these craft belongs to the present century. In 1785, Lionel Lukin, a coach-builder in Long Acre, London, was the first designer of a rude form of what was claimed to be an unsinkable boat for use in shipwrecks. The credit of constructing the first lifeboat has been generally given to Henry Greathead, a boat-builder of South Shields, who was set at work by a local committee, after a dreadful wreck at the mouth of the Tyne in 1789, when all hands were lost close to the shore, before the eyes of thousands of pitying, powerless spectators. This ingenious man devised a curved form of keel, and on this basis reared a boat 30 feet long and 10 feet wide, with ten oars double-banked. Craft of this kind were quickly placed at various points of the coast, and some hundreds of lives were thus preserved. A great advance for the benefit of mariners was made when, in 1824, the association was formed which has long been known as the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The king and his brothers, the church hierarchy, the peerage, and the gentry supplied patrons for the new scheme, and for many years the work of providing and maintaining lifeboats was well performed. The institution was somewhat declining when, in 1849, another disaster at the mouth of the Tyne drew public attention at once to the duty of aiding shipwrecked sailors and to the two main defects of the existing form of boat. There was no means by which the craft could free itself of water, or right itself in case of upsetting. The South Shields life-boat, built on Greathead's plan, went out to a wreck in December of the year above-named, and, being overthrown by the sea, drifted ashore bottom upwards, with the drowning of twenty out of two dozen pilots that had formed her crew. The Duke of Northumberland, an admiral of the royal navy, in 1850, offered a hundred guineas for the best model of an improved lifeboat. Out of nearly 300 competitive plans, the successful one was that devised by James Beeching of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, who constructed the first self-righting boat, 36 feet long, and propelled by 12 oars. This model, with the aid of government shipwrights, and through many suggestions from various quarters, was afterwards greatly improved, and the addition of a transporting-carriage has been

of vast service in conveying boats to parts of the coast at some distance from their stations, and in launching them from open beaches amid high-running surf. The boats are manned partly by men in the regular pay of the Institution, chiefly by crews of registered volunteers from the resident coastguard, fishermen, and boatmen, with fees of 10s. by day and £1 by night for each man, on every occasion of going afloat to save life from wrecks. The funds of the Institution provide these last payments. About three hundred lifeboats, on the coasts of the British Isles, are now managed by the R. N. L. I., which also grants rewards for the saving of life to the crews of shore-boats, fishing-boats, and any other craft, and to those who successfully resort to any other means of snatching human beings from the jaws of the sea. The latest invention in the way of these vessels is a steam lifeboat launched in 1890, built at Blackwall by Messrs. Green, made of steel, and driven by a turbine wheel. Up to the end of 1892, the lives saved on our coasts, under the auspices of the Institution, amounted to 37,265.

The modes of saving life at sea include the carrying of boats on board ships, with life-buoys, life-belts, buoyant pillows and mattresses, life-jackets made of india-rubber cloth, and water-tight hollow seats in the form of long bench-like boxes, with ropes attached, carried on the decks of steamers for excursionists and other passengers. An Act of 1888 compels, under very heavy penalties for default, the carrying of due appliances of this class by the master of every British ship. When a wreck is off shore at a place where no lifeboat is stationed near at hand, or in cases where the lifeboat is engaged elsewhere, or from rough sea or strong currents is unable to reach the scene of needed rescue, effective use is often made of mortars or of rockets. In 1807 Captain Manby invented his life-mortar, firing a shot with curved barbs to lay hold of the rigging or bulwarks of the helpless vessel, and carry a rope to the people on board. The rocket-apparatus sends from the shore a light line for the crew on the vessel to seize, and thereby pull in a thicker rope, and then a hawser, along which the people can, one by one, be hauled ashore with a life-buoy, or in a cradle, or, several at a time, in a life-car of American invention. The Board of Trade has charge of the Life-Rocket service, which has more than 300 stations in Great Britain, with 7 cliff-ladder stations, and annually

saves some hundreds of lives through the agency of the coast-guard.

In connection with maritime affairs we may here note the improvements made during the century in the shape and construction of anchors. Lieutenant Rodgers, in 1838, patented a hollow-shanked anchor with the advantage of increasing the strength without additional weight, and inventors named Porter and Trotman introduced movable arms and flukes, pivoting about the stock instead of being fixed thereto. The anchor, on reaching the ground, takes a readier and firmer hold, and there is far less chance of the cable becoming fouled on the upper fluke when the anchor is raised. In 1852, after an elaborate trial of many different kinds of anchor, the Admiralty awarded the highest place to Trotman's, as improved from Porter's form with movable arms.

The labour of outworned human legs in mounting endless stairs of the tall modern warehouses, of piles of domiciles arranged in flats, and of huge hotels, aspiring skywards in their dozen stories, has been mercifully met in handworked hoists for raising goods, and in lifts or cages, both for goods and persons, raised and lowered in a shaft either by ropes or chains atop, wound on a drum or barrel, or through hydraulic pressure, applied directly, or by means of chains and ropes.

The toil of stitching has, during the latter half of the century, been revolutionized in the appliance, of which many millions are in use, known as the sewing-machine. The idea was first conceived in England in the eighteenth century, and some rude attempts, for working embroidery, were made. In 1790, an English patent was granted to an inventor named Thomas Saint for a machine that made a loop-stitch in the quilting and sewing of boots and shoes and other articles. Improved machines appeared in France and England and the United States, but, save as regards shoe-making, the efforts of inventors were thus far directed only to such minor work as glove-stitching, embroidery, and basting, or loose tacking for a temporary purpose. A firm and durable style of work, or at least the basis of the coming boon for makers and for wearers of all kinds of fabrics in cloth and leather, was due to the ingenious Elias Howe, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the constructor and patentee of the first lock-stitch sewing-machine, embodying the essential features of the present marvellous and almost perfect

instruments. Howe's contrivance, patented in 1846, was vastly improved by American inventors, Wilson, Gibbs, Singer, and other skilful mechanicians, and this mode of sewing, adapted, in machines of various types, both for domestic and for factory use, to the finest and the heaviest materials, has proved a blessing to many a hard-worked mother, and has greatly cheapened clothing of all kinds for the use of the whole civilized world. The button-hole machine is a wonder of ingenuity that seems, to the spectator of its action, almost possessed of the conscious intelligence of a human worker, taking 1500 stitches per minute, and working 6000 button-holes per day.

It would be an endless task to mention and describe the applications of machinery, during the nineteenth century, to labour formerly committed only to human hands. In the washing of clothes, the churning of butter, the ploughing of fields, the reaping of harvests, the making of bread and biscuits, and in a thousand other ways, machinery worked by hand, or water, or steam, or electricity, or compressed air, is continually sparing or assisting human effort, apart from the performances of the great and costly steam-plant used in large factories and workshops for the more important branches of manufacture. Much of this will be hereafter referred to, and we notice here, in addition to the above appliances, only two recent inventions connected with the work of authors and printers. The Type-writer, a machine for producing legible characters on paper without the use of a pen, was of American invention about 1868. Various forms are due to improvers of the original mechanism, whereby the operator either produces in type the words which occur to the mind in composition, or copies manuscript placed before the eye, or takes down matter which is dictated by another. The action of inked types on the paper is effected by means either of two separate movements precluding a high speed in the work, or by the pressure of the fingers on a keyboard somewhat resembling a very small piano, and allowing rapid work for practised hands. The type-setting or composing machine is one in which improvement is being earnestly sought by inventors, in the interest of swift and cheap work for the printing-press. Mechanism of this kind was patented by an Englishman in 1822, but many years elapsed before any composing-room contained any specimen of such machines, existing in various improved forms due to Scottish, English,

German, and American inventors. In one class of machines, pressure on a key-board causes the types to drop along a grooved plate into the composing-stick. In another, the Linotype, there are no separate types used, but a key-board action sets matrices with the letters stamped upon the edge, and the whole line is then cast solid in metal ready for printing.

The mode of preparing food is closely connected with the health and comfort of those who consume it, and people in our great towns, dining away from home at their own charges, are greatly concerned in the existence of suitable public places for their needs. There can be no doubt that great improvement has, during the nineteenth century, come in the art of cooking, and that the people of the British Isles have herein derived much benefit from Continental sources. The famous Frenchman, Alexis Soyer, who held a post, in 1830, in the kitchen of the French minister, Prince Polignac, and was chief cook at the Reform Club, in London, from 1837 to 1850, was not only a man of great abilities in his special line, but by his personal influence and his published works did much for the cause of economic, scientific, and tasteful cookery in this country. The employment of gas has been of vast service in cleanly, efficient, and economical cooking. At the great clubs and hotels, this method of preparing food is very largely developed, and in households of every class gas-stoves for this purpose, as well as for heating rooms, are ever being more extensively used. The turning of a tap provides hot water within a few minutes, and only those who have adopted these household blessings can understand the advantage of dispensing, on a wintry morning, with the immediate need of lighting the kitchen-fire, or of the entire disuse of the cooking-range either when severe frost brings the risk of explosion, or when sultry heat renders even the gas-stove an infliction to the dwellers in the kitchen. The subject of cookery, in which our female population, in English town and country alike, have for ages evinced a painful and wasteful ignorance, now has its place in the programme of instruction given at the Board-schools of the principal towns.

All men of middle age, dwelling in London or in any of the largest provincial towns, can appreciate the great advance made since the earlier years of Victoria's reign, in the means of solid refreshment for the hungry citizen dwelling in the suburbs, and spending the day in town on the calls of business or pleasure. The

metropolis may, under this head, be taken as an illustration of the contrast between the present and the past. The "City-man", indeed, was always well provided with excellent taverns or dining-rooms, where a steak or chop, of the best quality in itself, and cooked to perfection on gridiron or grill, with the finest accessories in solid or liquid form, gave him a meal that, for substantial excellence, was worthy of a king. Within the Lord Mayor's limits, there were taverns well known to initiated souls for admirable fare of a special kind. The fish-dinner in a court off Cheapside, completed by the best example of a vanished edible, the old double-Gloucester cheese, and followed, if the guest desired, by the rarest rum-punch in the British Isles, was one to which a chance-visitor was sure to return. The "Cheshire Cheese", in a court adjacent to Dr. Johnson's Fleet Street home, had a fame derived from an incomparable steak-and-oyster pudding. The "Cock", in Fleet Street, has passed away from sight, but abides both in the memory of some ancient men, and for readers of Tennyson's minor poems. Outside the City, the wandering sight-seer, far from his hotel or other lodging, had small choice of places for a mid-day meal. There were dirty "cook shops", confectioners' counters, hotels where he might take luncheon or dine at a heavy rate, but very few decent eating-houses where fare would be at once both cheap and good. The great change came in the rise and progress of restaurants. The name, like the thing, came from the people styled by Mr. Micawber "the lively Gaul". The first French Revolution, in 1789, may be taken as the birth-time of these useful and agreeable institutions. The ruined nobility, many of them doomed to perish on the scaffold, while more were destined, as the *émigrés*, to lengthy exile, discharged their cooks, and threw upon the world many of the most skilful artists in the preparation of food. Of these men, the more enterprising opened public refreshment-rooms, whence the practice of superior cookery was spread. The restaurant became a patent and popular fact, exported in due time beyond the Channel. At the present day, in all our larger towns, excellent meals, admirably served at a moderate charge, may be obtained in houses of this class, opened by British, French, and Italian caterers.

In the later Georgian era, the highwayman of the stories dear to youth, robbing travellers by stage-coach or by post-chaise, with his levelled pistol, and "stand and deliver", was fast approaching

the extinction caused by efficient police and, especially, by the change of travel from coach-road to rail. The footpad of the towns, the street-robber, found his means of livelihood sorely curtailed by the lighting of gas-lamps and by the enrolment of new guardians for urban dwellers. In the years just succeeding Waterloo, the police-system of London, if "system" it can be called, was such that a committee of the House of Commons declared, in their Report, that a foreign jurist, simply examining the facts concerning crime and the means of its prevention or punishment, might well believe that "it was craftily framed by a body of professional depredators, upon a calculation of the best means for obtaining from society, with security to themselves, the greatest quantity of plunder". The metropolis was divided into many petty independent jurisdictions, jealous of each other, without any general control to cause an approach to unity of action. Thieves and thief-takers caroused together in dens called "flash-houses", on terms of good fellowship, and the "perfection of imbecile wickedness", in the words of Miss Martineau, was reached in the fact that the police-officers of that day often forbore to arrest a known criminal for a petty offence, in the hope that he or she might be guilty of a "forty-pound crime", or, in other words, a crime for the detection of which the state awarded, on conviction of the offender, the sum of forty pounds. This atrocious system received a fatal blow in 1816, when three of the "peace-officers" were proved to have conspired to induce five men to commit a burglary for the purpose of obtaining the "blood-money" upon their conviction. The reform of the police-system in the British Isles came with the accession to office, in 1829, as home-secretary for the second time, of that first-rate man of business, apart from his claims as a statesman, Sir Robert Peel. The "Charleys", or watchmen of the streets, decrepit old men, sheltered in a kind of sentry-boxes which the young "bloods" of the period, or the medical students, full of drink and frolic, delighted in overturning on inclement nights, with the poor old fellows inside, now retired into private life. The famous New Police, the men in blue uniform, carrying a heavy staff for defence, and with stiff heavy "toppers" or tall hats, prior to the introduction of the present helmets, became known, in slang complimentary to their distinguished author, as "Bobbies" or "Peelers". Outside the narrow limits of the City of London, where matters remained in the hands

of the Corporation, the former local police-arrangements of the metropolis were abolished, and the new force was controlled by the Secretary of State for the Home Department. This excellent reform set an example followed, under Acts of Parliament, throughout the land. On the London model, the local authorities of cities and boroughs instituted similar bodies of men, and in 1839 and 1840 the appointment of a county-constabulary, subject to the Home-office, was made optional with the magistrates in each shire. In 1856, a compulsory statute made efficient county-constables universal, and the timid wayfarer on suburban roads is cheered by the sight of the mounted patrol, in long blue cloak, and armed with sabre and pistols in case of need. The management of the county-police, under the Local Government Act of 1888, was vested jointly in the justices and county-councils; in boroughs with less than 10,000 persons the county-council also manage the police; the larger towns have their municipal control of their own constabulary. On the whole, the force has proved to be very efficient for its serious duties. The metropolitan police now exceeds 15,000 officers and men, in charge of a district spread over a radius of 15 miles from Charing Cross, with a population of nearly six millions, and of the Dock-yards and the chief stations of the War Department. For the detection of crime, above 300 men, of special experience and skill, are attached to the Criminal Investigation Department. The large amount of valuable property on shipboard and barges in the river is under the special care of the Thames Police, recruited from sailors, and patrolling the river in boats and steam-launches. Most useful work is done by these men in suppressing the "water-rats", or aquatic thieves of every class. The work of the police is, in London, well supported by the magistrates, paid men of good legal knowledge and experience, who preside at fourteen courts in various districts. The City of London, as all the world knows, has its Lord Mayor and Aldermen, sitting at the Mansion House and at Guildhall. In Scotland, the organization of an efficient police in the large towns dates from 1833, under a statute enabling burghs to establish such a force. Glasgow, Edinburgh, and some other great towns have special Police Acts, distinct from the General Police Act of 1862, regulating the force in most Scottish towns, and intrusting the management to commissioners chosen by the assessed inhabitants. The rural police in North Britain, organized by

statute in 1857, is now controlled by the County Councils, who also manage the police of all burghs under 7000 in population. Sheriff-courts, both in towns and counties, deal with a large number of minor criminal cases. In Ireland, the police-force consists of two semi-military bodies, the Royal Irish Constabulary, with about 13,000 men, and the Dublin Metropolitan Police, of 1200, comprising some of the most stalwart constables to be found in the world.

For the protection of property from burglars' hands, as well as from fire, safes constructed of iron and steel have long been largely used. The principle of their manufacture was invented in 1801 by a mechanician named Scott, and an improved fire-safe was patented in 1840 by Mr. Thomas Milner. Messrs. Tann, three years later, devised another method of resisting heat. In these and other fire-proof receptacles for valuable documents, the resisting medium is, in principle, identical. The wall of the safe is composed of two plates of iron, some inches apart, and the space is filled with chemical salts of a very moist character. Various devices for resisting the action of acids, drills, and wedges have rendered the best modern safes impregnable to all attacks of the most ingenious robbers, so far as concerns the piercing of the sides. The wrenching open of the door is prevented by the use of a lock, devised by Messrs. Chubb, which causes bolts to shoot into slots at the top, the bottom, and both sides of the structure. The vulnerable point is the lock itself, the mechanism of which has been most skilfully dealt with by various British and American inventors. The keyless permutation-lock defies the danger arising from lost or false keys, and the safe can only be opened after an indicator has been moved in accordance with a certain combination of numbers arranged before closing it. Many other ingenious devices have been adopted, including the connection of safes with electric alarm-bells.

The places called Safe-deposits, introduced about 1880, are nothing less than small fortresses, constructed in great cities for the benefit of commercial men and private persons who have valuable papers, or plate, or money, or jewels which they wish to place absolutely beyond reach of danger from fire or from robbers, and yet so as to remain readily accessible to the rightful owner. In Queen Victoria Street, Chancery Lane, and St. James' Street, London, there are three of these impenetrable structures, containing thousands of

separate receptacles to which the owner alone, or his duly accredited representative, can obtain access, at certain hours, and inspect, deposit, or remove his own property in presence of a custodian. Brick, some feet in thickness, fire-brick, cement, cast-iron, wrought-iron, steel, doors weighing from two to four tons each, raised and lowered, like a portcullis, by hydraulic power, and at night, armed watchmen walking round, and under, and above the citadel—these are the precautions which, in various combinations, have hitherto defied any attempt of wrong-doers. Apart from treachery in the paid guardians, it seems impossible, to one who has viewed these places, for anything but an earthquake of a violence unknown even in earthquake-regions of the world, to disturb the contents of these newest and most trustworthy forms of fire-proof and burglar-proof construction.

The dishonest manufacturer and trader, too common in this age of severe commercial competition, find their artful devices foiled, in an irritating fashion, by recent legislation on the subject of trade-marks placed on goods. It was early in the eighteenth century that these devices became common in our industrial system. It was not till 1838 that the Court of Chancery began to protect such marks against infringement of every kind, with or without intended fraud. The mark is now the property of the trader who has invented and duly registered the same. The Merchandise Marks Act of 1887, applying to all the United Kingdom, awards severe punishment, by fine or imprisonment, to persons who forge, or falsely apply to goods, these distinctive tokens of quality and make.

For the help of traders against dishonest customers, a class of persons too common in every age since trading began, associations were formed, late in the eighteenth century, composed of merchants, retail dealers, and other persons connected with commerce. Registers of bankrupts and insolvents were made, with particulars of each case, furnished by members to the secretary, so that credit might no longer be accorded to those on the black list. Swindlers and dishonest persons of every class that preys on trade were carefully tracked and exposed. Early in the nineteenth century, the trade-protection movement was much developed, and members of the various societies were supplied with a wide range of information concerning the past and present doings of those who might prove to be doubtful or dangerous persons in commercial dealings. The

recovery of overdue bills and accounts was included in the work of the societies, now more than sixty in number, and due attention is paid to bills before Parliament affecting the interests of trade and commerce.

Chemical science, during the century, has made itself far more terrible than in any past age to the most dastardly of all murderers, the secret poisoner. The department of chemistry called toxicology has been greatly advanced in the researches and observations made as to the action of poisons on the living body, the *post-mortem* indications in persons killed by poison, and the methods of testing for the presence of fatal drugs. The Pharmacy Act of 1868 endeavours to guard the public against both wilful and accidental poisoning, by regulations regarding the seller, the purchaser, and the labelling of the wrapper that contains the poison.

The present century has been marked by an immense development of research and consequent statistics in many new and old departments of scientific and social investigation. We are not concerned here with the discoveries made, but with the means adopted for diffusing the knowledge of results among the general public. The British Association for the Advancement of Science was founded by Sir David Brewster, the eminent Scottish natural philosopher, in 1831, with the aid of many leading men in Church and State, as well as in science, assembled at York. The object of the society was not only to assist the progress of scientific discovery in every department, but to disseminate the latest results of research. The first meeting, after the new body was fully organized, took place at Oxford in 1832, and from that time the Association has been in full and successful operation, with eight separate scientific sections, each under its special committee and president. The annual meetings, with sittings spread over a week or more, have been held in turns at all the principal towns in the United Kingdom, with the accompaniment of soirees, lectures, conversazioni, and other general meetings for the benefit of the non-scientific public who choose to take tickets at a moderate charge. The annual reports, containing the general and sectional addresses delivered by eminent scientific men, with the papers and abstracts of papers read at the meetings, form valuable records, which are presented to societies and to libraries at home and in our colonial dominions. The Archæological Association, in its annual gather-

ings at various parts of the country, with excursions open to all purchasers of tickets, does much to spread a knowledge of British antiquities, in conjunction with a vast number of provincial and local societies.

The Royal Society of London, having its origin in 1645, amidst the din of civil conflict, and incorporated by charter from Charles the Second in 1662, "for the Promotion of Natural Knowledge", published the first number of the *Philosophical Transactions* three years later. This record, forming a history of science of the highest value, now comprises nearly two hundred quarto volumes. In 1800, the octavo serial called *Proceedings* first appeared, and another of the Society's publications, in quarto volumes, the *Catalogue of Scientific Papers*, contains the titles of scientific papers published in all parts of the world from 1800 onwards. This grand work of reference furnishes in methodical form an account of scientific progress during the nineteenth century.

The Royal Society of Edinburgh, incorporated by royal charter in 1783, took the place of the former Philosophical Society in the northern capital. William Robertson, the historian, took the chief part in founding this admirable institution, on the model of the famous Berlin Academy, for the investigation and discussion of subjects in all branches of science, learning, and taste. The *Transactions* and *Proceedings* of the R.S. Edin. are another valuable source of information on the history and progress of science.

The Royal Institution, in London, founded in 1799 by Count Rumford, Sir Joseph Banks, and other learned men, received a royal charter in 1800. Its great public service has been and is the teaching of science and its applications by means of lectures and experiments delivered and conducted by men of the highest distinction in their several departments.

The Royal Geographical Societies, that of London established in 1830, and the Scottish in 1884, publish monthly accounts of their proceedings, and the London Society, at Burlington House, in Piccadilly, from time to time introduces to public notice travellers and explorers of distinguished merit, who make known by addresses the discoveries made in various parts of the world. There are many other associations of learned and scientific men, publishing records of their transactions for the benefit of those who are interested in their special subjects, but we now turn to some in-

stitutions of a more practical and popular character. The Royal Botanic Gardens and Arboretum at Kew, established in 1760 by the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, mother of George the Third, became a national institution in 1840. Apart from the service rendered by these gardens as a place of innocent and delightful recreation, the authorities supply information of great importance to lovers of botany, horticulture, and arboriculture, as well as to the mercantile world, in the provision of growing and dried specimens of plants, the supply of seeds, the making known of the best methods of culture and care, and of foreign plants and woods that may be valuable for manufactures and trade. The Nautical Almanac Office, a government-department, issues for marine use the invaluable and indispensable publication from which it derives its name. This work, projected by a former astronomer-royal, Dr. Maskelyne, and first published for 1767, was revived, in a more accurate form, in 1834. The information given to navigators is based upon the calculations made at Greenwich Observatory, and the book is issued four years in advance of the year to which it refers, so that the data may be ready for use in the most distant parts of the world, for voyagers far away from the means of procuring a new copy. The Meteorological Office in London, about 1860, began to send out to the ports of the United Kingdom, by telegraph, the "storm-warnings" instituted by Admiral Fitzroy. These efforts to serve mariners by signalling the kind of weather which might be expected in the seas outside their harbours of safety were at first treated with some ridicule, but they have proved of great value, with the advance of scientific observation and deduction, and the system has grown into the daily weather forecasts for eleven separate districts of the United Kingdom. We see these weather-prophecies in our daily newspapers, and we all know the very large percentage of approach to perfect accuracy.

A serious investigation of public documents in the shape of rolls, records, writs, decrees, and such materials for history, written in Norman-French, Latin, and English, was made by a committee of the House of Commons in 1800. The work of that body was carried on by a commission renewed at intervals up to 1831, and the commissioners issued many valuable publications derived from the above source. About 1834, an inquiry was begun as to the materials for British history to be found in the Vatican and other

foreign libraries, and agents have been employed for many years in this work, the results of which have either been published, or can be found at the British Museum or in the Record Office. An Act of 1838 conferred the guardianship of the English records on the Master of the Rolls, one of the superior Judges, and, under his authority, a Deputy-keeper of the Records has charge of the department. Catalogues, calendars, and indexes of important documents are printed for sale, and since 1858 more than 200 volumes of *Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland* have been issued. The Historical Manuscripts Commission, closely connected with the Record Office, has put forth since 1870 many volumes of reports, with specimens and abstracts, on the contents of private libraries and muniment-rooms all over the British Isles. Thus does modern care and enlightenment, in this form an invention of the nineteenth century, spread abroad the knowledge of the past. The Public Record Office, a handsome and professedly "fireproof" building in Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, is the place of deposit where Domesday Book and countless other valuable and interesting memorials may be inspected and consulted. The Scottish records, under the charge of the Lord Clerk Register, a high officer of state, were in 1787 deposited in the new General Register House at Edinburgh, from which, since 1811, the publication of important documents has proceeded at intervals. In Ireland, under the Public Records (Ireland) Act of 1867, a similar work has been performed.

The work of the Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom, described in 1867, by French experts, as "a work without precedent", and one that ought "to serve as a model for all civilized countries", belongs almost wholly to the present century. It was undertaken by the government in 1784 with a view to the construction of accurate and detailed maps of the British Isles. The first such survey had been completed in Scotland in 1755, mainly under the direction of that distinguished officer of Royal Engineers, Major-general Roy. This earliest, and one of the ablest, of British geodesists, or earth-measurers on an extensive scale, by scientific means, was a native of Lanarkshire. The result of the northern survey was never published. The general survey, begun on the scale of one inch to the mile, was completed, with variations to a 6-inch scale for Ireland and for some Scottish and

English counties in 1852. In 1863, new scales, varying from one inch to a mile for the general map of the kingdom, to nearly eleven feet to a mile for towns, were selected, and for several years now a re-survey of England on the 25-inch scale has been in progress. The public have thus been supplied with accurate maps of parishes, counties, and districts, both in large sheets that can be joined together, and in forms reduced by photography from the higher scales. The work of the Royal Engineers and civilians engaged on the survey was often of a romantic, interesting, adventurous, and, sometimes, of an arduous and painful character. Privation and exposure were endured during marches in search of fit stations for survey in the Scottish Highlands and in the wilder parts of Ireland. There were wearisome watchings, for weeks on end, by daylight, from the tops of high church-towers or from mountain-summits, as they waited for a signal-flash at some far-distant station. Now and again, during months of isolation in camp upon a rugged peak, the surveyors were exposed to snowstorms, and to furious gales which levelled their tents with the ground and endangered the great and valuable instruments employed. Amidst these difficulties, the work was performed with a vigilance and accuracy beyond all praise. The Geological Survey of the Kingdom, begun in 1832, and still in progress for northern Scotland, has furnished valuable maps, on the 1-inch and partly on the 6-inch scale, with sheets of horizontal and vertical sections, descriptive accounts, and monographs on fossils.

The Statistical Society of London was established in 1834, for the purpose of collecting and arranging facts bearing on the social, moral, and material condition of the people. The principles laid down by Quetelet, the eminent Belgian statistician, who died in 1874, have been followed with great advantage to the method of deducing sound conclusions from classified and compared phenomena numerously and widely observed. The benefit to social and political economy has been conspicuous. In connection with this subject, bare justice requires eulogistic mention of Dr. William Farr, F.R.S., formerly superintendent of the Statistical Department of the Registrar-general's Office in England. Prior to the Registration Act of 1836, the only regular, and these but very partial and imperfect, records of facts concerning birth, marriage, and death were the parish-registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials insti-

tuted by the Tudor statesman Thomas Cromwell, in 1538, when he was Vicar-general under Henry the Eighth. Little regard was paid to the regulations on the subject, and in 1597 Elizabeth issued a stringent order for more careful entries by incumbents, and for copies of the same to be annually sent to the bishop of each diocese. In 1812 an Act ordered the preservation, arrangement, and alphabetical indexing of all names in the registers. Neither the parish-clergy, however, nor the bishops had ever paid due heed to the matter. The registers even of the eighteenth century are very imperfect, and in 1801 it was discovered that in 11,000 English parishes but 812 registers dated from 1538. The statute of 1836, applicable to England and Wales, made a very great change. A general registry-office was provided at Somerset House, in London, with a Registrar-general at the head of the whole system. Local registrars in districts of every Poor-law Union send in quarterly returns to the superintendent of their district, who transmits them to the central office, for preservation and inspection on payment of a small fee. A complete record of births, deaths, and marriages is thus obtained, and an annual abstract of the returns is laid before Parliament. The Irish system was laid on the same lines in 1863. In Scotland, an Act of 1854 appointed the Deputy-clerk Registrar to preside over a system resembling that of the sister countries. Dr. Farr, already in high repute through his article on medical and vital statistics in M'Culloch's *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, an article which laid the foundation of sanitary science, was at once appointed Compiler of Abstracts in the new General Register Office. His official career, extending over more than forty years, displayed a mastery of the art of lucidly marshalling facts, and of all the resources of method and numerical investigation. He created and developed a national system of vital statistics, which has done wonders for the progress of sanitary reform, and has, practically, been adopted in all other civilized countries. His Life-Tables, based on the Registrar-general's Annual Reports and on Census enumerations, were of great service to the government in preparing the scheme of Post-office insurance.

In the first year of the nineteenth century we had, for the first time in British history, a regular and trustworthy census of Great Britain, or an enumeration of the inhabitants, with various particulars concerning them. The census first held in 1801 became

decennial. In Ireland, the first attempt was made in 1811, but the Irish enumeration of 1831 was the first whose returns could be considered trustworthy. The process was extended, in 1871, to the whole British Empire. A special Act directs the taking of each census, which is conducted through the machinery of the Registrar-general's department. In 1881, more than 30,000 enumerators were employed in England alone, and the work of tabulation of the particulars in the schedules left at every house for filling-up, occupies a host of clerks for more than two years. The particulars required have varied from time to time. In 1821, the first attempt was made to get at the age of each person, but it was left optional, and the return was, in this point, very imperfect. In 1851, the inquiry extended to compulsory information regarding occupation, age, birthplace, relationships (of persons in each house) to head of family, civil condition (married, single, &c.), and blindness, deafness, and dumbness. At each census since 1811 the number of houses "building" has been returned, as an indication of increase in prosperity and population or of a downward tendency. In 1881, inquiry as to imbeciles and lunatics was made in every household. A high degree of accuracy as to the number of people living in the British Isles on the day specified in each Census-act is reached by ingenious modes of estimating houseless persons, those engaged in travelling, and those who may be living in barges on canals, or on shipboard in port. We may conclude this account of modern improvements in acquiring and disseminating valuable knowledge by a reference to two works of widespread utility, mines of information in a shape unknown to the earlier decades of the nineteenth century—the very comprehensive *Whitaker's Almanack*, in its larger form, and the admirable *Statesman's Year-book*.

CHAPTER III.

FREE TRADE.

Increase of population and of wealth—William Huskisson's efforts to abolish trade restrictions—Sir Robert Peel's financial reforms—History of the corn-laws—The “sliding scale”—Anti-corn-law League—Richard Cobden and John Bright—A touching appeal—Prominent leaders of the League—Its earnest labours—The Free Trade Hall in Manchester—Ebenezer Elliott—The opponents of free trade—Change in Peel's views—Serious condition of the country—Abolition of the corn-laws—The League dissolved—Repeal of the navigation-laws—Mr. Gladstone's successful financial measures—His eulogium on Cobden—Benefits conferred by free trade.

The growth of our material resources during the nineteenth century was greatly more rapid and extensive than in any equal period of British history, vastly exceeding, as it did, the proportionate amount connected with increase of population. In general terms, the number of people in Great Britain (England, Scotland, Wales) was fully tripled from 1801 to 1901. The increase of wealth from 1840 to 1887, which was, indeed, the period of most rapid growth, was 124 per cent, or three times greater than that of population. The yearly accumulation of wealth between 1840 and 1860 averaged 64 millions sterling; between 1860 and 1887, this average rose to 143 millions. For the causes of this enormous advance we must look to the economical revolution known as Free Trade; to the development of thrift; to the growth of manufactures; to the increase of facilities for navigation, and to the progress of British commerce, which are jointly due to steam and to the removal of fiscal burdens. Taking these subjects in the order now given, we come first, in dealing with freedom of trade in the present century, to the name of William Huskisson. This pioneer in the work with which the names of Richard Cobden and Sir Robert Peel will be for ever associated was a supporter of William Pitt, under whom he became, in 1804, Secretary to the Treasury. Acquiring skill and repute in financial affairs, he was, in 1823, elected M.P. for Liverpool, and appointed by Lord Liverpool, the premier, to the important office of President of the Board of Trade. Two years later, he was admitted to the Cabinet. In the session of 1823, Huskisson at once advocated a broader system of commercial policy than had ever yet been proposed by

a government official. He repudiated the old belief that our commercial and manufacturing prosperity rested upon the exclusive employment of British shipping, upon prohibitory and restrictive duties at the Custom-house, and upon the "Balance of Trade". His Reciprocity of Duties Bill, carried through Parliament in the same year, empowered the King in Council to place the shipping of any other country on an equal footing with our own, whenever that country granted a like favour to British vessels. Arrangements on these terms were quickly made, to mutual advantage, with Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, and with Hamburg and other northern free towns. The trade between British colonies and foreign lands was also much modified in the direction of free commercial intercourse. These blows at the old Navigation-laws were followed up, in 1826, by the removal of the prohibitions on imported silk-manufactures, and by a large reduction of the duties on raw and spun silk. The knocking of these nails into the coffin of Protection was accompanied by the usual groans and prophecies of coming ruin from the blind, well-meaning advocates of the restrictive, selfish policy which aims at national welfare through a jealous interference with the prosperity of other peoples.

The next great name in this connection is that of Sir Robert Peel. That enlightened, prudent, honest, high-minded, slowly-progressive statesman, under whom the old Tories were developed into the modern Conservative party, entered the House of Commons in 1809, the year of Mr. Gladstone's birth, and by degrees gained credit as an economist and financier. After a brief term of office as premier in 1834-35, he became Prime Minister again in September, 1841, with a majority of ninety in the Commons, and, with Mr. Goulburn as his Chancellor of the Exchequer, he at once dealt firmly with the financial deficit that confronted him. An income-tax of sevenpence in the pound was imposed on all incomes that exceeded £150 a year, and he then sought benefit for British trade and manufactures in a large revision of the customs-tariff. There were countless vexatious duties which greatly hampered the manufacturer, and restricted the comforts of the people, while they brought no adequate compensation in the shape of gain to the revenue. Out of about 1200 articles paying duty, a total abolition or a large reduction was made on some 750. In 1843, restrictions on the exportation of machinery, which had injured our trade for

the benefit of that of Belgium, were abolished, and in 1845 Peel carried a large reduction of the duties on sugar produced by free labour in foreign countries and British colonies, with the abolition of all export-duties, and the exemption from Customs-payment of 430 articles of raw material, including cotton. The duty on glass was also remitted. In the following year, a large reduction of duty was made on the two chief remaining raw materials that were taxed, timber and tallow; all duties on coarser articles of wool, cotton, and linen manufacture were withdrawn; those on finer qualities were reduced, and the duty on silk, which was a chief temptation to smuggling, was reduced from 30 to 15 per cent of its value. The general result of Peel's financial reforms, apart from the corn-duties, was that manufacturing production and the revenue were alike advanced, and a greater demand for labour, with an increase of popular comfort and content, arose in the country. The abolition or lowering of duties had included articles so important to the public welfare as cattle, sheep, pigs, salted meat, butter, eggs, cheese, lard, dye-woods, and drugs.

The great reform was, of course, the cheapening of bread by the abolition of the duty paid on imported corn. The restriction of the grain-trade dates very far back in British history. In 1360, under Edward the Third, the English grower was forbidden to export corn. In 1436, exportation was permitted when wheat was not higher than half a mark (6s. 8d.) per quarter. In 1463, for the first time, as it appears, importation was prohibited so long as the home-price was below the above standard. In 1562, exportation was allowed, when the price fell below 10s. per quarter. In 1689, export-duties were finally abolished. In 1670, importation of corn into England was forbidden until the home-price reached 53s. 4d., and a heavy duty was laid on importation at a price above that amount. There were many changes during the eighteenth century. The modern history of the question begins with 1815, when what is generally understood by "the Corn-law" was passed, prohibiting any importation of foreign corn so long as the home-price remained below 80s. per quarter. This was the "protection" afforded to the landed interest by a parliament mainly composed, in both Houses, of landowners. Wide-spread distress among the labouring classes, arising in some measure from the operation of this law, produced the disorder which has

been described in another section of this work. In 1828, the device called the "sliding-scale" reduced the import-duty as the price of grain increased, but the only effect was to make the corn-trade a series of gambling transactions, and the market-price of wheat was seldom less than 80s. per quarter, or above three times the value in 1895. In 1842, Sir Robert Peel modified the sliding-scale, reducing the tax and improving the system in favour of cheaper bread, but maintaining the principle. In effect, the law still was that, for the benefit of the landowners, the people were to pay 1s. for the 4-lb. loaf.

We must now turn to some account of that most famous association, of cumbrous name and consummate energy and power, the Anti-corn-law League. In 1836, a combination in favour of free-trade in corn, or for the repeal of the Corn-laws, was made by some of the "philosophical Radicals", headed by George Grote, Joseph Hume, and John Arthur Roebuck. The League, however, had its origin in 1838 with seven merchants of Manchester, a circumstance which caused the Free-trade party to be long distinguished as "the Manchester School" of politicians. Among its earliest were also its two greatest adherents—Richard Cobden and John Bright. Cobden, the self-educated son of a thrifless Sussex yeoman, early showed great skill in business as a commercial traveller and a dealer in calico, and then became, in 1831, a calico-printer in Lancashire. In 1838, after carrying in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce a motion to petition Parliament for the repeal of all corn-duties, he joined the League, and delivered lectures all over the country in behalf of its principles and aims. His speeches outside Parliament, and in the House of Commons, which he entered in 1841 as M.P. for Stockport, were unrivalled for clear, persuasive, convincing power of exposition and illustration. His amiable, earnest, honourable character in all the relations of life gave increase of force to his political exertions, and he won a pure and undying fame as the chief among all the champions of Free Trade. Mr. Bright, born near Rochdale in Lancashire, son of a cotton-spinner and manufacturer in that flourishing town, took an early interest in great public questions, and, joining the League in 1839, soon became one of its leading members. The friendship that existed between Bright and Cobden is one of the fairest ornaments of our political history. Most touching, as related in Bright's

own words, was the origin of his active connection with the League. His young wife was lying dead in his home when Cobden came, and, after uttering such words of comfort as he could, cried, "There are at this moment, in thousands of homes of this country, wives and children who are dying of hunger, of hunger made by the laws. If you will come along with me, we will never rest until we have got rid of the Corn-laws." The appeal was nobly answered by the man bereaved of his nearest and dearest friend, and he went up and down delivering speeches which laid the foundation of his unsurpassed oratorical fame. In July, 1843, he entered the House of Commons as M.P. for Durham city.

The cause of repeal had been already urged in the House of Commons by one of its ablest and most earnest advocates, Charles Pelham Villiers, a member of the Earl of Clarendon's family. This gentleman, becoming M.P. for Wolverhampton in 1835, represented that town in unbroken succession for a period somewhat exceeding sixty years. The strength of the opposition to the League within the walls of the Commons may be judged by the fact that Mr. Villiers' motion, in 1842, for the immediate and total repeal of the Corn-laws was beaten, in a House of less than 500 members, by a majority of 303. Mr. Milner Gibson, who became M.P. for Manchester in 1841, was another distinguished supporter of free-trade doctrines. One of the most powerful orators on the League platforms was the Unitarian minister, William Johnson Fox, son of a small farmer near Southwold, in Suffolk. His rhetoric was bold and impassioned in the highest degree, and acted with electric intensity of effect upon vast miscellaneous audiences in London and other towns. Failure in parliamentary motions only made the members of the League more resolved to create a public opinion throughout the land which should ultimately carry their cause to a triumphant issue. No pains, no kind of effort in print or word, no expenditure of coin, was spared. They thoroughly believed in themselves and their cause, and they did wonders in the propagation of belief. In 1843, by subscription and in the profits of bazaars, £50,000 was raised. In 1844, double that sum was provided. In 1845, a quarter of a million sterling was contributed, of which vast sum £60,000 were subscribed in an hour and a half at a great meeting held at Manchester. The Free Trade Hall was erected in Manchester on ground belonging to Cobden, and bestowed by

RICHARD COBDEN

Richard Cobden, the great apostle of Free-Trade, was born in Sussex in 1804. In early youth he was apprenticed in a Manchester warehouse; in 1830 he was partner in a cotton-mill; from 1834 to 1838 he travelled widely in Europe and the United States. On his return to England, he joined the Anti-Corn-Law League formed at Manchester for the repeal of the laws imposing a duty on foreign corn, and he soon became the leading spirit of the vast organization. Entering the House of Commons, as M.P. for Stockport, in 1841, Cobden, in speeches of the utmost clearness and the most convincing logic, fought the battle for Free-Trade, and was mainly instrumental in persuading Sir Robert Peel, the premier, to take up and carry the repeal of the Corn-Laws in 1846. Cobden, whose business in the cotton trade had fallen away through his devotion of time and energy to the great cause, received a public gift of money, raised by subscription, reaching £80,000. This great, good man declined all offers of government posts, and of honours from his sovereign, and died in 1865 on the property where he was born, which the national gift had enabled him to purchase.



him on the council of the League. Covering part of the scene of the "Peterloo" trouble in 1819, the stately hall in which the people's rights were urged with stirring eloquence and invincible logic hid from view the ground where tyrannical rulers had once shed the people's blood. The central body at Manchester was aided by hundreds of local associations, and a thoroughly organized scheme of agitation, by able paid and volunteer lecturers, by leaflets, tracts, pamphlets, and other like matter, spread from one end of the country to the other. The introduction of railways and of cheap postage greatly favoured the work of the League, and a sturdy and intelligent public opinion was gradually formed and directed against every kind of protective duty. Every clergyman, every corporation, every poor-law guardian received a special invitation to join in the movement. The Muse of poetry herself flew to the help of the pauperized and long-suffering people. Ebenezer Elliott, born of mixed yeoman and moss-trooper ancestry at Masbro', near Rotherham, in Yorkshire, worked in his father's foundry from his 16th till his 23rd year. Dull-witted as a lad, and on the road to be a "sad drunken dog" in manhood, he was led into the fields as a lover of flowers by the picture of a primrose in Sowerby's *Botany*. A poetic nature woke to life, and the writing of much verse preceded his entry into the iron-trade of Sheffield with fair success, enabling him to retire with a modest competence in 1841. Elliott the "Corn-law Rhymer" was the poet of the movement, and his rugged ballads, harsh in much of the thought which they expressed, exerted the power belonging to the genuine outpouring of a soul that burns with a sense of oppression wrought by unjust laws on the singer's fellow-men. Sometimes wailing and pathetic, now and again bursting into wrathful utterance, the verses of Elliott went home to the hearts of thousands that could feel, though they might be slow to apprehend more logical effusions. It is no part of the business of this work to gibbet by name the opponents of Free Trade or of any other beneficial work done for the nation in the nineteenth century. In general terms, we may say that for sheer stupidity and selfishness the utterances of the least favourable specimens of the men called "Protectionists" have rarely been equalled in political history. Of the public press, the *Times*, then a real power in the country, strongly supported the repeal of the Corn-laws. The *Morning Post*, on the other side, deplored the

spectacle, witnessed during a debate in the Commons, of "the land-owners of England, the representatives by blood of the Norman chivalry, shrinking under the blows aimed at them by a Manchester money-grubber". The "money-grubber" was Cobden, who had been declaring that if "a copy of the statutes were sent to another planet, without one word of comment, the inhabitants of that sphere would say at once, 'These laws were passed by landlords'".

The progress of the cause in the Commons was slow. In May, 1843, Mr. Villiers' motion for a Committee on the Corn-laws was defeated by a majority exceeding 250: in June, the majority was largely reduced, but this was in a much thinner House. The great gain was that Cobden, combined with the progress of events, had converted Peel himself to the views of the League. The state of the people was very serious. In 1841, incendiary fires had blazed in many parts of the land, when the starving peasants, unable to buy bread, and seeing prices rise as the wheat lay in the stackyard, kindled the ricks and sent up to heaven in smoke and flame the food with which they might not appease the pangs of hunger. Famine was rife, and everywhere the gaze met gaunt, haggard men, shrivelled women, and emaciated children. The widespread use of food less nourishing than wheaten bread was one consequence of the existing Corn-laws. The consumption of potatoes in place of corn lowered the vitality and stamina of the people, and Cobden appealed to "unimpeachable testimony that the condition of the great body of Her Majesty's labouring subjects has deteriorated woefully within the last ten years". It was the Irish famine that brought Sir Robert Peel to legislative action. After a resignation and a return to office, he rose in the Commons on January 17th, 1846, and proposed the speedy abolition of protective duties on corn. The customs-payment on wheat, oats, barley, and rye was at once to be reduced, lowered for three years on a sliding-scale, and finally abolished, save a registration-duty of 1s. per quarter, in 1849. These proposals were carried by a majority of nearly 100 through a coalition of nearly all the Liberals with about one-third of the usual supporters of Peel. On June 26th, 1846, the Corn Bill received the royal assent, and the triumph of the League was celebrated at Manchester on July 2nd by the holding of its last meeting. With their coffers yet containing £200,000 Richard Cobden moved the resolution which quietly dissolved the body whose noble work

was now achieved, whose splendid mission was at last fulfilled. •The name of the Anti-corn-law League is inscribed on one of the most brilliant pages of modern history as a proof of what may be accomplished with the weapons of rhetoric and reason, wielded by able, enlightened, virtuous, and courageous men. The results of its work were—to the nation, a cheap loaf; to Sir Robert Peel, immediate political downfall, and a treasure of imperishable fame.

The old exclusive mercantile system, dating from Plantagenet times, had sought benefit for English trade in restricting exports and imports to English vessels. In Tudor and early Stuart days, some difficulty was found in enforcing the regulations. In 1650 and 1651, as already indicated, strict Navigation Acts were aimed at the Dutch monopoly of the carrying-trade from distant countries and between European ports. No foreign ships could trade with any English "plantation" or colony without a license from the Council of State, and no goods could be carried between Asia, or Africa, or America, and England or any of her dependencies, save in English ships, or in the vessels of that European nation of which the merchandise was the actual growth or manufacture. •In 1660, these statutes were re-inforced by an Act requiring that the vessels should be British-built and British-owned, and that the commander and three-fourths of his crew should be British subjects. One consequence of these measures was a great increase in the cost of British ship-building, under the pressure of a great immediate demand for new craft. Our plantations, and English producers, were also restricted in their dealings, but the policy did deprive the Dutch of most of their trade, and this country became at last an emporium for the commerce of the world. With changed political and commercial conditions, the importance of the Navigation Acts passed away, and the new political economy of Adam Smith taught British statesmen other lessons than those of restriction. In 1820, the London Chamber of Commerce petitioned Parliament for an inquiry into the existing commercial regulations. They urged that free commercial intercourse between nations tended to their mutual advantage, as they could then supply each other with the commodities for the production of which each was specially fitted. A Committee of the Commons, in their report, laid down new principles issuing, as we have seen, in Huskisson's modification of the Navigation-laws in 1826. In 1846, the operation of the statutes was

suspended, and in 1849 they were repealed as regarded all trade between foreign countries, or our colonies, and the British Isles. In 1854, free trade, as regards shipping, was completed in the throwing open of our coast-trade to foreign vessels. The vast increase of commerce carried on by British ships is a triumphant answer to those advocates of "Protection" who predicted that the new legislation would ruin this country for the benefit of foreigners.

When Peel had passed away both from power and from life, the sceptre of finance came into the hands of his ablest follower, Mr. Gladstone, by whom free trade was carried almost to its utmost possible lengths. Under Lord John Russell's ministry (1846-1852), our markets had been thrown open to foreign as well as to colonial sugar. The Budget of 1853, carried by Gladstone in his first term of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, reduced the tea-duty from 2*s. 2d.* to 1*s.* per pound, greatly reduced the duty upon thirteen articles of food, and wholly removed or much lessened the customs-payment on 256 minor commodities. In 1860, with Mr. Gladstone again at the Exchequer, another new departure was taken in the interest of British manufactures and commerce. His speech, when he introduced the financial proposals for the year, proved the vast benefit conferred by the free-trade policy. In 1842, the annual income of the country had been 154 millions; in 1859-60 it had risen to 200 millions. The increase had occurred in every class, and with the agriculturists it had been greatest. He showed that remissions of taxation had always been followed by increase of revenue, consequent on the growth of trade and commerce. Eulogizing Mr. Cobden for his successful exertions in negotiating a commercial treaty with France, on free-trade principles, he said, "Rare is the privilege of any man who, having fourteen years ago rendered to his country one signal and splendid service, now again, decorated neither by rank nor title, bearing no mark to distinguish him from the people whom he loves, has been permitted to perform a great and memorable service to his sovereign and to his country". A very large reduction was now made in the duties on foreign wines, and duties to the amount of more than one million a year were removed, either by reduction or by abolition, on butter, cheese, eggs, tallow, oranges and lemons, timber, currants, raisins, figs, and hops. The simplification of the customs-duties reached such a point that after 1861 only fifteen articles remained, for

purposes of revenue, on the tariff, or official list of commodities liable to duty. Only volumes of statistics and exposition could demonstrate the benefit of this freedom of trade. It is certain that no home, however lowly, within the British Isles, failed to enjoy increase of comfort and of happiness. The new policy was put to the severest test in 1861, after the failure of our harvest in the previous year. The population had greatly grown since the repeal of the Corn-laws. There were far more mouths to feed, and our home-supplies of wheat were grievously diminished. Then through the open ports the surplus-food of foreign lands came pouring in to make loaves for British tables, and the working class had cheap and abundant food. In 1864, the sugar duties were further reduced, and in 1865 the duty on tea was lowered to 6d. per pound. Since 1859, British imports from France had more than doubled, and our exports to that country had risen from about four to twenty-two millions.

CHAPTER IV.

THRIFT: NATIONAL, SOCIAL, COMMERCIAL.

Early laws for relief of the poor—Their evil results—The Poor Law Amendment Act—The Poor-law in Scotland—Savings-banks and penny-banks—Marine, fire, and life insurance—Friendly societies—Co-operative and building societies—Moral benefit derived from these societies—Utilization of waste substances—Slag and coal-tar—Arsenical pyrites and alkali waste—Economy of fuel—Preservation of meat, &c.

"A penny saved is a penny gained" is a maxim applicable equally to national, commercial, and domestic affairs. What thrift can do for a nation was wonderfully shown in France during the years that followed the great catastrophe of the Franco-German war. When Thiers, the President of the third French Republic, was seeking to hasten the evacuation of the national territory by the victorious German troops, in paying down at once several instalments, or the balance due on the war-indemnity, he appealed to the people for subscriptions to a loan of eighty millions of pounds sterling. That enormous amount was offered fifteen times over within France itself, and a large portion of the sum sent in came from the savings of the hard-working, economical peasantry or small tillers of the soil.

One of the most difficult problems presented to political and

social reformers is that connected with the wise, humane, and economical treatment of the helpless and impoverished class that exists in all great communities. On the one hand, their business is to feed, clothe, and lodge a number of hopelessly pauperized persons in a way consistent with Christian kindness, and yet with a due regard to the pockets of the rate-payers. On the other, their aim must be to discourage pauperism, to detect imposture, to aid the deserving with the least possible loss of their self-respect, and to drive the able-bodied back to the ranks of honourable, self-supporting labour. It is certain that the operation of the existing Poor-law is in some respects highly unsatisfactory, and its tendency the reverse of beneficial, but it is ideal perfection in comparison with the system which it superseded in the fourth decade of the nineteenth century. The first statute for the relief of the impotent poor was made in 1388. Under Henry the Eighth, each parish was ordered to provide for the helpless, and set the able-bodied to work. Tramps and "sturdy beggars" were whipped for a first offence; they had their ears cropped for a second; a third entailed hanging as felons and enemies to the commonwealth. Collections of alms were made at church, and a statute of Elizabeth, in 1563, made the contributions of the opulent compulsory by fine and imprisonment. In 1573, compulsory assessment by the justices began. The famous Elizabethan Poor-law, passed in 1601, formed the basis of the system of poor-relief down to the present day. Every inhabitant of every parish was taxed by a poor-rate, and the justices appointed overseers of the poor to act along with the churchwardens. Work was provided for able-bodied paupers, and children were apprenticed to various trades. It was long before this statute was fully applied. In course of time, great abuses crept in. The rate-payers were perforce boarding and lodging many persons capable of self-support; overseers were dishonest; justices were reckless in raising money by rates. In 1723, indoor-relief at workhouses was substituted for allowances made to the poor at their own abodes. An Act of 1782 established workhouse-unions for several adjacent parishes, and appointed poor-law guardians in control of the system. Towards the end of the eighteenth century mischievous changes were made. In 1793, one statute enabled the justices to establish a minimum rate of wages. In 1796, another Act increased the amount of relief, removed the labour-test previously applied at the

workhouse, and allowed relief to be given in aid of wages. Outdoor relief thus became general, and the poor-laws were made into a wage-paying institution. In 1801, it was estimated that the rates for poor-relief amounted to £4,000,000, and in 1820 that enormous sum, for that age, was nearly doubled. The evil reached an intolerable height of wastefulness, fraud, improvidence, injustice, and oppression. The confusion made, by the system of relief in aid of wages, between the demands of want and the demands of industry brought the whole labouring population, in country districts, under the partial and despotic control of the squire, the clergyman, and the farmer, who, forming a tribunal for the suppression of vice and the encouragement of virtue, reduced the worthy to desperation, and made hypocrites of the worthless. The test of destitution was squalid filth, and the test of character was whining gratitude in return for alms. In the workhouses able-bodied men, at the cost of the rate-payers, were stuffed with food, including good ale. The poor-rate became, in many cases, equal to the rent of the land that was assessed, and even, in some cases, exceeded that amount. A Parliamentary Commission of 1832 revealed these mischiefs, and their report, delivered in 1834, declared the poor-law administration to be "destructive of the welfare of the community". The Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 divided the whole of England and Wales into 647 unions of parishes, each with a committee of guardians composed of county-justices and of persons appointed by the rate-payers. No relief was henceforth given to the able-bodied poor, except in workhouses established on a very rigorous basis. Before two years had passed, wages were rising and rates were falling throughout the country parishes. Idle paupers were being turned into steady labourers. The rates, in five years, sank from about eight millions to half the amount. Many other statutes have abated various evils, and since 1871 a state department called the Local Government Board has carefully supervised the whole administration of poor-relief. In Scotland, Acts of 1535 and 1663 provided for the maintenance of the infirm poor by taxation. The modern system is based upon a statute of 1845, establishing a general board of supervision, with assessments imposed by parochial boards, one-half on owners and one-half on tenants. The parochial boards are appointed by the ratepayers, and able-bodied persons out of employment have no right to demand relief at all.

Social thrift, in the nineteenth century, has been vastly promoted in the first establishment, or the increased use, of various organizations. Savings-banks, mainly voluntary associations for the receipt of small deposits made by poor persons, and their accumulation at compound interest, were institutions unknown in the British Isles until the last year but one in the eighteenth century. It was in 1799 that the Rev. J. Smith, rector of Wendover, in Bucks, started this mode of frugality for the working class by offering to receive, along with two co-trustees, any weekly sums of not less than 2d. from his parishioners. If the amount deposited during the year were not diminished before Christmas, he undertook to encourage the depositors by a *bonus* or addition of 1s. 3d. to each little fund. A like institution was formed near London, in 1803, by Mrs. Wakefield, a wise and benevolent lady residing at Tottenham. These excellent examples were quickly followed among the thrifty Scots. In 1807 the Rev. John Mackay established a savings-bank at West Calder, in Mid-Lothian, and in 1810 another, which was afterwards chiefly taken as a model, was founded by the Rev. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire. Four years later, the Edinburgh Savings-bank was set up, and in the two following years the first banks of this class appeared in Ireland and Wales. The system soon spread throughout the kingdom, and in 1817 and 1824 Acts of Parliament provided for the deposit at interest of sums exceeding £50 in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners. Many other statutes have aimed at the good management and safety of these "trustee"-banks, which have been of vast use to the cause of frugality among the working classes. In 1895, over forty-five millions sterling was the amount due to rather more than a million and a half depositors. We may glance in passing at an excellent scheme for teaching thrift in early years by the establishment of penny banks in schools. Of these, in 1890, there were nearly 2500. In 1861, the cause of thrift was taken up by the government in the admirable Post-office Savings-banks, established in connection with the money-order department. Any sum not less than a shilling is received, up to £50 in one year, and not exceeding £200 in all. Interest is paid on every complete pound at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Such was the popularity acquired by this system, under which perfect safety for deposits exists in the responsibility of the government, that in 1895 nearly

one hundred millions sterling was the sum due from the Post-office to over six millions of depositors. Further encouragement to thrift has been given by the institution of a system of annuities and life insurance in connection with the Post-office banks.

The system of insurance or assurance against accidents of various kinds that may befall human beings or their property, including life assurance as a means of provision for survivors, is of by no means modern origin. Marine insurance against the perils of the sea for vessels and goods is very old indeed. Fire insurance was known in this country before the Conquest. The earliest known life-assurance policy was dated June 15th, 1583. Many fire-and-life-insurance offices existed in the eighteenth century, and the great marine-insurance association known as "Lloyd's", from the coffee-house in Lombard Street, London, which was once its centre, became largely developed during that period, as the commerce of the country grew in importance. On this subject, which concerns every class of the community, we need only state that the increase of pecuniary precautions against every kind of risk to property and person, and of provision against the inevitable close of life, has been carried, during the nineteenth century, to a point that defies calculation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer encourages life insurance by allowing the annual premium paid on a policy to be deducted from the income-return made for taxation, and the tax on fire-insurance companies was repealed in 1869. "Industrial assurance", connected solely with the wage-earning class, issues life-policies of small amount, with premiums paid either weekly or monthly. One fact on this head will suffice to indicate the enormous business transacted in Great Britain. The Prudential Company alone received in one year (1896), in industrial premiums, more than four and a half millions of pounds.

In Friendly Societies we have, on the part of the working class, another immense development of thrift. These associations for the relief of members, by mutual assurance, in seasons of distress, had their ancient form in the mediæval trade-guilds or craft-guilds. In the modern style, these "benefit-clubs", as they have been called, arose in England and Scotland early in the eighteenth century. In 1793, legislation began to protect and encourage them, and during the Victorian period they have thus been specially fostered and increased. Under various quaint titles—Foresters, Oddfellows,

Druids, Rechabites—and names connected with divers handicrafts, these societies are found in every part of the country. A few statements will show the amount of good work done, and the benefit thereby accruing to the community at large. In fourteen years, the "Manchester Unity" society disbursed to its members, in payments for sickness and funeral expenses, nearly seven and a half millions, and moreover added three millions to its capital. In 1892, these mutual provident associations contained about eight and a half millions of members, with funds amounting to over 26 millions sterling. It is calculated by good judges that the rate-payers of the United Kingdom annually save, through the action of Friendly Societies in keeping members from the need of Poor-law relief, the sum of two millions. An Act of 1875 appoints public accountants and actuaries to make a quinquennial valuation of assets.

Co-operation for trading purposes is, in a practical and permanent form, an institution of the Victorian age. We are not here dealing with that form of co-operation which consists of an association of men, engaged in some trade or industry, for the purpose of carrying it on solely by their own efforts and thus securing for themselves all the profits of their labours. We refer to those societies whose object is to provide the members, and sometimes also the general public, with the ordinary household necessaries, at as nearly as possible the prime cost. The profits of the "middleman", or series of middlemen, are thus intercepted for the benefit of individuals buying, through their organization, at wholesale charges, and distributing with some slight addition of price for interest on capital and expense of management. The first association of this class which was a real success, and became a model for hundreds of the same kind, was the Equitable Pioneers' Society, established in 1844 at Rochdale, in Lancashire. A score or so of weavers, gathering their modest capital of £28 in subscriptions of twopence and threepence per week, saved from their hard-earned wages, opened a store for dealing, at the outset, only in flour, butter, sugar, and oatmeal. Commercial wisdom, from the first, presided over the management. The interest payable on shares was limited to five per cent, and all profits of the trading were divided among the members in proportion to the value of their purchases. Never was an undertaking marked by a more rapid,

continuous, and brilliant success. In thirteen years' time from the date of opening, the capital amounted to £15,000, the members to nearly 2000, and the annual sales to £80,000. The working men of the Midlands and North of England, and beyond the border, had already spread these institutions far and wide, and, after the example of the Rochdale society, trading was extended to all kinds of goods. The "Rochdale Pioneers" now number about 7000 members, with an annual sale of goods exceeding a quarter of a million sterling. Great Britain now contains about 1400 such associations, with a million members, and transactions to be reckoned by tens of millions of pounds. The cause of co-operation was furthered by the formation of a Central Society, a conference of which, held in London in 1852, laid down principles of high moral value concerning honesty in trading, and unselfish dealing amongst workmen. Twelve years later, in 1864, the machinery of co-operation was improved by the establishment of a "Wholesale Society", with great stores at Manchester and (in 1869) at Glasgow, for the purchase of goods on a very large scale, and a consequent increase of profits to members. Hundreds of local societies became attached to this central organization, with great advantage to their interests, and the movement became a signal and triumphant example of capacity in the working classes for the management of great commercial affairs. In 1869 national congresses of co-operative societies became an annual event in one or other of the larger towns. Two years later, the *Co-operative News* became the press-representative of co-operators, and the organization reached its culminating point in the Co-operative Union, with a regular constitution drawn up in 1873. The Wholesale Society now owns large productive works for boots, shoes, woollen cloth, soap, and other articles, with a small fleet of steamships for continental trading, and great agencies for the purchase and transmission of goods, not only in the British Isles, but in Hamburg, Calais, Rouen, Copenhagen, and New York. The middle classes, in 1866, began to imitate their labouring fellow-citizens by the initiation of the Civil Service Supply Association, followed by the Army and Navy Stores, and other developments.

Another remarkable and most serviceable form of thrift is found in Building Societies, which are joint-stock associations, with a fund raised by periodical subscriptions, for the purpose of aiding members

to acquire small portions of property in land and houses. The Proprietary Societies take money on deposit, paying a slightly higher rate than the usual interest on money at call, and they grant loans for building purposes, repayable by instalments. The Mutual Societies receive weekly or monthly subscriptions, and enable members, by repayments of a loan for purchase of a house or land, spread over a term of years as a rent, to become in due course owners of the property. Statutes of 1874 and later years regulate proceedings in the interest of members, and the system acquired such proportions that ere long the United Kingdom contained over 2100 societies, mostly in England and Wales, with a subscribed capital of about 34 millions, and assets exceeding 50 millions.

The moral benefit of the movements which we have just described is beyond all question. English co-operation had its origin in a species of enthusiasm for the attainment of ideal good to the community on the principles of a truly benevolent socialism whose chief apostle in this country was Robert Owen. His experiments in that direction, in England, Ireland, and the United States, were failures, but the spirit survived, and, combined with a due regard for economical laws, and practical considerations of supply and demand, that spirit gave a valuable impetus to the work so well initiated by the Rochdale weavers. Co-operation recognized the moral law that men should help one another, and live for one another, as being thus alone truly able to live for themselves. The result has been something far higher than mere thrift, or economical advantage, among the working classes. They have thereby learned to act together, to subordinate dissent on details to agreement on principles, to combine for a common purpose in spite of many diversities of opinion on subjects extraneous to that general object. In the somewhat and sometimes stormy debates of the periodical meetings of shareholders, toleration is learnt as a practical duty of life. The very efforts made at economical improvement have produced a change for the better, plainly visible in the dress, the demeanour, the speech of the men who are members of co-operative societies. The rigid honesty of dealing practised at the stores, where the sellers have no interest in chicanery of any kind, but are regardful solely of their duty to give full weight, fair measure, and an unadulterated article, has the happiest moral effect upon those who come within reach of such influence. Sobriety has been promoted

in the existence of handsome markets and shops to which members may resort—shops and markets alike being their own property—their purses filled with the coin once lavished for ill uses in the bar of the tavern. It is a fact that young men in search of prudent and frugal wives consult the books of their own co-operative stores for the names of single female members, not for the sake of their little dowries there invested, but because the possession of such a property is an incontestable proof of their conjugal worth. The life of the masses has been organized and elevated, and their social position vastly improved, by the system which has so happily combined the implanting of moral germs with the bestowal of pecuniary profits.

The chief phase of commercial thrift, a later development of this nineteenth century, is presented in the methods which have been devised for utilizing products formerly flung away as mere worthless waste. Chemical science has been our chief pioneer and assistant in this important work. Out of a large field of acquisition in this department we can cull only a few specimens. Coal-dust is made into a valuable fuel as briquettes, or small bricks, used in household fires and various industries. The dust is mixed with pitch and moulded by pressure and heat into fuel that will remain alight for seven or eight hours, furnishing a heat equal to that given out by coal. The slags or scoriæ of blast-furnaces, mainly composed of a silicate of lime and alumina, may be seen in huge artificial hills around works for smelting iron-ore. About eighteen millions of tons of this rugged hard stuff are yearly produced at the blast-furnaces of Great Britain, and this vast amount of material was, until recent times, regarded as absolutely useless. In the molten state it is now made by steam action into fine filaments called slag wool or silicate cotton, a bad conductor of heat and sound, and therefore useful as a covering for boilers and floors. In other cases, the slag is made into bricks and blocks for building and paving, and from that produced in making steel from one class of pig-iron a valuable manure for land is obtained in the form of phosphoric acid. A striking instance is seen in the products of coal-tar, or gas-tar, in dealing with which modern chemistry has gained one of the greatest triumphs of mind over matter. This thick black liquid, opaque and strong-smelling, mainly produced in the manufacture of gas, was at first regarded as a waste material. Science stepped in, and showed in coal-tar a most abundant source of benzene, a compound

of carbon and hydrogen discovered, in 1825, by the illustrious chemist and natural philosopher Michael Faraday, successor of Sir Humphry Davy in the chair of Chemistry at the Royal Institution. The material is of value to the chemist from its power of dissolving certain substances, and is of great commercial importance as the source of colours for dyeing. It was in 1856 that Mr. Perkin, an English student of chemistry, discovered the exquisite colour known as mauve, and led the way in producing aniline dyes of many a brilliant hue. The vegetable dye called madder has been superseded by alizarin, a product of coal-tar, and this tar, of which our gas-works yearly produce about half a million tons, has now become worth, for some purposes, many pounds per ton. Creasote, for preserving timber against decomposition by damp or by insects, naphtha, various substitutes for quinine, and the strong sweetener, saccharine, are all produced from the once despised coal-tar. Many kinds of materials, once rejected as worthless to mankind, are now employed for the manufacture of paper. Wood, straw, the esparto-grass of Spain, the waste of flax and jute mills, old and torn paper of every description, old ropes, are all now reduced to pulp, and employed in making either mill-board for bookbinding and boxes, or paper for its countless uses in the civilized world. Wherever we turn we see the spirit of commercial thrift, with the aid of scientific and engineering energy and skill, turning once worthless waste into gold. There are trades, indeed, in which, under the fierce competition of modern days, the sole living profit comes from the utilization of the waste products. We have sawdust turned into oxalic acid, and the same material, from the finer timbers such as ebony and rose-wood, moulded into beautiful ornamental shapes. The waste made by cork-cutters becomes linoleum and cork-carpet; the refuse of silk-works, through British ingenuity, has since 1857 been spun into yarn and woven into cloth. The waste of woollen-mills, and all kinds of woollen rags, are either turned into flock for paper-hangings or worked up into yarn, along with fresh wool, which in the end compose cheap fabrics such as druggets and rugs, flannels and friezes, and the cheap "shoddy" clothing for the countless purchasers of ready-made goods in the home and colonial markets.

The substance called arsenical pyrites, or mundic, once seen in vast mounds, lying valueless, round the copper-mines of Devon-

shire and Cornwall, has been lately turned to valuable commercial account. Once sold at from half a crown to fifteen shillings per ton, it now reaches in price to above seven pounds for that amount. The stuff contains from twelve to seventeen per cent of arsenic, largely used in various manufactures as well as in medicine. Our last instance of new wealth due to industrial chemistry is taken from alkali waste. At Widnes, in Lancashire, on the river Mersey, a town containing iron-foundries, works for copper-smelting, and manufactures of soda and soap, there are five hundred acres covered to a depth of twelve feet with deposits of this waste, a mass amounting to ten millions of tons. In its first form, at the time of deposit, this nauseous mass contained a million and a half tons of sulphur, worth about £4 per ton. Six millions of pounds sterling were thrown away, because the alkali-makers had not, in spite of constant and costly efforts, devised the means of at once extracting the valuable sulphur, and of preventing the nuisance due to its presence in the huge deposit, giving off sulphuretted hydrogen to poison the air. In 1889, Messrs. Chance, the alkali-makers, succeeded in first driving off the sulphuretted hydrogen from the waste, and then, using a kiln invented by Mr. Claus, they burned the hydrogen, and deposited the sulphur in a state of almost chemical purity. This ingenious process will be shortly producing enough to supply all our own wants; will save the money now sent to Sicily for sulphur; and will leave sixty or seventy thousand tons for export. In the alkali-trade, the soda itself is sold at a loss, and the deficit is covered by the profit on what was formerly wasted.

Economy of fuel is a species of thriftiness in which great advances have been lately made. At the large factories, expensive machinery is employed to wash and separate the ashes and cinders from the furnaces, and every particle that will burn is returned to the fire. A forced draught of air, worked by jets of steam, is applied to boilers, and the furnaces that heat them are thus made to consume the finest coal-dust. Improvement in steam-engines and boilers has reduced by one-half the consumption of coal per horse-power by the hour. In the making of iron, a like result has been attained, to a striking degree, by the use of the hot-air blast. The heat, in this process, is obtained by utilizing the inflammable gases which, on the old system, blazed away to waste from the top of the furnace.

Modern economy has also produced enormous results in the preservation of meat, fish, vegetables, fruit, milk, and other provisions for conveyance to and sale in distant markets. The account of our Australasian colonies will display this process on an immense scale. The methods employed include refrigeration, or the agency of cold; desiccation, or the complete extraction of moisture; chemical antiseptics, preventing putrefaction; and the exclusion of air. The European markets are supplied yearly with millions of tons of excellent beef and mutton in the shape of frozen carcasses. Dried vegetables are largely used on board ships. Soup-tablets, made of meat and vegetables dried and pressed, afford nourishing food, with the smallest amount of trouble, by the addition of boiling water. The condensation of milk is of boundless service to voyagers by sea, and to all others who are unable to procure the fresh produce of the cow. The exclusion of air from the cases containing cooked foods is an invention probably due, about 1810, to a Parisian named Appert, whose original method was improved by the combined ingenuity of many minds. Large food-preserving factories now exist in Aberdeen and London, the chief British centres of this important industry.

C H A P T E R V.

MANUFACTURES.

Output of coal and iron—The Bessemer and Siemens-Martin processes in steel-making—Nasmith's steam-hammer—Rolling-mills—Immense progress of the iron industry—The Cleveland and other iron districts—The cotton, woollen, and linen trades—Paper-making—Production of salt—Pottery—The Doultons—Introduction of alpaca cloth—Uses of india-rubber, vulcanite, and gutta-percha—The jute manufacture.

On the subject of manufactures and mining, progress in which, so far as mere extent of production is concerned, has naturally kept pace with the growth of population at home and abroad as purchasers, we shall here deal chiefly with new and improved methods employed in some of the most important industries of old standing, and with new trades created by modern British energy and skill. The backbone of industries dependent on steam-power cannot, at present, be anything but coal. The output of this material has grown from about 40 million of tons in 1837 to nearly

five times that amount. The production of pig-iron in Great Britain, which, at the beginning of the century, only reached some hundreds of thousands of tons, at this time exceeds eight millions of tons. It is in dealing with iron and steel that some of the greatest improvements due to modern manufacturing skill have been displayed. It was in 1830 that the hot-air blast for iron-furnaces, invented by Neilson of Glasgow, began to render the service already described. A vast improvement in steel-manufacture came with the process invented by Sir Henry Bessemer, a mainly self-taught man of most ingenious mind, born in 1813 at Charlton, in Hertfordshire. The simple process of forcing a blast of air, at high pressure, through pig-iron in a molten state, drives out the carbon, and converts the iron into a very cheap and useful kind of steel, employed for such heavy manufactures as rails, wheel-tires, rollers, boiler-plates, and plates for ship-building. There never was a grander or more successful invention in metallurgy than this Bessemer process, nor one that gained so great renown for its deviser. The patent was taken out in 1856, and, in the course of a few years, our annual production of steel was raised from 50,000 tons to thirty times as much, while the price fell from £50 per ton to one-fifth of that amount. The other great inventor in the British iron-industry was Sir William Siemens, a native of Hanover, who became a naturalized subject of this country in 1859, was elected F.R.S. three years later, and won the Bessemer Medal in 1875 for his researches and inventions in heat and metallurgy. In 1882 he became President of the British Association, and died at the close of 1883, a few months after receiving a knighthood. This eminent inventor, actively engaged in connection with telegraphy, electric lighting and electric locomotion, produced in 1856 his regenerative furnace, a most ingenious device for saving heat in many industrial processes, especially in the process of making steel. The Siemens-Martin process of steel-making is a successful rival of the Bessemer. Another distinguished name in connection with the British iron-manufacture is that of Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, F.R.S., a founder of the great Clarence iron-smelting works on the Tees, and a very able writer on metallurgical and chemical subjects.

In the production of wrought iron on a large scale, the steam-hammer has been the great mechanical invention of the nineteenth

century. The idea has been traced to the illustrious James Watt, but no practical step was taken until about 1841, when a steam-hammer was at work at Creuzot in France. The machine had been constructed from a copy, made by two French engineers, of a sketch in the "scheme-book" of Mr. James Nasmyth, proprietor of the Bridgewater Foundry, near Manchester. That ingenious man, born at Edinburgh in 1808, had neglected to patent his idea, and was astounded when he saw it in operation at Creuzot. In June, 1842, he protected his invention, and early in 1843 the first English steam-hammer was at work in his foundry. The great improvement of an automatic contrivance, giving complete command over the force of the blow, and raising the hammer instantly after delivery so that its cold face should not chill the heated mass being forged, was due to Nasmyth's manager, Robert Wilson. Other changes gave increased value to this most powerful instrument.

The economy effected by the Bessemer process has been greatly assisted by improvements in machinery for dealing with iron on the larger scale of manufacture. Rolling-mills with engines working up to 10,000 horse-power take ingots of hot steel weighing over a ton, and in about three minutes form a railway-bar 130 feet in length, drawn out from a mass only 6 feet long. Circular saws then cut the rail into lengths of 30 feet. The power and completeness of the rolling-machinery are finely displayed in the production, within twelve hours, of 400 tons of rails by a single mill. Boiler plates of 13 feet by 10 feet in length and breadth, and weighing nearly a ton, are produced by another form of rolling-mill, and a triumph of the power vested in steam-machinery is displayed in the construction of rolled armour-plates for men-of-war, more than two feet in thickness and weighing nearly 50 tons. The consumption of iron in the United Kingdom for railways alone is such as to confound the mind with its figures. It is certain that for the railroads themselves more than 12 millions of tons of pig-iron, now superseded by steel, have been worked up, and about 7 millions of tons more for the locomotives, carriages, and waggons, while half a million of tons at least are annually needed to replace the wear and tear of rails and rolling-stock. The use of iron for ship-building, which only began on any extensive scale about 1840, has vastly increased the consumption of this king of metals. During

THE 40-TON STEAM-HAMMER AT WORK IN WOOLWICH ARSENAL

One of the great inventions of the nineteenth century is the steam-hammer. The idea first occurred to James Watt, and was patented by him in 1784; but the real inventor was James Nasmyth, a native of Edinburgh, and son of the Nasmyth who painted the well-known portrait of Burns. A drawing of the invention was made in 1839, and this was seen and patented by two French engineers, but it was not until 1843 that Nasmyth erected his first hammer at Patricroft, near Manchester. The invention was afterwards greatly developed and improved by Robert Wilson, who was manager to Nasmyth in the Bridgewater Foundry. The earliest hammers were only 5 cwt., but in recent years they have been made up to 125 tons. The hammer given in this illustration is 40 tons in weight, delivers a blow of about 1000 foot tons, and is chiefly employed in making large gun forgings. Each forging is taken from the neighbouring furnace, and is swung into position under the hammer (as here shown) by means of a large crane. The machine is under the complete control of the hammerman, who is stationed at the side upon a small platform.



ENOCH WARD

THE 40-TON STEAM-HAMMER AT WORK IN WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

the seven years ending in 1884, about four millions of tons had been worked up into the hulls and machinery of mercantile vessels launched in British yards. Here again iron has been now, to a very large extent, replaced by steel. Many thousands of tons of iron are found in the telegraph-wires of land and sea, and the annual demand for this purpose, for the ropes of steel-wire that have been substituted for hemp, for fencing and other purposes, amounts to half a million tons of iron and steel. Another large use of the metal is seen in the so-called tin-plates for household uses and for packing preserved provisions. These plates are really made of iron coated with tin, and the British export of the material yearly exceeds 300,000 tons.

The iron industry affords employment to such vast numbers of miners, smelters, and craftsmen engaged in turning crude iron and steel into countless objects of utility to man, that it assumes a high national importance. We must pass into the workshops where, with infinite skill and ingenuity, the metal is manipulated into divers forms, before we can begin to realize the truth on this subject. Of such rough work as cast-metal pipes, a vast item in the trade, stove-grates, and kitchen-ranges, we take no account. The locomotive engine and its tender cost about £60 per ton, or nine times the value of the metal used in their construction. The spinning-mule of our factories, costing from £210 to £250, weighing six tons, and containing 1000 spindles, is sold for five times the cost of the materials. The steel-wire used for needles at Redditch, in Worcestershire, costs about £60 per ton when it is delivered at the needle-factory. The wire has been drawn out from ingots of Bessemer steel costing less than £5 per ton. The same material, made into common needles for export to China, is worth £260 per ton, and the best needles for home use are sold at £5600 per ton. At the same town, fish-hooks are largely manufactured. The wire used for the finest class of these goods costs £336 per ton, while the hooks themselves fetch, in the same weight, about £15,000. The height of contrast in value between raw material and finished work is reached in the steel hair-springs for watches and time-pieces. One ton of metal makes about 40 millions of watch-springs, worth in the retail about £400,000, or above thrice the value of pure gold. The main-springs of timekeepers are a coarse article, in comparison, fetching only about £6000 per ton.

During the Victorian age, a great change has occurred as to the localities furnishing iron-ore, and so becoming centres of the trade in pig-iron, steel, and the articles produced therefrom. We have seen that, during the eighteenth century, iron-making passed away from exhausted Sussex to the Midlands and the North, and, in some degree, to South Wales and to Scotland. In 1839, Great Britain was producing annually about one and a quarter millions of tons of pig-iron. Of this amount, nearly half a million tons came from Wales; about 365,000 tons from Staffordshire; 81,000 tons from Shropshire; 35,000 tons from Derbyshire; 52,000 tons from the West Riding of Yorkshire; 18,000 from Gloucestershire; 13,000 from Northumberland and Durham; and nearly 200,000 tons from Scotland. In the course of less than fifty years, we find that a revolution has taken place in some quarters of the land. In north-east Yorkshire, between Whitby and the river Tees, lies the wild, hilly, picturesque moorland district now known to all the world as Cleveland. That beautiful region is marked, on the North Sea coast, by fine bays and by wooded valleys, called "wykes", like the "combes" of North Devon; by bold cliffs of varied outline, culminating in the noble Bowlby Cliff, whose top lies nearly 700 feet above sea-level, second in height on all the coast of England and Wales; and by the matchless display in the public gardens at Saltburn-on-Sea, where a fine wyke is, on one side, left to its natural growth of gorse and heather, while the floor of the valley and the other face of the hill are decked, in summer, with beds of cultivated blooms of most brilliant hues. Inland, lie the varied charms of hill and dale, forest and fern, mountain-stream and waterfall, upland meadow, moorland and furze, heathery slopes and rocky banks, tangled coverts, and deep-drawn recesses and ravines—purples, and greys, and greenery of every hue. In this fair country, too little known, even in these days, to the tourist's foot, there lay below the soil, for ages unsuspected by the dwellers in the land, an untold wealth of iron-ore. In the eighteenth century, small pieces, gathered on the beach, were smelted near Chester-le-Street, in Durham. In 1836, a regular seam was found near Whitby, in the valley of the Esk, and the ore was conveyed by sea to the Tyne and the Tees, for smelting in the furnaces on the river-banks. In 1850, the make of pig-iron in this north-eastern district had risen from 13,000 tons to about 150,000. Then came the

discovery which, in a few years, wrought such a change in Cleveland, turning lonely hamlets into populous towns, and creating the largest iron-making district in the world. The bed of ironstone worked near Whitby was traced by Mr. John Vaughan to the vicinity of Middlesborough, and here, within easy distance of the Durham coal-pits, works for smelting speedily arose. The amount of pig-iron yearly produced in the district has now reached about three millions of tons.

Scarcely less startling has been the result of discovery and human labour in north-west Lancashire and in Cumberland. The produce of pig-iron in these districts has reached nearly two millions of tons, made from the red haematite ore, containing nearly 60 per cent of metal, found at Whitehaven, and at Ulverston, in the detached peninsular part of Lancashire lying between Cumberland and Morecambe Bay. The masses of this rich ironstone are found from 15 to 60 feet in thickness, and on a barren plain of sand has arisen the wealthy town of Barrow-in-Furness, where Bessemer "converters", at the chief iron-works, make weekly about 7000 tons of steel ingots. The discovery of iron-ore, during recent years, in Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, and Notts has caused a yearly production of about half a million tons of pig-iron in those counties, where the output was *nil* in 1839. In the same period, the manufacture in Derbyshire has grown tenfold from the amount above given; and, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, more than six-fold. The product of South Wales and Monmouthshire has more than doubled, and now yearly exceeds a million of tons. The annual product of Wiltshire and Worcestershire has advanced from *nil* to 52,000 and 150,000 tons. The Staffordshire make of iron has grown from 365,000 tons to more than half a million. Turning now to Scotland, we find a vast development of the iron-trade in the Lowlands. In 1801, it is not likely that the Scottish production of pig-iron exceeded a weight of 10,000 tons. In the previous year the famous Black-band ironstone had been discovered near Glasgow, but even in 1828 the whole make of iron in the country did not exceed 30,000 tons. Neilson's discovery of the hot-air blast, above described, then made a speedy and wonderful change. A great saving of the coal employed for smelting was at once effected, and Scotland rose to the first rank as furnishing the cheapest pig-iron made in the world. The yearly product now
R. J. L.

exceeds a million tons. Her output of coal grew from about $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions of tons in 1854 to nearly 29 millions in 1895.

The cotton-trade remained, in 1900, as it had long existed, by far the greatest of British textile industries. In 1801, it was probably the most backward of the larger manufactures, though, as we have seen, the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, Kay, Cartwright, and other ingenious men had paved the way for a vast future development. Successive improvements in the machinery used for spinning and weaving, and the cylinder-printing of calico, introduced about 1785 in place of the old block-printing, have been the chief agencies in giving this country the foremost position. The "self-acting mule" for spinning, invented in 1825 and improved in 1830, was a great step in advance. In 1841, a new power-loom reduced the weaver's labour by one-half, while it enabled him to turn out, in the same time, a greater quantity of better cloth. In 1801, the mule contained about 200 spindles in place of, as at present, 1000 to 1200, and the speed of the working, both for spindles and looms, has greatly increased in recent years. The calico sold at 6s. per yard near the close of the eighteenth century can now be had for less than as many pence. In spite of hostile foreign tariffs and the growth of foreign manufacture in cotton, the value of all kinds of cotton-products exported from Great Britain grew from $24\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1840 to 52 millions in 1860, and in 1887 had reached the enormous amount of 71 millions. In 1889 about 700,000 persons found direct employment in this great industry, upon the prosperity of which, in all its connections and ramifications in mill-erection, machine-making, buying and selling of the raw material and finished goods, nearly 5 millions of persons depend for their livelihood.

The woollen trade of Great Britain has also become of vast importance. Including worsted, a variety of woollen yarn or thread, spun from long-staple wool and twisted harder than usual in the spinning, for weaving into stockings, carpets, and other fabrics, this manufacture employed, in 1885, about 280,000 persons in the British Isles, and the value of our woollen exports rose from under 11 millions in 1854 to about 25 millions in 1895.

The first mill for spinning linen-yarn by machinery arose in 1787 at Darlington in Durham, and flax-spinning works were soon afterwards started in Scotland. In 1812 the weaving of linen by

power-looms was for the first time made a success, at a factory in London, and the manufacture by degrees assumed great importance. Its chief centres at the present day are Leeds in England, Belfast in Ireland, and Dundee and Dunfermline in Scotland. The Irish and Scottish make greatly exceeds the English production, the whole number of persons thus employed in 1885 amounting to about 112,000, of whom more than half were at work in Ireland, and nearly 40,000 in Scotland.

Passing over silk, a declining trade in this country, and hosiery, and lace, we turn to the manufacture of paper. A remarkable interest belongs to a material that has contributed more to the advancement of the human race than any other employed in the arts, and the use of which is so nearly dependent on the advance of civilization. The first paper-mill known in England was erected at Dartford, in North Kent, early in the reign of Elizabeth. The demand for paper in the present day is as inconceivable in amount as the variety of its uses is numberless, and the diversity of vegetable substances from which it can be made is wonderful. Vast progress has been made during the present century, with the united aid of chemistry and mechanics. It was in 1856 that the esparto grass of Spain was first employed in the British manufacture, and in 1890 the United Kingdom imported nearly 220,000 tons of that material. About 1880, wood-pulp was largely adopted, and in 1895 nearly 300,000 tons was used for the manufacture. The article in all forms has become phenomenally cheap, with a corresponding influence on the production of newspapers and books. The continuous rolls of paper, four or five miles long, made for the work of the newspaper rotary-press, are among recent marvellous results of mechanical skill. The production has grown from about 43,000 tons in 1842 to nearly ten times that amount in 1890, and the average price has sunk from £3 per cwt. in 1874 to 3s. The quality of British paper surpasses that of all other European fabrics in the same kind, and has secured an export-trade, to the value of above a million and a half sterling in 1889, for the markets of Asia, South America, and our own Colonies.

The growth of the British production of salt is a matter well worthy of note. Of all countries in the world, England produces and exports most of this indispensable condiment. Cheshire and Worcestershire are the chief centres of the trade, where the article

is manufactured both from rock-salt obtained by mining, and, to a far larger extent, from springs of brine due to the melting of rock-salt by water. The beds of rock-salt vary in thickness from about 50 to 500 feet, if we include discoveries at Fleetwood, in Lancashire (1889), and in Durham, between Middlesborough and Hartlepool, in 1862. In 1890, the rock-salt mined in England, chiefly in Cheshire, amounted to nearly 160,000 tons, and that obtained from brine to nearly two millions of tons, of which more than two-thirds were due to Cheshire. The commercial importance of salt largely depends on its use in the making of soda, soap, stoneware, and glass. The Cheshire production takes place in the valley of the river Weaver, with Northwich as a centre, in a district lying above a great basin of rock-salt twelve square miles in extent. The deposit was discovered in 1670, and lower layers in 1770, but the making of salt on a large scale began only in the nineteenth century. In 1825, the duty, which from 1805 till 1823 was 15s. per bushel, or 3d. per pound, was wholly repealed, and in 1892 the price of the article, which has greatly varied, was at 9s. per ton for common salt, while the far finer table salt fetched 13s.

In no branch of fabrication have British energy and skill made more striking advances than in the artistic work of pottery. The improvements made towards the close of the eighteenth century by the illustrious Wedgwood have been already noticed. The centre of production was by degrees established in the district of North Staffordshire known as "The Potteries", containing the now thriving towns of Stoke-on-Trent, Etruria, Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, Longton, and Newcastle-under-Lyme. The fine ware called "soft porcelain", made in the eighteenth century at Bow and Chelsea, near London, and, as now, at Worcester and Derby, became well known at the close of that period, in Staffordshire, through the able efforts of Thomas Minton, the founder of the famous works called by his name. At the same time, Josiah Spode started the enterprise now in the hands of Copeland & Company. About 1850, Copeland and his rival, Minton, began the manufacture of Parian or statuary porcelain. In the latter half of the Victorian age our great name in the pottery-trade has been that of Sir Henry Doulton, born at Lambeth in 1820, and trained there at his father's works, where he laboured for many years at the potter's wheel. In 1846, at a factory erected near Lambeth Palace, the Doultons began the

fabrication of stoneware pipes for drainage, a trade which has since reached enormous dimensions. Two years later, the largest drain-pipe works in the world were started by the same firm near Dudley. Sir Henry, knighted in 1887, at the Queen's Jubilee, has won his chief fame by the revival of artistic pottery in faience, terracotta, impasto, silicon, stoneware, and other forms, in which his productions have gained the high approval of critics in every civilized country, and have won the highest awards at every notable exhibition at home and abroad.

We must now notice some industries whose origin, or, at any rate, commercial importance, belongs wholly to the nineteenth century. In 1836, a master wool-spinner of Bradford, in Yorkshire, named Titus Salt, was paying a business visit to Liverpool, when a broker showed him a bundle of stuff which had been sent on speculation from Peru, and had failed to find any purchaser. "What is it?" cried the ambitious young manufacturer, who was always on the look-out for new openings in business. "They call it alpaca," the merchant replied, "and it is the hair or wool of a kind of Peruvian sheep." Salt then pulled out a handful of the stuff, and saw a very long, fine, lustrous material of silken texture, almost metallic in appearance. In view of possibilities, he bought the bundle, and in his hands "alpaca" became known to the world. The animal which produced the new material for British spindles and looms is a ruminant mammal of the camel tribe, closely allied to the llama, in form and size resembling a sheep, but furnished with a longer neck, large beautiful eyes, and a shapely head. Its native ground and dwelling-place are on the lofty Andes of Chili and Peru, where it wanders in flocks of from one to two hundred, on the upland pastures near to the line of perpetual snow, driven by the owners, Peruvian Indians, to the huts only in shearing-time, when about seven inches length of wool is annually taken off. With the ingenious methods of treatment adopted by Mr. Salt, alpaca became a woven fabric of great beauty and strength, combined with other wools and with silk in the making of shawls, coat-linings, umbrellas, and fine cloth for wear in hot climates. Above two millions of pounds weight are now annually imported, and the alpaca-manufacture has been largely developed.

The dwellers in damp climates are greatly indebted to the waterproof substance called india-rubber, now employed for an

almost countless variety of useful articles. The raw material, known as caoutchouc, is an elastic gummy hydrocarbonic substance, contained in the milky juice of tropical trees growing in South and Central America, and in the East Indies. In its purest form, it comes from Para, the most northerly province of Brazil. It is a non-conductor of electricity, a bad conductor of heat, and not soluble in water either hot or cold. The dwellers on the banks of the great Brazilian river Amazon had long employed it for bottles, syringes, boots, and waterproofing when, about 1736, india-rubber was brought to Europe. This name was invented many years later on the discovery of its use for rubbing out the pencil-marks of black lead. About the end of the eighteenth century artists paid 3s. for a cubic half-inch of the material. Surgeons and chemists were already using it in the form of flexible tubes. In 1823, a great development of its utility came when an enterprising Glasgow chemist, whose name has survived in that of the article which he invented, patented a waterproofing process for dissolving the gum in alcohol and oil of turpentine, and in coal-tar naphtha. The coats called "Macintoshes" thus came into general use, and water-proofed rugs, and other forms of protection against wet, were largely made. About ten years later, an American citizen, Charles Goodyear, and an Englishman named Thomas Hancock, made independent discovery of the very valuable vulcanizing process, in which the caoutchouc is mixed with sulphur, and subjected to great heat, gradations of which, with variations in the quantity of sulphur employed, produce both a hard and horny, and a soft and elastic substance. This invention caused an enormous extension of the use of india-rubber. Thousands of patents have been taken out, and we see the result in overshoes, boots, shoes, gloves, belting for machinery, tubing of all sizes, life-preservers, gas-bags, buffers, wheel-tires, washers, valves, fire-hose, springs, tobacco-pouches, tapes or threads for weaving into elastic tissues, medical and surgical instruments, and many other forms. The hard vulcanite, or vulcanized caoutchouc, is easily cut, and takes a high polish, which makes it both useful and ornamental in the shape of combs, rulers, inkstands, penholders, buttons, canes, jewel-mounts, frames for artificial teeth, chains, bracelets, boxes, paper-knives, buttons, and other objects formerly constructed of horn or ivory or bone or jet. In larger forms, this admirable substance serves as furniture,

ornamental tiling, pavements, and as an excellent insulating cover for telegraph-wires. There are numerous works for the india-rubber manufacture throughout Great Britain, some of which employ more than 1000 hands. In 1889, our imports of the raw material amounted to 236,000 cwt., worth more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions of pounds. A kindred substance to india-rubber is gutta-percha, the thick milky juice of trees that grow in Malacca, and in Borneo and other islands of the Indian Archipelago. Compared with caoutchouc, it is stronger, more soluble, and less elastic. Made flexible by heat, it is used as a substitute for leather in the soles of boots and shoes, as an insulating cover for the copper wires of submarine cables, for mastics and cements, bottles, and other purposes. It was introduced to this country in 1843 by Dr. Montgomerie of the Indian Medical Service, who noted its utility for making handles to surgical instruments. In 1895, about 48,000 cwt. were imported, at an average price of twelve pounds sterling. Among the articles made from gutta-percha we have also golf-balls, machine-belting, buckets, surgical splints, sheeting, whipcord, speaking-tubes, and water-pipes.

The last item in our category is the valuable textile fabric called jute. This fibre is the tenacious inner bark of a plant about twelve feet high, largely cultivated in Bengal and other hotter parts of India. There, from remote times, it has been woven into cloth for gunny-bags used in packing rice, sago, spices, and other native produce, as well as for clothing. The material's main merit is its cheapness both in raising and manufacture. Being liable to injury from water, it is not well adapted for cordage and canvas, and, in a textile form, the fibre is much inferior to flax both in durability and strength. It was at Dundee, in the reign of William the Fourth, that the jute-manufacture first became important in Great Britain, and that flourishing town is still the head-quarters of the industry. An enormous trade is there carried on in stout cloth for various purposes, sackings, tarpauling, carpets, and floorcloth lining. One branch of the Dundee export-trade consists in vast numbers of small, brightly-dyed prayer-carpets for the Mahomedan worshippers in the East. In 1885, more than 40,000 people, six-sevenths of them in Scotland, were employed in spinning and weaving jute, and the value of British exports amounted to about two millions sterling. In 1895 the raw jute imported into this country had reached nearly 400,000 tons. Two years later (1897)

the value of jute manufactures exported reached £2,167,109 in addition to an export of jute yarn worth £525,981.

We may conclude this account of British manufactures at the close of the nineteenth century with the most recent figures concerning the exports of textile fabrics and yarn, all of home production, in the three chief branches—cotton, woollen, and linen. In 1899, we sent forth to our colonies and to foreign countries cotton manufactures worth over 50½ millions sterling, and yarn to the value of over 8 millions. The woollen manufactures exported were of the value of over 14¾ millions, in addition to woollen and worsted yarn worth nearly 6¾ millions. The linen manufactures sent abroad were worth £5,075,280, besides linen yarn £909,012. In that year, there was a slight decline in the exports of jute bags and yarn, which were of the respective values of £1,962,860 and £460,860. In addition to the above great amounts of textile cloth and of yarn for others to weave abroad, the export of home-made apparel and haberdashery had, in 1899, the value of £6,170,083. The total figures, representing the exported value of British textile goods and yarn—in addition to the enormous value of cotton, woollen, and linen cloth used by the forty million people of the United Kingdom—are very significant. In the four raw materials—cotton, wool, flax, and jute—the textile and spun exported product of the British Isles, in 1899, reached the value of £93,472,493, in which amount the value of home-made material in the apparel and haberdashery exported is estimated at five millions sterling.



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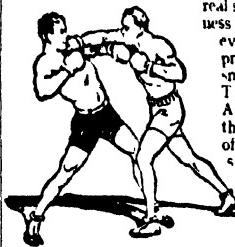
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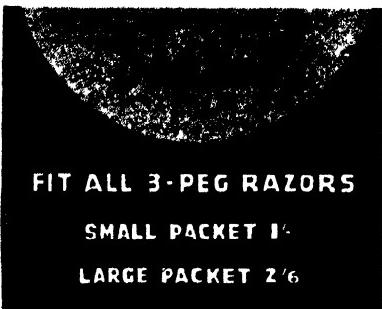
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London Opinion

THE MODERN MONTHLY

VOL. 3. No. 19 (New Series)

MAY, 1941

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WHIPPED TOPICS

"ITALIAN General wounded," states Rome radio. "In the 'seat' of War" presumably.

"Our men swamped the enemy at Benghazi," writes a war correspondent A tidal Wavell?

"The Italians have a 'plane called Kant," says an aeronautical writer. Evidently they never use any other type

Bowes the Yorkshire cricketer is the first football referee to wear spectacles. The others have all been told to often enough



A H.E. bomb exploding on a savings bank sent showers of coins over a passer-by. A great change came over him.

"One of these days we shall salute the dawn of the day of victory," says a German spokesman. Hail! Heiling morn!

Bad news travels fast, but it never gets the length of Italy

Official instructions to the public on how to secure a drifting barrage balloon state that the guys should be seized and tied to a tree. It is an advantage if you can get some other guys to help you.

"The number of London statues damaged by air raids is really remarkably small," says a writer. In our opinion the Luftwaffe has done this deliberately.

"There is always a lot of gossip about a star actor in Hollywood," says a writer. Much of it is probably just old wives' tales.

Hitler is said to wear a bullet-proof shirt. Goering doesn't need to—not with those medals

It'll be nice for the police when the rollicking days of peace come along to be able to doff their tin-hats. It'll be a weight off their minds too

We await with interest Mussolini's fall from power. That should be some power-div

The way Mussolini has played his cards must have embarrassed King Emanuel. Causing a Royal Flush, to say the least!

The Wops have marked all their retreats by setting fire to their surrendered base. Celebrating the occasion with the toast of the town, so to speak

A naturalised Italian was recently tried for 10 cases of bigamy. He admitted having made a bigamistake

A magistrate remarks on the growing recklessness of motorists. They just don't give a hoot

Won't it be grand to see Piccadilly its real old self again? In fact a land fit for Eros to live in



A defendant recently being taken from the dock slipped on a banana skin. She gave notice of a peel.

Ninety-nine years is the time lease arranged in the Anglo-American bases issue. It is hoped by then that old Adolf will have ceased to bother!

German industrial magnate Herr Thyssen, who is reported as being held to ransom by the Germans, says "You can say what you like in Germany—but some things you have to say in prison."



"Pick 'em up! Pick 'em up!"



"They say they only want each other."

THE DEVIL ON HIS CHEST

by H. L. V. Fletcher

A FEW summers ago, while we respected as well as liked the Italians, George Shardeloes was staying at a village called Commaterro in the Italian Alps.

Commaterro is a very small, isolated village indeed, and is com-

pletely unknown, but it suited George admirably, because he wanted to paint landscapes and he did not mind the loneliness.

He had rented a villa from a pretty widow he had met in Nice, and was looked after by an old woman and her husband.

George might have stayed there almost indefinitely but for a discovery the villagers made. Every evening he went to swim in a small lake a mile or two above the village

where the water was always icy cold even after the hottest day.

One evening he was drying himself leisurely when a child from Commaterro happened to come along, and of course, he saw at once the multi-coloured devil that was tattooed right across George's chest and torso. The child took one good look and immediately took to his heels, yelling with fright. George heard the child, and saw him tearing down the path, but he didn't connect its distress with himself.

The villagers at Commaterro are, or were, simple, kindly, likeable folk, but, without exception, abysmally ignorant. Apparently not one had ever heard of tattooing, and this terrifying story brought home by the frightened child completely baffled them.

That night the priest paid George a visit.

"My son," he said as he sat with a glass of wine in his hand, "I would not have you be offended with me, nor think me a curious old man, but there is a story among my flock that a painted devil in the hues of hell rides across your chest——"

At first George stared at him in amazement without realising what he meant, but when he did understand he went red and looked not a little angry.

The fact was that he was extremely sensitive about the tattooed devil. It had been done in a Chinese port when he was very young at a time when he was training for the Mercantile Marine, and he had had it done more in a fit of bravado than anything else and to outdo the other apprentices with their petty hearts

and Union Jacks and lovers' knots on their forearms.

He had regretted it ever since.

The priest had stopped as soon as he saw George's confusion. He was a delicate old man and did not like to pry.

"Perhaps I touch on a forbidden subject," he said diffidently.

"Not at all," said George a trifle sulkily. "It's nothing. Tattooed, you know," he mumbled. "Have some more wine."

The priest did not understand, he had not even heard clearly, but he had some more wine. He realised George resented his question.

"Only one thing let me ask you, my son," he said softly. "Assure me it is not an evil mark. Nothing of bad portent to my little flock. We still fear the devil in Commaterro——"

"Good heavens, of course not!" exclaimed George, trying not to show how annoyed he felt.

The priest was perhaps more curious than he had admitted or realised. "You would not care to show me——" he ventured weakly.

"Certainly not," snapped George. And he began to discuss the vine crop, about which he knew nothing, in order to change the subject.

George's next visitor came the following day. It was the *padrone* from the inn, a fat, oily, little man, with large dark eyes and drooping moustaches.

"Signor, for the love of God," he implored almost before George had begun to wonder what he had come for, "tell me something of the devil you carry on your stomach. It is in the colours of hell, they say.



"Oh yes—I am the nightingale evacuated from Berkeley Square."

Is it real? A private imp, maybe? My wife has kept me awake half the night to make me ask you. If you would give me but one glance, and perhaps," he wheedled, "knowing what women are, my wife, too—"

George had been fairly civil to the priest; this was another matter.

"Tonio," he snapped, "mind your own business, and go home and make your wife mind hers. I never heard of such confounded cheek—"

"Then you will not show me? One leedle look—"

"The hell I will. Clear out!"

"Then my wife only, Signor Shardeloes. Just one small peep to satisfy a woman's curiosity and that I may sleep undisturbed at nights—"

"No," roared George, really angry by now.

"She says it may mean the evil eye—"

"You'll get something worse than the evil eye if you don't shut up."

From that time life in Commaterro was one long conflict. On the villagers' part to have a look at George without his clothes; on George's part to allow them nothing of the sort.

He had to give up his swimming in the lake. Every rock, every bush on the hillside seemed to shelter a spying villager whenever he went with the idea of bathing; and undressing, unless he was willing to do it in public, was out of the question.

His housekeeper took down his bedroom curtains to wash them and forgot to put them up again, and for nights he had to substitute a blanket. He had shutters put on the windows and then had to plug fresh spy holes in them every evening.

Every ruse they could think of the people of Commaterro adopted to persuade George to remove his shirt in some sort of publicity; and every ruse George countered, growing more angry all the time.

And steadily the devil grew and



"How many l's in million?"

flourished in imaginations in ever wilder tints.

About the time the persecution seemed to be dying away George noticed the prettiest girl in the village taking more and more interest in him. He was naturally flattered by her attentions until he suddenly discovered—her wiles were not equal to her beauty—that she was to act as a sort of Delilah to his Samson on behalf of the rest of Commaterro.

This was the last straw. He packed his canvases and his bags and left the place for ever.

A month later the pretty widow returned to her villa for a short stay.

Lisabetta, the ancient house-keeper, told her all about George.

"Such a nice man, signora," she said. "We all liked him. Easy to please. Hardly knew what he ate. Painted all day long his beautiful

pictures. And on his chest, they say, he bore a devil in all the colours of the rainbow. Fire poured from its nostrils, its hair was purple, its cloven feet orange, and the long scarlet tail curled across his stomach. Could it be true, you think, what they say?"

"Oh yes," replied the pretty widow. "Quite likely. But the tail," she mused dreamily, "was green, not scarlet."

ANOTHER LAPSE

*WHEN Burglar Bill took much
more than his fill,
A copper soon brought him to book.
And the papers next day, in their
jocular way,
Said, "Poor Bill wore a very pinched
look."*

—C. B.



"That, sir, is a hat you'll never wear out!"

LOUIE TRIES AGAIN

Very Short Short Story

by Dan McCourt

"**N**OW I've fixed ya good and right, copper, and you're gonna get the works. This time there ain't gonna be no last-minute deliverance, even if ya are a magazine detective who bobs up every month in a new adventure story in spite of all our efforts to rub ya out."

"You'll never get away with this, Louie," said Hawkshaw, the celebrated detective, as he strove vainly with the ropes that bound him securely hand and foot. "The feds know you've put the finger on me, and you're the guy they'll be after if I don't ever show up again."

"Aw, skip it," sneered Louie. "I gotta million alibis. And I've made dead sure that ya ain't got no concealed weapons or tools about ya, such as a fine-tempered saw, no bigger than a match, concealed in yer hair, or a nifty little razor-blade hidden in the lining of yer shoe. Besides, nobody'll come near this warehouse before morning, and by that time you'll be saying howdy to Old Nick. No, copper, yer number's up good and proper this time."

"You'll fry for this, Louie," grated Hawkshaw. "The feds'll get you as sure as shooting."

"Button up your lip, louse," snarled Louie. "Now, ya see the lay-out. The rats'll come for the cheese in that trap. As soon as they snatch it that wire there falls

into the acid which in about an hour eats through the wire, causing that flint to fall on that steel. The spark from the steel lights that candle, and when the candle burns down to the dynamite it's curtains for you, copper."

The great detective made a last despairing effort to avert his impending doom. "You remember, Louie, what happened to Cokey Dan in last month's story," he said, "and to Ronnie the Rat the month before? They, too, thought they had rubbed me out, but they never lived to find out their mistake."

"Them ivory-domed punks!" said Louie scornfully. "They couldn't steal candy from a baby without bungling the job. But we'd better can the chatter. There's a big rat over in the corner. I think he smells the cheese. Well, so long, copper. See ya in hell."

. . .
"Yes, I sure put the finger on that guy Hawkshaw," boasted Louie to a few of his mob in Dugan's saloon next day. "That tough egg won't appear in no more magazine stories."

"That's what you think," said a voice behind him. "Hold it, Louie. That thing boring into the small of your back is a rod, and it's liable to go boom if you make any wrong moves."

"It's—it's Hawkshaw, the detective!" gasped Louie incredulously. "How in hell did ya get away? Didn't the rats eat that cheese?"

"Yes, and they ate the candle too. Come on, Louie; get going."



"But you told me to put his light out."



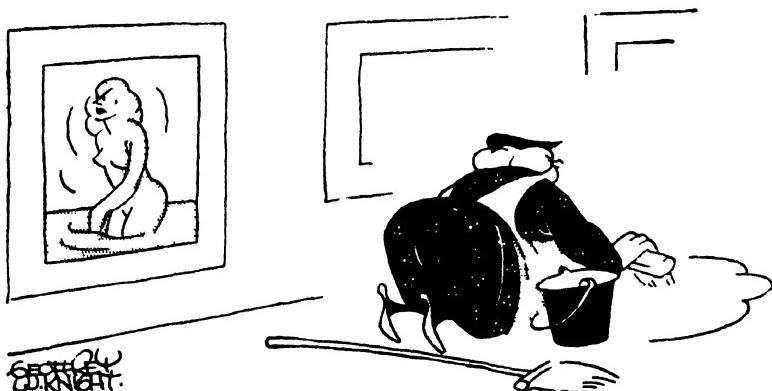
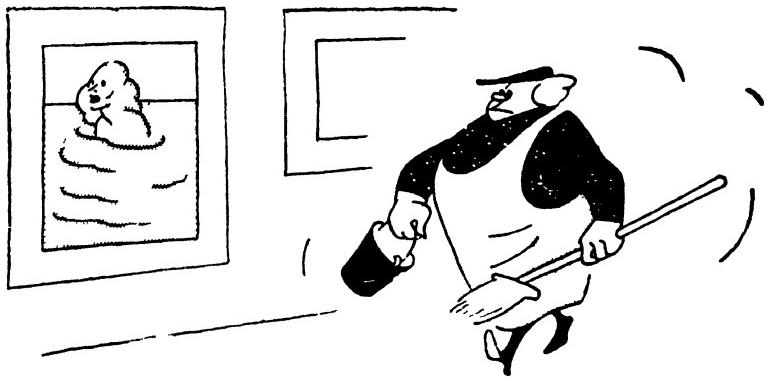
FEATURE PHOTOS.

West goes East.



D. A. BRAUN

"Mind my eggs."



Drained.

George C. Klinefelter



"—er—numerous small advances during the day have been successfully repulsed with some damage."

OUR SOLDIER SERIES

'DEAR MOTHER...'

by D. Compton-James

DEAR MOTHER,

Two hours don't seem very long when you're setting on the back row at the pitchers with a quarter of acid drops and your best girl, corking it's no time at all before you're

dashing for the exit so's you won't have to wait while they play God Save the King. It wouldn't be so bad if they only played the verse and anyway I don't believe you're expected to stand up for a gramophone record.

By the way, did you see that bit in the paper the other day about the bloke what pushed his wife out of bed and made her stand up in her nightshirt while the wireless was

playing the natural anthem, no wonder she applied for a separation order. I must remember this subjeck as I think it would do very well for one of our nightly arguments.

Well, as I was saying, two hours is a short time at the pitchers but it takes a mighty long time to tick by when you're on sentry-go, especially at night.

Yes, I been on guard again and as usual I clicked the 12 to 2 shift, corklino you don't half get a lot of night-work in the army but there ain't nothing extra on your timesheet at the end of the week, they don't seem to have heard about overtime at the War Ofcice.

Well, there's one thing to be said about the guard tent, there's plenty of room in it at night if only you had the chance to enjoy it, there's even room for donkeys brekfists but you can't very well doss down at 8 o'clock and what's the good of going to bed at 10 when you've got to turn out at midnight.

Straight I can't see why they want to put a guard on a camp after midnight. Just think of all the sentries what have lost their beauty sleep since they first invented guards, and what has happened—sweet fanny adams which is army for nix, except when Guy Fox tried to blow up Parliment which was one of the places they had somehow forgot to guard and then he never got away with it.

I suppose it's no good saying anything about it now because they got a good excuse with these para-shoot troops in the offing so to speak.

They say that more human beings die at 2 ack emma than at any other

time of the day and I should think that's about right. Come 2 o'clock in the morning when I am on sentry-go and I am pretty near in the last stages of rigour mortice myself, talk about death warmed up that's just how I feel.

You said you was worried on account of I might get myself shot at dawn for being asleep on sentry duty, knowing what a rare one I am for my full ration of shut-eye. Don't you worry about that old dear I got some different ideas about sleep now.

Remember how wild I used to get when the twins had hooping-cough well I wouldn't get wild about anything like that now, I should just sleep straight through it and even if they did wake me up (they'd have to puke pretty loud to do it) I wouldn't be mad at them. After all it's something to have a nice comfortable bed to lie awake in. Some of those people who are always moaning about they can't sleep at night ought to try a bit of sentry-go between 12 and 2 in the morning after they'd been climbing mountains all day, they'd soon realise they didn't know when they was well off, most likely they got hot-water bottles in bed with em too.

Anyway I ain't ever likely to learn how to go to sleep while I am walking about nor yet even while I am standing up, and there ain't room to lie down in a sentry-box even if we had one at this camp which we ain't, it's not Buckenham Palace by a long chalk and we ain't no Guards though we have to do em.

I don't mind the shift from 8 to 10 so much even if it does mean you

have to go on from 2 to 4, when you can at least watch the dawn coming up though it ain't nothing to write poetry about.

And I don't mind the shift from 10 to 12 because there's always the late-pass men coming in, and the officers who are a lot sportier around midnight than they are at mid-day.

After all, it does give you something to do when you have to keep on saying, "Halt, who goes there?"

You have to say that with your bayonet at the ready which means ready to stick it through the bloke's gizzard if he turns out to be a wrong 'un which he never does because why would a spy try to get in through the front gate when there's half-a-dozen holes in the hedge where the blokes what have overstayed their pass get through. So then the bloke says Friend which anybody could say and which they tell me is practically the same in German anyway. And then you say, advance friend and give the countersign, after which the cross-talk sort of fizzles out because we ain't been told what the countersign is.



"It was lovely! Have you another by the same author?"

Sometimes one of the officers will try to catch you off your guard (ha, ha) and when you say halt, etc., he don't answer. So then you stick your bayonet up against his sambrown that's a kind of combination belt and braces only there's only one brace and they wear it outside their tunics instead of round their trousers, and then you say, what the hell do you think . . . oh, sorry, sir, I didn't know it was you, and then he goes off looking pretty small. Yes, we get a bit of our own back sometimes.

But I can't stand the shift between 12 and 2. There's nothing doing at all and for two hours solid all you

can do is walk up and down, stand still, and then walk up and down again. Even the sargent of the guard knows better than to inspeck the sentry between 12 and 2. Course you do get a chance to have a drag on a gasper now and then but even that's risky these nights with all them Jerry planes about.

Well, after a time you start star-gazing but that don't do you much good we never did no astrology at school.

They say there's a great bear and a plough in the sky, well maybe I wouldn't be able to find the plough not knowing what a plough looks like, but I seen bears on the pitchers but I don't seem to be able to find the great bear and anyway it wouldn't do me no blooming good if I could.

However I reckon I got Mars spotted. They ought to put a sentry up in the sky to stop him coming too near the earth while there's blokes like Hitler loose. They call it the red planet but these here astrologers don't half exaggerate. Look at the Milky Way for instance it's only like a bit of mist nothing at all like that time I pushed in the cap of the milk bottle when I was wearing my best new blue suit.

No, there ain't nothing much in the sky unless there happens to be some shooters but aperiently there weren't many babies being born last night I never saw one. So then I just marched and mooched round the tents and listened to the blokes snoring.

I did have one bit of excitement last night. While I was watching

at the gate looking at nothing in particlker there ain't much else to look at on a dark night, I thought I saw something moving under the hedge opposite.

I didn't take much notice because you often think you see things, but presently something started crossing the road towards me. It gives me a bit of a berth and starts wandering round the camp quite slow. Even when I started following it didn't hurry itself and when I walked on in front of it, it just stopped, never tried to run away or anything. So I approaches very cautiously and as soon as I get within distance I makes a sudden grab to find out what it was.

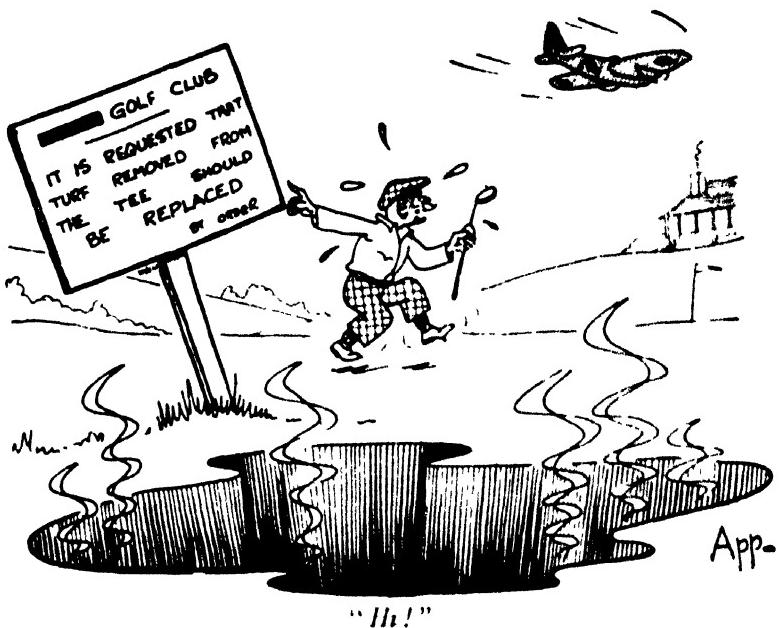
I found out all right, it was a hedgehog and it's no good you saying I ought to have been more gentle and started stroking it because hedgehogs don't much care about being stroked.

So I let it go and followed out of curiosity just to see where it would go. Not paying much attention where I was going, I tripped over a tent rope, caught the other leg, twisted round and then sat down—on the hedgehog.

Now I know where the army got the idea of the baynet from. It didn't seem to hurt the hedgehog any, he got up and walked away as if nothing had happened.

Well I must close now, sorry this letter is a bit shorter than usual but after you've sat on a hedgehog you don't feel like sitting around much. Hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present,

Your loving son,
WILLIE.



"Hi!"

BACK-ANSWERS FROM THE BAT

by R. C. Robertson-Glasgow

I HAD a talk last night with my old cricket bat, Caligula. He's fifteen next May. In bat-age, about 75, I make him.

He looked pretty sour, lying there on his back, staring at the ceiling. Then he blinked, and began to talk, rustily peevish.

"What about a drink?" he croaked.

"Be silent."

"A drink."

"Of what?"

"Oil, you fool."

"My dear old Dutch, I'd give you champagne, if it would bring us

back to the old man partnership."

"Damn that. Drink first; sentiment afterwards. Besides, it wasn't a partnership. I did the work. You gave misdirections."

"Don't talk such -."

"Oil, or the undertaker, for me. Make your choice."

I fetched the drink. There was a slow, woofling, slooshing sound, slithery, emollient swallowings. I massaged Caligula's brown belly. I swear he smiled. We gazed at each other, and sighed.

"You must get rid of Cecil," he went on. "I don't like him here in the bag. Blasted parvenu. Conceited. Done next to nothing, either. Just a couple of nets at Lord's, and he thinks he's the beaver's whiskers. No breeding. That's the trouble. Upstart. Jars on a man who was

brought up by Mr. Gunn and Mr. Moore. One of the Essex Willows, you know ; educated at Nottingham. Cecil's a bastard.

" Manners, Caligula."

" Apologies. Long absent from polite society. But Cecil must go. Stand him in the corner over there. I don't like the fellow. Besides, he's a pansy."

" That's impossible, Caligula."

" Why ? "

" Cecil's a girl. We called her Cecil for the sake of propriety."

" Do you mean that all these months I've been——"

" Manners, Caligula."

" Very well, sir."

He lay silent.

" Caligula."

" Yes."

" Do you remember——"

" Oh, those fearful words ! Soon you'll be quoting poetry. Yes, you will I've heard you do it. You know what I mean—Tread softly, for you tread upon my dreams . . ."

" Not that, Caligula. I never quote poetry. Only verse."

" What then ? "

" Oh, the lines that stay in the memory ; the lines that——"

" Careful, now."

" *When you and I were seventeen,
And life and love were new——*"

" *And you, old cock, were sometimes
seen
To bend, and follow through——*"

" Not bad, Caligula."

" Thanks. But it's strained me. I've a feeling I'm falling. Very dry again, too. Another drink, please."

" This is rank intemperance."

" Don't be pompous. Just a little one."

" Hoary old beggar."

" Well, I've known the time when you——"

" Enough. Here you are, then. Feel better ? "

" Yes. A-ah. Oosh. Do you remember that afternoon at Oporto ? "

" Several, Caligula. You were only a child then."

" Maybe. But I was watching from the pavilion. Little lynx-eyed Herbert in those days. You bowled two vertical wides in the first over after lunch. Two running."

" No, they weren't. They were the first and fourth balls. Slippery footholes. Couldn't get my run right "

" Hypocrite. It hadn't been raining."

Caligula lay thinking. His face shone with refreshment.

" I say," he asked suddenly ; " is it true they once ran two to you at deep mid-on during the Folkestone Festival ? "

" Who told you that ? You couldn't have seen it."

" I didn't. But these rumours go round the cricket-bags, you know."

" Well, it's nearly true. I wasn't attending."

" I'm glad of that."

" Yes ; and an old man in a Gladstone collar in the half-crown seats shouted out—' Spectators have privileges.' "

" They haven't. None whatsoever."

" None."

" None at all."

" Do you know, Caligula. I'd

like to play once more at Worcester."

"Why?"

"Ah, it was quiet. One afternoon there a frog came and stood by me in the deep-field."

"It must have been mad."

"No. It was taking an airing from the long grass. Tired of its wife's jabber, I expect. Used the outfield as a sort of Club."

"A keen cricketer?"

"No. It watched the match for half a minute, then jumped about. No concentration."

"I say; what about next summer? Any travelling?"

"We hope, Caligula. Just that."

"Because, if we play, don't let's potter about. Let's crack into it."

"We'll hit like hell."

"Doesn't matter if we miss."

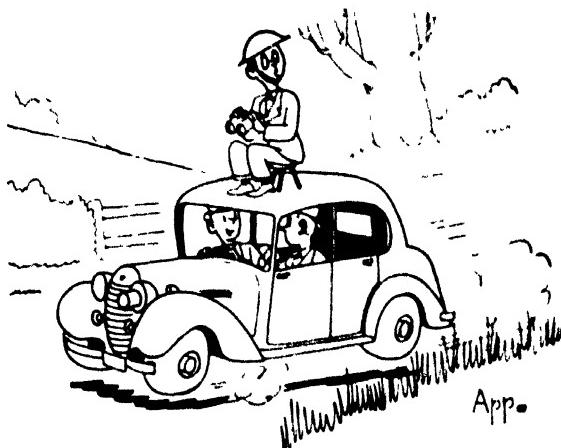
"Doesn't matter if we burst into flames. Good night, Caligula."

"Good night, damn it."

SERENADE FOR TWO GUITARS

by Stanley Jackson

MANUEL was a born lady-killer. Had his background been a smart metropolis instead of a



App.

"He'll tell us when there's immediate danger"

sleepy village in Mexico he would doubtless have caused havoc in countless boudoirs and finally reached Hollywood, always assuming that he could stay out of gunfire range

But Destiny had chained his lithe, handsome figure to the home of a humble "peon" who earned a bare living from a patch of sandy earth thirty miles from Mexico City.

Before he was out of his teens Manuel had already collected many scalps. He could never keep a job more than a couple of weeks. The farmer's wife or his daughter would soon prove to be his undoing. Once he had nearly lost his life when an angry husband decided to ambush him with a gun. Indeed, poor Manuel did not usually stay long enough to collect his wages. . . .

The strange thing about his affairs was that he could love and leave a woman without earning her eternal hatred. He was a bee buzzing among the flowers, taking



He—

his pleasure
with no
thought of to-
morrow.
There was
no malice in
him, nothing
but an animal
love of life
that saw the
world in terms of enough
money to buy a litre or
two of wine, a cosy place
for the afternoon siesta,
and a little tobacco.

But even a child of nature must grow up. The day came when Manuel took a wife. Perhaps his own experience urged him to marry a plain woman; and plump moon-faced Rosita suited him admirably. She was a strong wench with hands like bunches of bananas; a sudden smile like a full moon being tickled; and endless stores of patience.

But it was not boredom or restlessness which made him take this big step. Manuel longed for a son, a lad with whom he could fish and have fun.

Manuel's partner, Pépé, had enthusiastically endorsed the plan when

it was first mentioned to him.

"*Si, amigo,*" he declared solemnly, his monkey-face puckering in thought. "It is unnatural for a man to live alone."

It was Pépé's advice that finally decided Manuel. The two were good friends and partners. His romantic outlook had interfered so much with Manuel's career as a farmer's hand that he bought an ancient



had a—



wonderful—



—dream.

Ford, loaded it with brooms, pans, beads, brooches and other trinkets, and made a daily sales-tour of the district. That wonderful smile and charm helped him to do very well. Pépé, who was quite useful with his hands, went around with him and did odd jobs of mending and repairing.

It was easy to see that they were bosom friends. Manuel could do no wrong in

Pépé's eyes. When he became restless and disappeared into the hills for a few weeks Pépé would carry on and hand him his half-share of the profits, down to the last peseta. This generosity was all the more remarkable because everyone knew that Pépé's wife had more than once left the back door open for her husband's best friend. But Pépé, sensible fellow, bore no malice, particularly as these visits ceased when Manuel married Rosita.

The stork visited Rosita regularly every year, but each time with a baby girl. Everyone in the district made a joke out of Manuel's misfortune, particularly the husbands.

"God is punishing him for his sins," they chortled.

After each christening Manuel would go into Mexico City and get roaring drunk. When five daughters had been born to Rosita, Pépé became really worried. Manuel had lost his old impudent charm and took very little interest in his business. He never smiled these days, and lost his temper whenever his customers asked after the health of his family. The takings dropped like a stone.

Every evening he would sit on the porch of his adobe hut and pluck moodily at his guitar, while one or other of his daughters wept and screamed. Smoking a cheroot, Pépé would sit with his friend and listen to the guitar.

Manuel was a wonderful player. He could wring pathos or wild frenzy from a few strings and make up touching little lyrics as he went along. This gift had clinched many a serenade in the old days. But now

Manuel was playing to calm a broken heart.

"You shall teach me to play like you," suggested Pépé one warm evening in the spring. And that was how he learned to play. Before long he was almost as proficient as Manuel but, of course, he hadn't his friend's rich young voice. But he practised for hours and, in time, bought himself a fine instrument. When Manuel would go into town to get really drunk, Pépé would sit on the porch and strum away, while fat Rosita sat placidly in the shadows and hummed quietly to herself.

Nowadays, Manuel is a new man. He's the father of a little boy with a monkey face. Manuel doesn't seem to mind the boy's plainness. Like most fathers, he sees a beauty and charm which mere strangers are too blind to notice. Pépé was godfather to the baby, and he always carries something sweet in his pocket for his godchild.

The partners are doing a good trade once again. Manuel has recovered his old high spirits and strums gaily every night, blessing the stars for his good fortune. But Pépé gave up the guitar as suddenly as he started. Not long after the baby boy arrived he drove the Ford into Mexico City and sold the guitar to a dealer.

"My serenading days are over," he remarked, with a thoughtful smile.

*THE mighty tide of Musso's force
Engulfed the desert's sandy plain,
And, as the mighty tide, of course,
It mighty soon rolled back again !*

—D. W. N.

GARDEN OF BEAUTIFUL NOSES

by William Sansom

I BUNCH up his left ear in one mit. I then grip his nose in my other mit and I bend his nose upwards and back. Slowly I bend it and I take loving care that I do not snap the membrane. At one and the same time I give the ear a twenty-four carat tweak, anti-clockwise.

The mouth gapes open to scream, but I douse the din with good wool blanket and it tapers off into a whimper.

"You been a-snoring," I say, and I pass on to the next pile of huddled human that is grunting and whistling the night away in the dull blue light of the shelter.

So it is my bit in World War II to be a shelter-shaker. It is my personal bit to beetle around the air-raid shelter shaking up the snorers so that the quieter types may take a good square kip. Furthermore the shelter I work stomachs eighty citizens, so that my bit is an outsize bit since when I am once round the house the first guy is again out upon his nasal manœuvres. It is thus a perpetual locomotion for me and I am in fact walking around all the night through. Furthermore, I have a tin bowler with SS for shelter-shaker painted upon it so that I am legal.

Well, it is last Tuesday that I have my experience and it is sometime in the half-hour Big Ben is taking to strike midnight—so that the barrage is up and we are down. In fact

eighty of us are down and the ackety-ack is going great guns. Yet I can still hear my customers who I know personally by sound and who are pleased to include mumbler, whistlers, grinders, mutterers, hissters, hummers, pipers, whinniers, snufflers, twitterers, gobblers, squeechers, chucklers,oughers, sighers, wheezers, and a certain lady who is singing Welsh hymns like she is dreaming of Abergavenny in a snow-storm.

Some of my folk are snoring wet and some are snoring dry. Some are snoring non-stop, and some are going to town just now and then, like they are automobiles backfiring or like their persons are being frisked by some bee.

So the air is full of song and I am upon my rounds.

This night my first client is a ougher. It is an old man who is oughing like a blizzard in a banyan. Now I am quite a guy for the personal touch, and I call to mind that the surest shake for this one is a high-class tweak of the large toe, which I tweak. The old man swings up and stares at the opposite wall like it is the last judgment. His lips move slowly. "No smoking," he says, in the voice of a hollow oak. I see it is the writing upon the wall that he is reading. This will get us nowhere, I think, so I whisper, "A-snoring again, Mr. Whittleby."

"Ugh," he remarks. He then falls back upon his pillow and starts up oughing again even before he is down. There is no time to waste on these occasions so that I am loathe to deliver a left jabbing to the kidney, which I temper with a kindly whisper.



Catching the Postman

"Over on the left side, Mr. Whittleby," I whisper.

Mr. Whittleby turns, and it is all over.

It is now that I begin to have my Experience.

For I am heading with much ginger towards a young lady who is carolling from beneath a real-silk eiderdown—when Wheeee ! goes something outside and I fall flat upon my face. I have thrown myself upon the ground because it is a screaming bomb. Only it is a pity that the ground is just then covered by a lady, for this lady receives a nasty jolt. It is a pity for the lady, but honeyballs for me, as the lady is a big one and has plenty of give.

"Oi, Oi," I say. "That was a near go !"

One and all are now sitting upright, except the Welsh lady who is wedged in the middle of the seventh verse of Hymn XXXIII. She has not woken up on account of she

sings too loud to hear the noise of the bomb.

I am thinking that it is all over bar the snoring when a citizen kindly mentions that the bomb has not yet exploded and my Little Mary takes a quick gander into my boots. Howsoever I see that we cannot move, what with the heistorm outside, so I tell the company that the situation is peaches and cream and the company is pleased to drop off again.

Now a minute later I am about to shake up a back-sleeper who is engaged with rendering Siegfried upon the sinus, when Wheeee ! comes a second screamer. It is nearer than you can say knife and I am down again. Only this time there is no lady. There is a bucket of sand.

This screamer also does not explode and I am regretting to know that as many as two unexploded abombinations are now awaiting to bombinante at any time just outside

the concrete walls, upon which I cast a glance of deep reflection. The company is now sitting up like jacks in their boxes, but still I do not allow them to leave on account of the scrapnel that is veering around in the Greenwich Standard Time without.

The company and me are engaged upon discussing this very matter when Wheeeee ! another comes screaming to terra cotta from right over our heads.

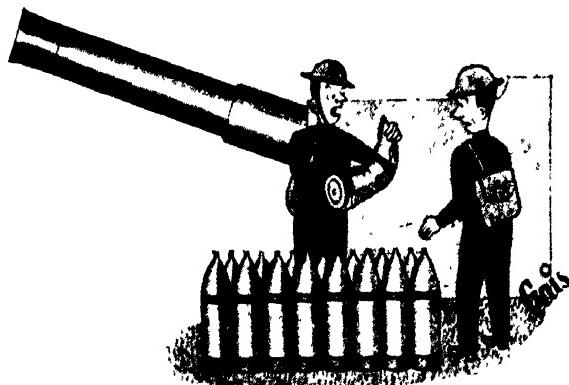
There is no doubt but that Jerry is now being personal.

The next one, we think. . . .

A commotion is now caused in the old corral, and while some folk are very, very quiet, other folk have started to sing songs. Now in such circumstances the sound of singing songs gives me the right willies on account of it is the sound of persons with their backs to the last ditch and smells mighty like the beginning of the end. In fact it is once too much too much for a sensitive shelter-shaker such as I, and I determine to do some evacuating.

When Wheeeee ! one more bolt from the blitz is with us and I am opening the shelter door like six o'clock.

Outside the barrage has quietened down and there is a warden chatting to a copper with a nasty nonchalance. It is the nasty nonchalance



"Did you drop this shell, Baldwin?"

of strong silent men in a tight hole. So I stretch my gullet and fling out, "Evacuating!"

From across the street the warden flings back, "What?"

"Too much bomb," I shout.

The warden raises his eyebrows. "Bomb?" he smiles, with heroic last-ditch sarcasm. "Bomb?"

But I have not the time to play games. Quicker than a lot I am scorching back into the shelter and issuing free invites for the fresh air. "Leave your bedding," I shout "And run along to the other shelter." One and all are pleased to run along.

I am doing all this at full speed ahead when my foot catches into a pile of blankets and once more I am kissing concrete. Only now I find that the pile of blankets is not a pile of blankets at all. It is a pile of man. Furthermore, it is a pile of man which I have not noticed before and which has been sleeping all the time.

For as I fall across him, he gives a big start.

And as he gives a big start, he bangs his head hard upon the bottom of a tin ventilator under which his head has been taking a rest.

And as he bangs his head he is beginning to snore.

And as he is beginning to snore I note immediately that he is an aged-in-the-wood soprano of some 16-in calibre.

And as I note this I hear furthermore that the snore goes up the ventilator.

And the tin ventilator quivers and shakes just like it has personal business with Sandy MacPherson

Yeah, brother, just like it is a screaming bomb.

TUESDAY COMES BUT ONCE A WEEK

by Gerald M. Wolff

MAD, was he? "I'll show 'em," he kept repeating to himself and as he kept reiterating just how and when he would show them, the days lengthened to weeks and the weeks to months.

The warders were both puzzled and interested. They realised from the day he arrived that he was not as bad as most of the others, but there was something wrong somewhere—something vital!

When the winter snows blew away, and the sun made its first appearance to herald the approach of spring, the warders, kind-hearted fellows, gave him the coveted job of gardener. The asylum gardens had to be kept tidy, the trees trimmed

and the dead flowers removed daily, and as someone had to do it, they chose him for that year.

The garden seemed to respond almost immediately. Never before had it looked more radiant. Never before had the flowers blossomed so well. He enjoyed his work but always at the back of his mind was the thought that one day "he would show them."

One day a stranger strolled lazily up the path casually admiring the garden. He stopped at the place where the gardener was laying some new crazy-paving

"You the gardener here?" he questioned.

"No, sir, I am an inmate of the asylum."

"An inmate! You're kidding! Why, the way you're laying that paving is truly professional!"

"Well, you see, sir, I've been tricked into this place. My relatives think that while I'm here they can spend my money. Years of hard work wasted, sir!"

"Poor chap! Can't I help you in some way?"

"Why, I—"

"Say no more, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm going to see the Governor of the Asylum next Tuesday and I'll mention you to him. Then we'll get you out in next to no time. This is really awful, you are as sane as I am."

With that the stranger walked off.

He had got no farther than half-way up the path when a large and exceptionally weighty piece of paving hit him in the back of the neck and a voice shouted, "I say, sir, don't forget Tuesday, will you?"



"I don't care if it does match your new costume. I must have my forage cap!"

THE SUBALTERN AND THE CRADLE

by "Tallow"

ONCE there was a Subaltern who was very ambitious and he read somewhere that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, so he thought it would be a good idea to buy a cradle and rock it.

Well, he bought a cradle and put it in his quarters, and every evening before dinner he rocked it for half an hour, until one evening the Quartermaster came in to see him about something, and when he saw the cradle he said, "Whose baby are you holding this time?"

So the Subaltern was quite annoyed and said, "This isn't a baby, it's a new way of getting into the Staff College without having to work for the exam; and, what's more, if I keep on rocking this cradle I shall be Commander-in-Chief some day, and after that there's no knowing what may happen."

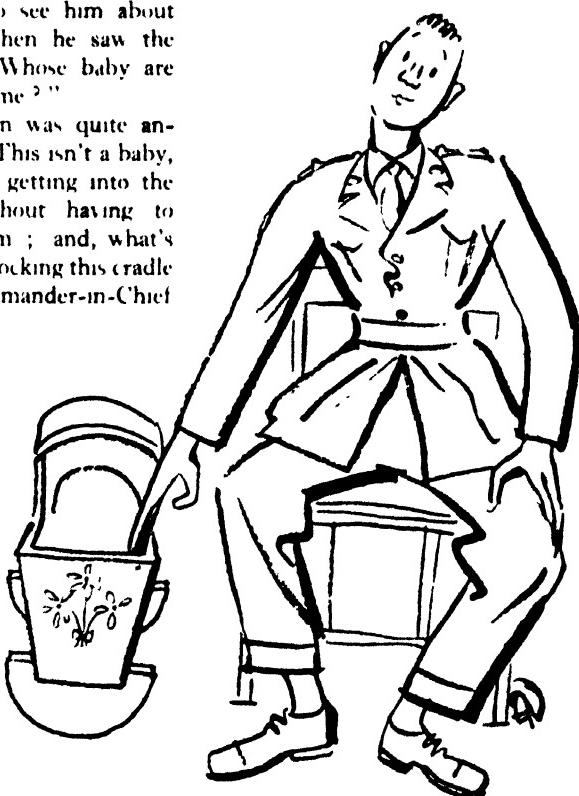
And the Quartermaster said, "Perhaps there is something in what you say. Look at me, for instance, I was a private soldier once, and since then I've done quite a lot of cradle-rocking one way and another, but I never

thought of attributing my success in life to that. What you want is a baby to put in the cradle and then your future will be assured."

And the Subaltern said, "How am I to get a baby?"

So the Quartermaster said, "Oh! that's quite easy; but of course you will have to get married first."

Well, the Subaltern hadn't got any money except his pay, and that had just been cut ten per cent., and there weren't any rich girls in Fateghar, where he was stationed, or poor ones either for that matter,



He who rocks the cradle.



He made quite a lot of lady friends.

because it was the hot weather, so he put in for leave to go to Kashmir because he had heard that that was where all the nice, kind, rich little girls go to in India in the summertime.

So the Commanding Officer said, "All right. You can have leave, but be very careful when you get to Kashmir because we are already over-establishment in married officers, and you are not thirty yet, remember; and if you get married

you will have to live in sin without any allowances, and I will order you to dine in mess every night, and sleep in your quarters, and be orderly-officer every day, and all your leave for the rest of your life will be stopped."

And the Subaltern only smiled at the C.O., because he thought he knew one better, but he didn't give him the tip about the cradle or tell him what the Quartermaster had said about the baby.

Well, he went to a place called Gulmarg and stayed at an hotel called Nedou's, and when he was having dinner he

cheered up quite a lot because this seemed to be just the place to accomplish his object, as there were a lot of very beautiful ladies sitting about, but not so many men as you would expect under the circumstances—though a great many came in rather late and said they had been playing golf at the club.

So the Subaltern soon began having a gay time because he liked mixed golf, which none of the ladies' husbands seemed to care for much,

and he bought a ten-chip book of tickets at the club bar in the morning and another in the evening, and one way and another he made quite a lot of lady friends who liked bacon-on-toast with their cocktails, and though he was longing to tell their husbands all about his cradle-rocking scheme they seemed to prefer to stay in the bar while the Subaltern was looking after their wives.

And half his leave was gone before he met any unmarried girls at all, and by that time he had got to like the married ones so much that he had almost forgotten his ambitions, but he thought he must make a start ; so one night

at a dance he told his partner that he wanted a baby for his cradle, and she said she would report him to the manager

Well, although he tried very hard to explain his difficulty to several other girls he got quite a lot of rebuffs, and they all stopped asking him to picnics in the glens on Sundays.

So the Subaltern was very depressed until one evening he met in the club a widow called Mrs Preying-Mantis, and she seemed very sympathetic, and

he told her all about his troubles and how all the girls in Gulmarg seemed to be very suspicious of him, and how he couldn't think why, and that he never got asked to any picnics now ; and she said, " Picnics ! That's quite easy . You and I shall have a picnic next Sunday all by our two selves . I'll make the sandwiches and you bring two bottles of champagne."

And they did that, and the Subaltern enjoyed the picnic very much, and when they had had lunch and drunk the champagne, Mrs Preying-Mantis was looking really very beautiful and was very kind and



"Oh, that's quite easy "

sympathetic, so much so in fact that the Subaltern told her all about his ambitions to rule the world, and about the cradle he had bought, and about how much he wanted a baby to put in it.

And Mrs. Preying-Mantis said, "Oh, that's quite easy too, because I've got three babies!"

Well, the Subaltern felt that it wouldn't be fair to borrow a baby without giving something in return, so they got married at Gulmarg, and then they sent away to Srinagar for the babies, which had been living there all the time in a house-boat, and the Subaltern got a letter from his Commanding Officer which wasn't as bad as it might have been, because he said he would be pleased to welcome his wife to the regiment as she was an old friend of his mother's and he had known her since he was at a preparatory school.

So everybody was very pleased because the Subaltern now had three cradles to rock instead of only one; but although this ought to treble his chances and although he works very hard at the rocking every night, for some reason or other he hasn't been promoted yet.

I KNOW a chap who's an artist, and he's always drawing and painting pictures of people with no clothes on

So I said to him, "Why do you always paint and draw people in the nude?"

"Oh," he said, "I suppose it's because I was born that way."—Max Miller.

YOU NEVER HEARD—

by Optimus

—of the head-master who said in his report, "This year has been a disastrous one. Fifty boys sat for the Certificate and only two passed. We had no distinctions. The tone of the school is going down, and I wonder you consent to send your children here any more."

—of the young journalist who wrote to the Editor, "I think it only fair to tell you the enclosed MS has been rejected so far by the 'Wail,' 'Chronic,' 'Courier,' and 'Whitewasher's Dispatch', also you have had it twice before."

—of the man who, when given a wrong number, said, "Did you say it was a wrong number? Well, never mind. It's a lovely day . . . I mean it's so nice to have so much weather around, don't you think? Yes, and so nice to talk to a complete stranger. Don't mention it, old chap, don't mention it."

—of the president of the local Horticultural Society who in opening the event, said, "To-day's exhibits are simply terrible, the judges tell me. There are very few, and in only two cases did they think the produce really worth a prize."

—of the sergeant who said, "You know I don't see why you can't get into it, it's quite easy; but there perhaps in time you'll do better. Slip along to the canteen and have one with me boys, then we'll try again. What say? Okay. Trot along."

YOU MAY BE
FLYING BLIND
LIEUTENANT, BUT
YOU'RE TRAVELLING
IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION

W
N

Heard in the blackout.

how clever he was to find it

"And a great dispute grew up, all of the officers fancying themselves explosives experts, and some said it was gelignite and some cordite, and some gave it a number and some a chemical formula, but all agreed that it was highly dangerous and ought to be put into a bucket of water. Only there did not happen to be a bucket of water handy just then, because the Captain's horse had drunk it.

"The old man had now made up his mind that it was liquorice, and wanted to bite a bit off the end."

"Did you let him?"

"No. The Brass Hats arrived soon after that, in a Staff car, and a bomb demolition squad, and some more R.E.s, and the fire brigade with some foam equipment and

soda-acid extinguishers, because the Captain of the Ack-Ack gunners had got a bit excited on the telephone and given them a wrong impression. Anyway, it's as well to be on the right side."

"Just as well," they murmured.

"The explosives expert, who was a Major, took one look at it and said, 'Ha! H₂ZR4! Where did you find it?'

"'Not H₂, I think, sir,' said a Subaltern, who had come with him, and was probably a younger explosives expert 'ZBMO'. And that was enough for all of us to start chipping in with what we thought it was, not forgetting the old roadman, who maintained that whatever it was it was his'n, anyway."

"Another man joined us. A dark, stumpy, cross-looking man who had a safety belt slung round him, and pliers and pincers and screwdrivers and odds and ends of telephone equipment, and he looked as though he was one of those mechanically minded people who go up and down telegraph poles doing things to the wires."

"The telegraph pole man pushed through us rudely and took it out of the Major's hands.

"'Mine, thank you, sir,' he said, in that polite yet semi-insolent way that a good workman assumes when he knows what he's talking about and thinks other people don't. 'Been looking for it all the morning. And I would like to know who pinched—er—found it.'

"'T.N.T.,' insisted the Major loudly.

"'I found it,' piped the old roadman. 'Up against a telegraph pole.'

Dropped out of a airplane it was—

"Cordite," muttered the Subaltern.

The telegraph pole man smiled a supercilious sort of smile and took a box of matches out of his pocket. He was a coarse and insolent man, I fear. He looked upon each of us in turn with undisguised contempt, and I began to feel a bit uncomfortable. The Major dropped on his tummy with a roar.

"Sealing compound," said the telegraph pole man briefly. "We use it for stopping up insulators. Melt the end like this, see? And it goes soft." He struck a match. "It runs like sealing-wax," he said and held his match to the end of the stick."

"Ha! ha! ha!" they all cried, and rolled about, buffeting each other with jocose understanding. "Experts! They must have looked fools. And was it sealing compound?"

"No," said the one who used to be in the Royal Engineers, "or I shouldn't be here, should I?"

He rolled over with a yawn, picked up his harp and halo and took a header into a passing cloud. He reflected, as he drifted through space, that the spirits led a dull sort of eternity.

**The June Number of
LONDON OPINION**
will be published on
MAY 23rd
Order your copy to-day!

OUR PICTURE QUIZ

A real chance to sharpen your wits

"I NEVER knew that dates grew like that," writes a Sidmouth reader referring to one of our puzzle pictures in last month's Quiz. "And I find I'm picking up all sorts of scraps of useful information. Keep up the good work."

"What about unusual flowers?" asks another reader. "I reckon I know most flowers. Do you think you can get me guessing?"

We will bear in mind what this reader says and see, perhaps next month, if we can find a flower problem.

Meanwhile have a look at our newest batch of pictures. These are no trick photographs designed to trap you. In nearly every case there is a clue of some sort which you will find if you study the pictures carefully, and if you are stumped for a complete answer, give us a part reply. In many cases the marks are split up so that a half correct answer shall get its reward.

If among all our readers are some photographic artists who have pictures which would fit into this series, please send them along to us for consideration. We pay one guinea each for those that are accepted. Clear prints with striking pictorial value are what we want.



EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY.

PICTURE QUIZ No. 1.

*This is a striking picture. Have you any idea
what it represents?*



FOX PHOTOS LTD.

PICTURE QUIZ No. 2.

This looks an easy one. But perhaps there is more in the picture than a first glance would suggest.



KEystone Press Agency

PICTURE QUIZ No. 3.

Who are these smiling girls, and what are they doing?



EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY.

PICTURE QUIZ No. 4.

Rather reminiscent of one of those clockwork toys sold on London pavements. Do you know what it really is?



KEYSTONE

PICTURE QUIZ No. 5.

What, do you say, is the nationality of this gaily decorated individual?



BARNABY'S LTD.

PICTURE QUIZ No. 6.

*Take a quick look and estimate how many dice there are
—not spots, mind, dice!*

Answers on page 59.

man from the furniture company."

The Cheeky Chappie will go down in history as a specialist in the art of putting over risqué jokes. Where another would give offence, Max Miller can tell the story about the young lady from Gloucester with such skill that not only you, but your mother-in-law as well, are soon suffering from aching sides.

Laughter, in fact, is his philosophy—come by it how you will.

"The world to-day needs cheering up, not cleaning up," he maintains. "Why, only the other day, I was reading in the paper that even a policewoman must have a sense of humour, and a little dirt now and again won't hurt anyone, as long as it's clean."

"Don't forget, the man who smiles is ever young, and through my life my ambition is to show the other fellow how to smile. I believe difficulties are more easily smoothed away with a laugh than with a fight."

Still, in the last war and in this, Max Miller has had to combine the two. Last time he enlisted and was sent to India, where he became boxing champion of the regiment and organiser of all the local concert parties. He even made wigs out of dead horses' tails. To-day, you will find him, undaunted by time bombs, land mines and Molotoffs, turning out pictures at a studio not half an hour from London.

This comedy act with its daring patter and non-stop hilarity is the finest cure for war blues. Perhaps it is the colossal self-assurance of the man, maybe it's that easy familiarity with the pit and stalls that does the trick. At all events, the mere

appearance of Max Miller on any stage is enough to start the laughter flowing.

"Personally, I can't understand it," this philosopher avers; "it must be because the audience have low minds."

"Now, here's a test. Do you think this vulgar?" The other day there was a knock on my door. In a hurry, I put on my wife's kimono and went down and opened it. The milkman put his arms round me and kissed me."

"Now, what's in your minds? Well, don't get me wrong again, because his wife wears the same kind of kimono as my wife! (Nark it, nark it!)"

"A couple of chaps were talking in the local last night."

"The young one asked, 'When a man gives his wife a fur coat, is that love?'

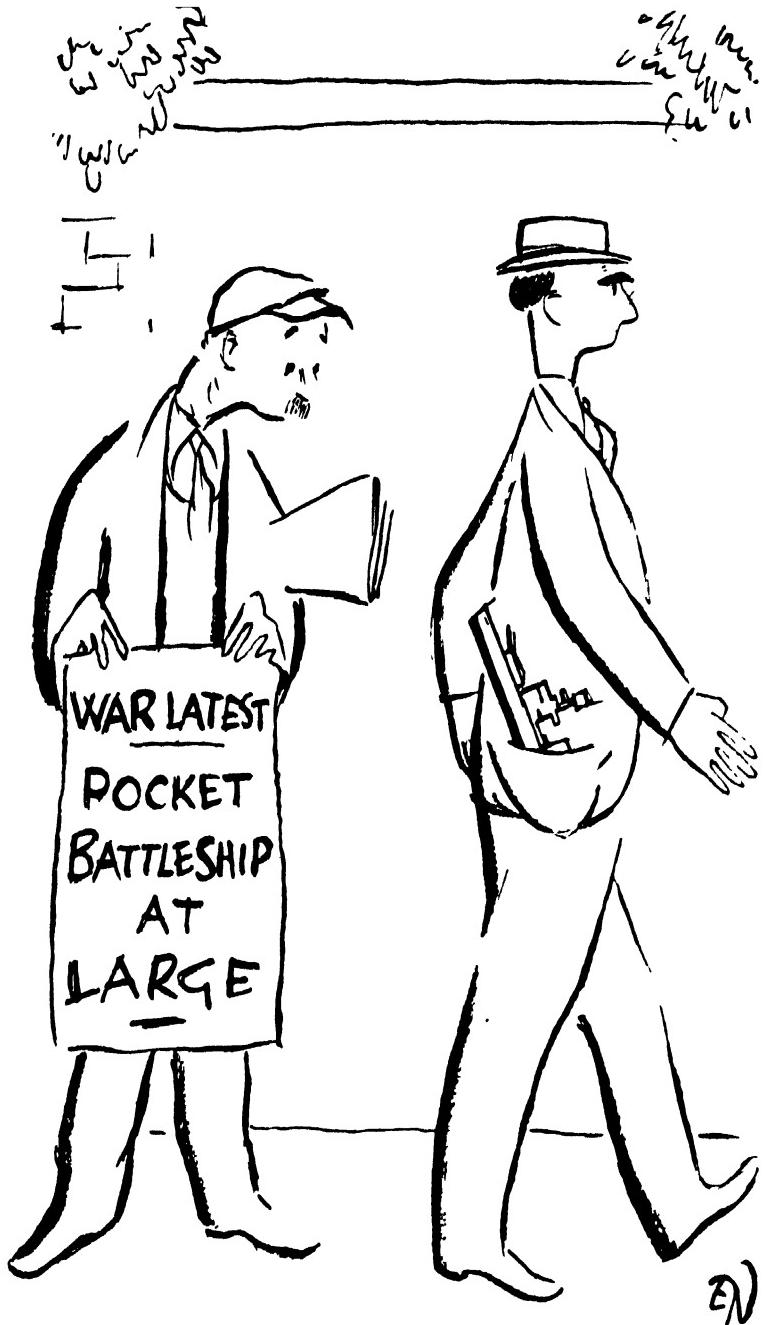
"The old one said, 'It depends on whether he gives it to her to keep her warm or keep her quiet!'"

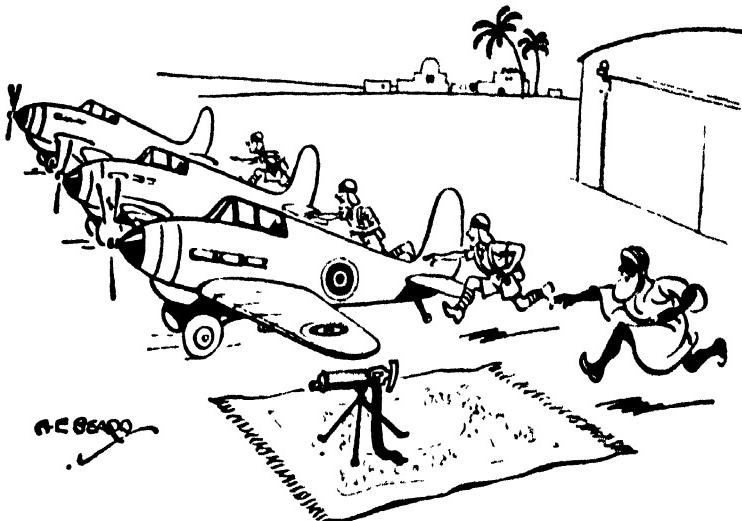
Max is happily married, I hasten to add. Indeed, he blames much of his success on domestic bliss. It has helped him through bad times "on the halls," and through all the multitudinous ups and downs of film making. To-day, he is one of the most astute men in the business.

"A little wonder, that's me!" (it's that voice again!) "Now, if you'll send me a three-haltpenny stamp, I'll send you a picture of myself to put on your piano. If you send me a twopenny stamp, I'll come and sit on your piano myself!"

I told you that Max was irrepressible—thank Heavens!

DAVID CHANCELLOR.





The new fighter

A FUNNY BUSINESS

by F. Murray Milne

SOME people are born good. Others have to make good, and among them I class my friend Walter Hootnanny. If ever a man lived on his wits he does.

For the first time I am going to lift the veil off his amazing anonymous career. Hootnanny is unique in his profession. He is Britain's only Ghost-jester.

Who was it first said of a European dictator: "He is like a bad egg—all right until he's broke"? Why, you say, it was the Punning Politician, Sir Nymble Wytt. Wrong, it was Walter Hootnanny.

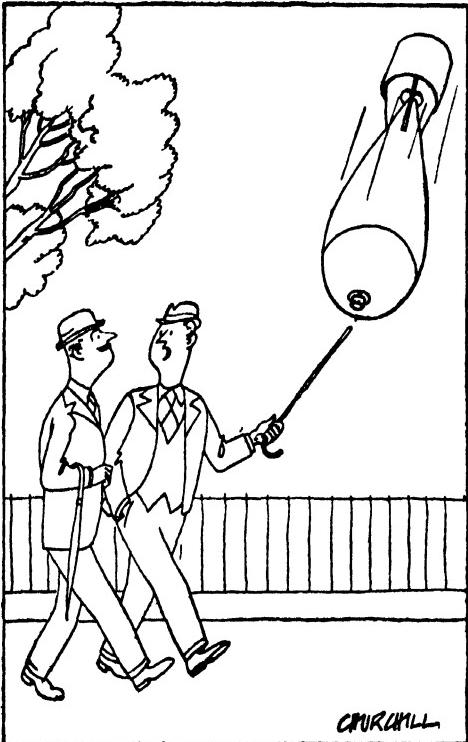
Who exclaimed defiantly: "In this country a miss is as good as a male"? Carry Gamp, the Suffra-

gette leader, of course. Wrong again, it was Walter Hootnanny.

Who said: "What is the Right Honourable Gentleman's record? Could he play it on a gramophone?" No, it was not a Scots M.P., but Walter Hootnanny.

You see, these and many other distinguished people were all Hootnanny clients. Theirs might be the voice, but the words were the words of Hootnanny. They got the credit but Hootnanny got his money on the nail, and both sides were satisfied.

Hootnanny is the man who puts the laughter in court, the wit in the pulpit, the pun in the platform. But this Maestro of Mirth is no snob. He draws his clientèle (and his profits) from all classes. At one time he had 300 London 'bus conductors on his books, and 200 Cockney newsvendors, while his schoolmaster subscribers topped the 1,000



"See? That bit is the detonator."

mark. There was hardly a bookmaker in the country who did not receive Hootnanny's Weekly Special (Racecourse Repartee).

At your wedding breakfast did the witty parson point out that the tune of life was played on the sexophone? the modern miss's mission was a man's mansion? or that nowadays it is apparently a woman's duty to love, honour and display? He did? Then rest assured, the fortunate clergyman had received Hootnanny's Nuptial Three by special wire that morning.

Hootnanny has told me in his inimitable manner that he founded

his fortune on the fact that in the case of a man in public life the expenditure on speech invariably exceeded the income of ideas. In fact, a brain is as strong as its weakest think—that is Hootnanny's motto.

A man may come to Hootnanny without an idea in his head. Such a man was Sir Addle Pate, who was contesting a by-election in pre-war days. Pate's trouble was hecklers.

"I am unable to think quickly," he confessed in Hootnanny's office. "Why say 'quickly'?" riposted the Ghost-jester, giving a generous free sample of his mental stock in trade.

After he had ascertained that although Sir Addle might be something of an object, expense was not,

Hootnanny sent six picked men from his Foil Force to Pate's next meeting.

"Any questions?" asked Pate. Up jumped Foil No. 1, fat, florid and well-rehearsed. "Why do you object to self-made men like me?" he asked. "Why," came the lightning reply, "because they leave off their jobs too soon."

When the laughter had subsided, Foil No. 2 took a hand. "Does the candidate think beer a curse?" Again came the spontaneous answer, "Yes, it can be a bitter curse, but it is often just a mild one."

And so on. . . . The whole world knows the rest of the story—

how Pate achieved fame overnight by his brilliant definition of his opponent as a man who didn't need a seat because he preferred to lie.

Pate is now a famous judge, for it was not long before it was realised that he possessed the necessary humorous qualifications for work of that nature.

Behind him all the time, at a special rate, is the agile brain of Walter Hootnanny.

Just the other day when a shop-lifting case appeared before him, Pate said, "Mine is a trying job." (Laughter.) "What is shop lifting?" (Hysterics.) "Women should stick to face lifting." (Convulsions.)

Everyone has heard, of course, his classical *bon mot* of the divorce court: "The legal penalty for flirting is marriage."

Well, Lord Addle Pate is just another extremely satisfied Hootnanny client.

The Ghost-jester has built up his success and that of countless other celebrities.

Hootnanny is a very wealthy man. You see, he has it both ways. In addition to his huge fees from his clients, he has a generous subsidy from the Press.

Every time the word "laughter" appears in brackets, you may be quite certain that another item is credited to the Hootnanny account by a grateful editor.

Yes, he does very nicely, although things haven't been so good since the war.

Still, he'll get his 75 per cent. of the fee for this article which he himself wrote for me.

ANSWERS TO "OUR PICTURE QUIZ"

YOU score 10 marks for each correct and complete answer. If out of a possible 60 you score 35 marks, you can consider yourself to possess more than average general knowledge. Marks allotted are indicated in brackets.

(1) This is an aerial view of crevasses formed in a glacier in Alaska, U.S.A. [10] If your answer was simply that the picture represented crevasses in some mountain ravine or canyon you may count [5]. If in addition you answered that it was a glacier you can count another [3] marks.

(2) Boys of St. Mary of the Angels choir [10]. If you answered school boys in mortar boards we are afraid you have no marks, but if, noticing their frilled surplices, you said that they were choristers you may count [8] marks. Actually the boys were rehearsing Christmas carols when the picture was taken.

(3) They are girls of the Fleet Air Arm. Wrens carrying parachutes to be resolded and packed [10]. An insufficient answer such as "girls with parachutes" carries [6] marks only.

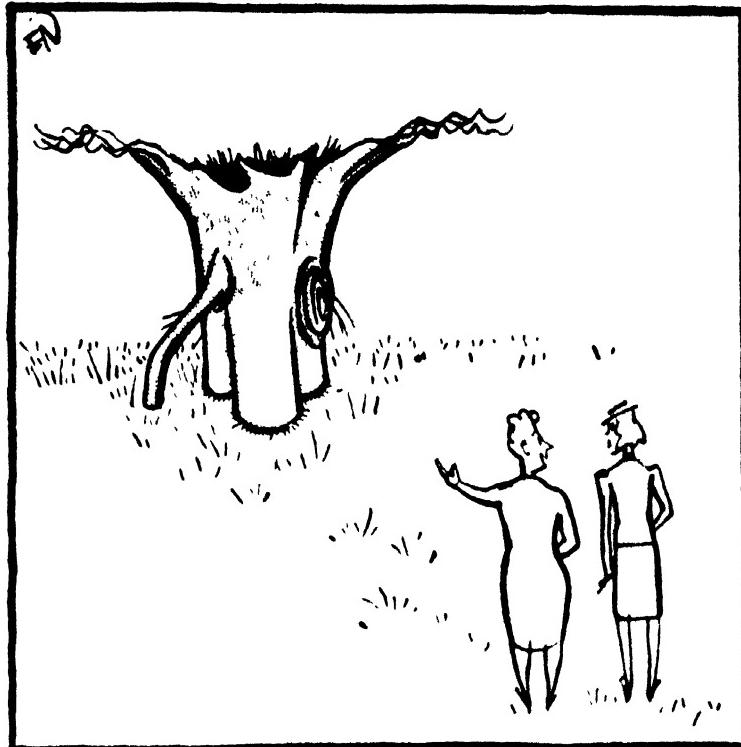
(4) An enlarged photograph of a scorpion [10]. Notice the lobster-like claws and the six-pointed tail ending in the sting.

(5) Hawaiian [10].

(6) Sixty-eight [10]. For estimates between 64 and 72 you may score [8]. For estimates between 59 and 63 and between 73 and 77 you may score [6].



*"I tell my wife I'm on duty with another warden every night—
and she thinks I'm out drinking with the boys."*



"We're very proud of our Australian Flowering Boomalong — My sister in Sydney tells me it is doing Bonzer."

INSPIRATION

by Michael Fitzmaurice

WE met in a Bloomsbury boarding-house; myself a disengaged dance pianist, Bill Tennant with the boot from Fleet Street where hard-boiled subs had tired of spiking copy that jingled and rhymed, but just wasn't news. When I first saw him, he was scribbling one of his verses on an envelope and he shoved it across the

table for my opinion.

*"Love's a ticket to Paradise,
First-class fare for two
It's a non-stop train there and
back again*

*To the place where dreams come
true . . . " I read,*

and then whistled a melody.

"Make a good dance number," I suggested.

"Your own tune?" inquired Bill.

"Your own words?" I countered.

We teamed up on the spot, sold

the song, and a week later, Rhyme and Rhythm, Ltd., moved into a neat little self-contained in Bayswater. And that flat was our "place where dreams come true." We couldn't go wrong: money simply cascaded through our letter-box.

"We'll take a country cottage," I began one day, but Bill stopped me.

"Inspiration! Listen—
"We'll take a country cottage,
In a little country lane,
And when the country moon comes
up,
We'll fall in love again. . . ."

A new song was ready for an eager public when the 'phone rang—the *Hot Crotchet Journal* wanted our life stories.

"This sort of thing's getting on my nerves," I grumbled, snapping back the receiver. "A 'phone can be a blessing—"

"Whoa!" yelled my partner.
"Inspiration!
"A 'phone can be a blessing
When there's two of you in love.
At night time when the stars come
out
And Mister Moon's above;
It's just as nice as if you're here
To have you say "Hello!"
To hear you say, "Sweet dreams,
my love,
And oh, I love you so!"'

It was while I was putting an accompaniment to this opus that Bill had his great idea—we'd advertise for a secretary; someone to answer the 'phone and stall off the nuisances.

Our first applicant was a Miss Daphne Warton, and after one eyeful of her svelte green outline, sheer

silk legs and three-inch heels, I ushered her into the next room while we discussed her *in camera*.

"She seems all right," said Bill.
"Shall we give her a break?"

"Eh?" I jerked. In imagination I was at the piano with Daphne already curled on a cushion at my feet. "Sure, give her a break by all means." Then a complication occurred to me. "The conventions. . . . We can't ask a nice young girl like that to—"

"No," agreed Bill. "You're right. We'll take a studio. It'll give tone to the firm" He swung open the door. "When can you start, Miss Warton?"

The choosing and furnishing of a studio took a fortnight. Bill and I could have done it in a day, but Miss Warton, it transpired, had ideas about décor. The walls must be a dull grey, the ceiling rose-pink and the curtains of rich purple velvet. In furniture, she was all for chromium. So were Bill and I when we saw the effect.

A week passed like a day, but on Saturday Bill took a rest from oiling the new secretary's new typewriter to discuss work.

"Funny thing, Jim," he remarked, shooting a worried glance to where I was busy varnishing the new secretary's scarlet finger-nails. "I don't seem to contact inspiration these days."

"Take your time," I counselled. "Inspiration must be wooed. It's like that, and—"

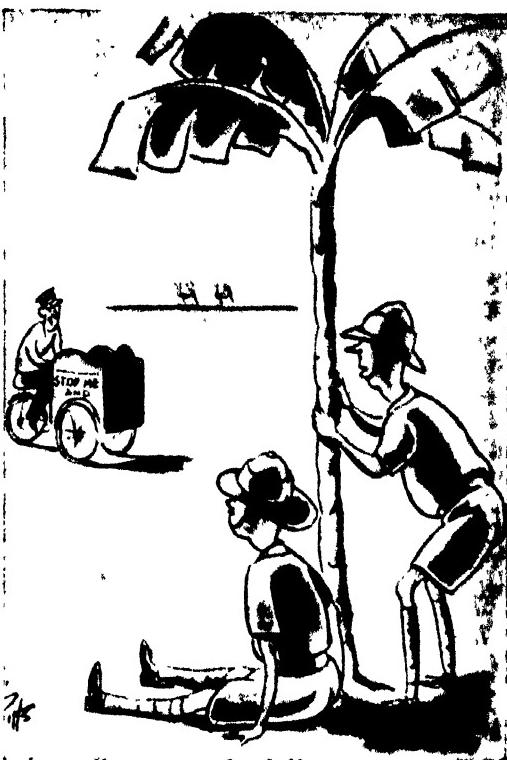
"That's a good line!" yelled Bill. "'Inspiration must be wooed'" But there he stuck, and after one or two attempts, he gave

up trying. "Fancy a walk, Daphne?" he asked.

Did she? A few lightning strokes with a lipstick, and they were off. I watched them from the window, and as I saw Bill take her arm at a Belisha, I got what he couldn't get—inspiration. I was jealous. I had fallen for the new secretary! And, from the proprietary way Bill was cavaliering her into a taxi, so had he!

It was nearly six when they returned, and Daphne, I noticed, had on a new hat. One of those pancakey things that look a shilling and cost a quid. Bill couldn't meet my eye, and when Daphne and I moved towards the door, he dashed—yep, dashed—to grab her arm. I didn't mind; I had the other tucked firmly under my left oxter and all the lyric writers in all the world weren't going to make me let go.

We walked a few blocks, barging three-abreast through the homescurrying crowds, but when Bill was ear-holed by a spiv on the tap, I grabbed my chance—and Daphne—and didn't stop running till I'd reached Regent Street and bundled my breathless companion into a restaurant. She had a two-pound box of chocolates under her arm



"Don't shout till he gets nearer. It might be a mirage."

when we emerged, and in the taxi she leaned against my shoulder, purring with content.

"You are a darling, Jimmy," she breathed. "You're both darlings."

This last wasn't so good. "But, Daphne—it's me you love, isn't it?" I urged.

"I—I don't know," she faltered, and the catch in her voice smote my heart. "When I'm with Bill, he's so wonderful I just adore him. But when I'm with you. . . ."

There was hell to pay when I got home. Bill called me a twister,

double-crosser, snake-in-the-grass. . . . He was still bitter when we reached the studio next morning, but the sight of Daphne sweetened him.

Then, business being business, Bill and I went into a huddle.

"Any inspirations?" I asked.

"Just one—to punch your fat head!" he growled. "And for two pins, I'd——"

There were no "two pins" about it, for I plonked him good and hearty on the beak, and the huddle became an all-in affair, with Daphne dodging haymakers best way she could. The fracas stopped when Bill stove his head against the piano. We let up then and looked at each other. Suddenly Bill's cut lip twisted in a grin.

"I believe I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked Daphne, mopping gore from his brow.

"Inspiration!" said Bill. "The thing that pays the rent." Taking a roll of notes from his pocket, he peeled off five and shoved them into the girl's hand. "Instead of notice," he informed her. "Now, hop it!"

"B-but . . ." she began.

"Beat it!" he yelled. "You're fired!"

"But my things. . . . I'll need a taxi!"

Believe me, she did. The amount of stuff that girl had accumulated was surprising. A fur coat, two hats, three pairs of shoes and some stockings from one cupboard; a coffee-service that had cost me fifteen of the best from another; two vases and the clock off the mantelpiece.

"D'you know, Jim," said Bill, when she had gone. "All the time cutie was with us I only got one inspiration worth a damn?"

"What was that?"

"Sacking her!"

"Wish you'd had it sooner," I sighed, tenderly massaging my bruised knuckles. "After all, there's a lot of truth in the old motto that two's company, three's ——"

"Whoa!" yelled the rhymester. "Inspiration! Get a load of this—

"What says the old, old motto?

Two's company, three's none.

You're wise if you can realise

The odd one spoils the fun. . . ."

"Wait a minute!" I cried, seating myself at the ivories. "What about rhythm? A nice slow three in a bar?"

"Three in a bar!" snorted Bill. "Not on your life! Make it two—me and you at the bar of the Saracen's Head round the corner. We're cutting out all third-party risks in future, Gershwin. That fiver I gave Goldilocks was our insurance premium!"

GENIUS REWARDED

by A. N. Ford

SURPRISED? Well, that's putting it mildly. Before the war the Croker chappie was one of those odd fish who ooze in and out of the Slade—you know—corduroy slacks, green shirts, red ties, flowing beards, and all that sort of mush.

Croker was no different from the

rest of those gentry except that his taste in shirtings was a little more violently hideous and ye olde corduroys generally displayed a very natty line in paint-stains, yet there he was—positively reeking with gold braid and oak leaves, and the weirdish tartan beard that he favoured had been combed and trimmed to a semblance of that of the Kettle chappie.

Naturally old Fishface and I were a bit puzzled. After all, I mean to say, right since the beginning of this she-mozzle we've been keeping the glass of the search-light fairly well

free from fly-spots and dust specks and all that sort of thing (although some of those blinkin' sparrows and gulls and what not have made it dashed difficult), and as for sandbags, well, we reckon that—bag for bag—ours are just as chock a block with sand as those of any other battery in the country.

We've assisted the Ack-ack fellows to bring down a bomber or two as well, but everybody knows that that



"I'd be pleased to consider an advance—any advance—on my present position, Mr. Carter."

sort of thing doesn't really count. What I mean to say is, at Headquarters the thing they are really looking for is Efficiency, and as old Fishface says, "Efficiency has—more or less—been our watchword," and yet neither of us have been made Lance-Jacks. Pretty galling, what?

Of course we knew that the Croker chappie had wangled himself a commission as a camouflageur, and we

figured that the Croker would be kept cooped up in some little attic in Whitehall.

In addition, I said to Fishface (or Fishface said to me) that the little old "single ring" would be their final "rung" in the ladder of promotion (dashed clever, what?), and yet there was the Croker and his arms had as many "rings" as a jeweller's shop and the peak of his cap was absolutely dripping with oak leaves.

Fishface was puzzled and as for me, well, the old bean box was positively reeling, so, as we were in the Services Club at the time, there was only one thing to do, and we ankled straight down to the bar to grab hold of "Doodles" Tomlinson.

"Doodles" is what those writin' Johnnies call "the fountain head." If a fella wants to know about another fella then the procedure is to ask "Doodles."

Fishface had a small spot, I had a Gin and Tonic, and "Doodles" had another "Angel's Lookout," and we sort of got talking—as it were. Finally, somebody mentioned Art, and Fishface slipped in a word or two about the Croker chappie, and I mentioned the fact that he seemed to have bagged himself a ring or two and that the Navy seemed the place for Artists.

When I mentioned Artists and Croker in the same breath "Doodles" bridled—in fact, a distinct sneer crept into a face which would have been handsome except for the old beezer which got kind of bent during a slight altercation with a rozzer one boat-race night.

"Croker—pshaw!" and if it wasn't that "Doodles" is a laddie

who's been brought up to refrain from spitting I feel sure he would have indulged in a spot. "You know, Algy," he said, "I expected great things of Croker when he joined the Navy and instead of that there's some talk about making him an Admiral of the Fleet. Pshaw!" and "Doodles" almost forgot to refrain once more.

"Croker," he continued, "was as up-and-coming a young Surrealist as ever painted a kipper embedded in a cloud and surrounded by the washing on a line. What an opportunity for him, I thought, when I heard that the Navy had accepted him as a camoufleur. But instead of making the most of this golden opportunity he becomes a blessed portrait painter!"

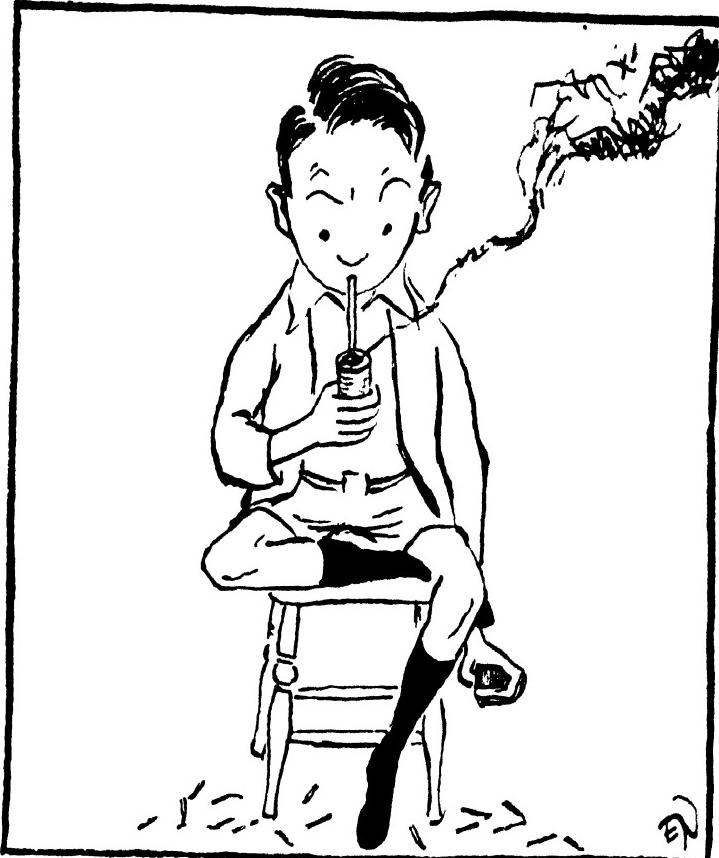
"Do you know what he does, Algy? He paints nude females on the sides of His Majesty's ships!

"Of course, they're good portraits, so good that when a German U-boat commander sees one painted on the side of a ship he becomes so enamoured of her that he forgets all about the war and comes bobbing up to get a close look at this female, and the next thing he knows is that our chaps are busy parting the hair of his crew with depth charges or someone is playing 'knock-knock' on the hatch of the conning tower and telling him to 'Come quietly or else—'

"The pity of it! The grief of it! The Navy capture a few submarines—Croker gets a few more 'rings,' medals and what-not and the nation loses a truly great artist."

And "Doodles" wept into his "Angel's Lookout."

HISTORY REPEATS HERSELF.



XXI. Walter discovers tobacco.

THEY MAKE US SMILE : WALT DISNEY

" **T**H E Y make us Smile " is the perfect title to an appreciation of that unique pictorial genius, Walt Disney.

For, the man who was a young art student in Chicago, twenty-five years ago, has long since ceased to be an individual. He has become a colossal organisation. Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, Snow White and Pinocchio speak a universal language. Their humour and beauty have made them household words in every corner of the world ; their popularity extends far beyond the realms of entertainment.

Quite apart from their chief purpose, as pictures, did you know that Mickey's popularity has demanded a huge merchandising organisation

with branches in eleven countries ? These countries have clamoured for Mickey books and lampshades, dolls, toys and textiles, china, furniture, sweets, tooth-brushes, clocks, hand-bags and innumerable other things which are made and distributed under Mickey's name and licence.

Snow White and her seven lovable dwarfs have also entered the realms of Big Business. Pinocchio and his friends are now invading the fields of Commerce. The profits derived from these and all Disney's other activities go back to the Studio to help in the production of better and better pictures.

But we are concerned with Smiles—not Sales ; and you may care to know how those smiles are produced.

It is *not*, of course, a one-man job ; for Disney pictures are a combination of many Arts.

To-day, Disney controls a small army of 1,200 clever people—artists, writers, composers, actors, photo-



The immutable Mickey Mouse (centre) in "Tugboat Mickey."

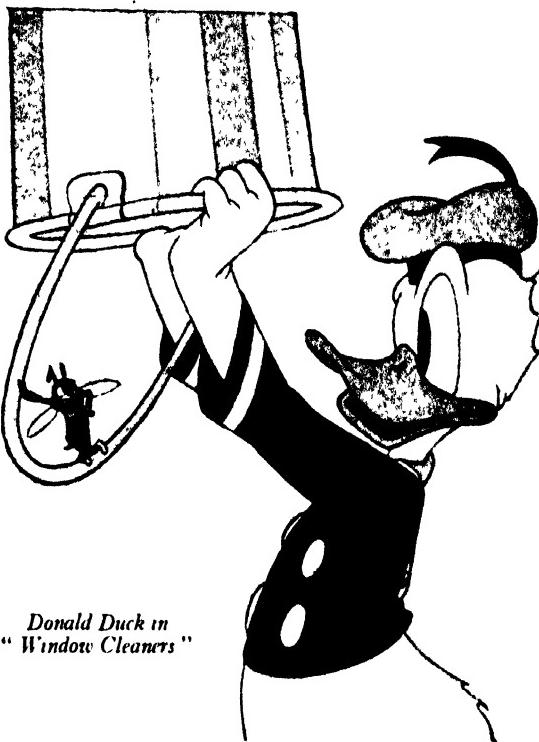
graphers, technicians, engineers, chemists, scientists and sculptors. These men and women, under Disney's controlling brain and inspiration, produce not only humour and beauty, but sheer magic.

The production of Pinocchio involved two years' work by the Disney Studios, and the production of 450,000 paintings—which were preceded by hundreds of thousands of preliminary sketches, story ideas, models and stage settings.

It is one thing to make an amusing sketch, but it is quite another thing to bring your amusing figure to life—to make a drawing sing, act, do innumerable amusing things—and to dance off your easel into the hearts of the peoples of all nations.

How did Disney do it?

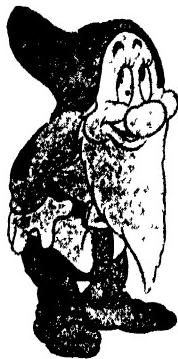
When America entered the last War, he was an art student of 17. He dropped his art studies, at Kansas, joined the Red Cross, and drove an Ambulance on the French battlefields. He returned to America and became, in turn, a newsreel photographer, and an



artist in an advertising agency.

The combination of drawing and photography intrigued him, and the animal sketches he had made for farming periodicals set him thinking about "animating" for motion pictures. It had been done, and he knew it could be done much better. So he trekked to Hollywood—and faced a tough struggle. His early efforts were moderately successful, but he did not approach the realisation of his ideas until he invented Oswald the Rabbit. That began the train of thought which led, years later, to Mickey.

Mickey was born at just about the time when sound-films arrived; but



Bashful.

And here are the seven famous dwarfs in "Snow White."

Mickey had not yet found his voice. He was merely accompanied by quaint noises on an orchestra which Disney hurriedly trained.

Quickly, he saw that Mickey and his companions must become completely humanised. They did. In 1932, colour was added to his Silly Symphonies. All nature was material for his inventive genius. Flowers, trees, every kind of natural beauty was incorporated in his stories. Beauty grew side by side with comedy, and in 1938, "Snow White" made her bow on the screens of the world, and Disney, using all the arts of colour, lighting, music and consummate invention, had perfected a new and wonderful Art-form.

How does a drawing not merely move, but achieve solidity, and adventure in a world of beauty which real life seldom provides? How does the outline

of an obviously drawn figure lose itself, and the figure become three-dimensional?

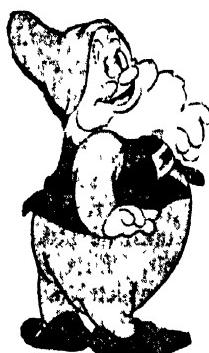
Who invents those lovely little birds and animals which live in Disney's fairy glades, those fishes that frolic in the depths of his incredibly lovely seas? How did a

very good comic artist become a poet?

Artists, writers and editors, musicians and composers, photographers and technicians, inventors, directors and animators, all play their parts in the story.

The characters begin in Disney's story department, "model sheets" are produced, actual models, clothed and complete, are constructed in plasticine, plaster and wood. Musicians get busy on the musical background. Test-cameras check movement, and so the work continues.

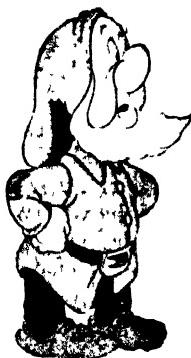
Thousands of preliminary ideas and sketches have been made and considered, animators



Happy.



Doc.



Sneezy.

make the key drawings of the selected characters and "properties," while assistants fill in the required "actions" which are to bring movement to the subjects. These are then "cleaned up," traced on a celluloid, and painted. Layout-men design "sets," background details and effects. And —what effects! The glitter of stars, the glow of a candle flame, ocean depths and sky—all the moods and movements of nature.

Controlling and inspiring all these activities is

Walt Disney. Terrific enthusiasm is the keynote of his organisation. The sculptured models of each character and detail show the animator what they will look like

from every angle of movement. A little stage coach is constructed and lighted to the fullest detail; clocks, pipes, furniture are all *made*.

To get the marine effects in "Pinocchio," Disney's assistants spent *months* around the Pacific photographing and sketching the sea in all its moods; they studied exotic under-water gardens from glass-bottomed boats off Catalina Island; for weeks the studio experimented to give Monstro the Whale the right bulk, perspective and lighting. A working model five

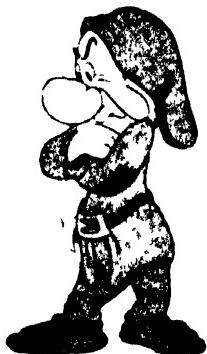
feet long was made. Sound effects were studied with the same care, special noise-making devices were invented. Experts were called in to settle specific problems. Nothing was left to chance, for no trouble is too great for Disney and his boys.

Disney pours his profits back into his studio to satisfy his one consuming ambition—better and still better pictures.

A new studio, incorporating every development which experience and knowledge have brought them, was built last autumn. Every lesson learned from "Snow White" and "Pinocchio" will be applied to Disney's next masterpiece.

To-morrow will always be more exciting than to-day for Walt Disney. The sketches which we reproduce are rough construction notes and finished "stills." Go to your local "Majestic," and see what Disney has done with them.

People ask him if he does all the drawings for the Disney films himself. The answer is



Grumpy.



Sleepy



Dopey.



One of the Studio's rough construction notes of the Fox and the Cat in "Pinocchio."

"Not now! If I had done all the drawings for 'Snow White,' myself, it would have taken me 230 years, working 14 hours a day."

There were over 250,000 drawings in the film, each of which was redrawn several times. So he concentrates more, in these days, on supervising and inspiring.

His career really started when he joined forces with another "broke" young artist with the fantastic name of Ubbe Iwerks, which partnership led to Walt working for a primitive moving-picture company. In this crazy outfit, Walt often worked late at night. Mice would scuttle about looking for the remains of left-over lunch scraps. One of these mice used to run across the ledge of his drawing-board, and, finding himself

welcome, would sit there washing himself and watching Walt draw.

But Walt was watching too. That little mouse never knew that he was to be christened Mickey, and that he was to become one of the most popular pets in the world.

Mickey's screen voice is, and always has been, that of Walt Disney, though well-known actors provide the voices of all Disney's other characters.

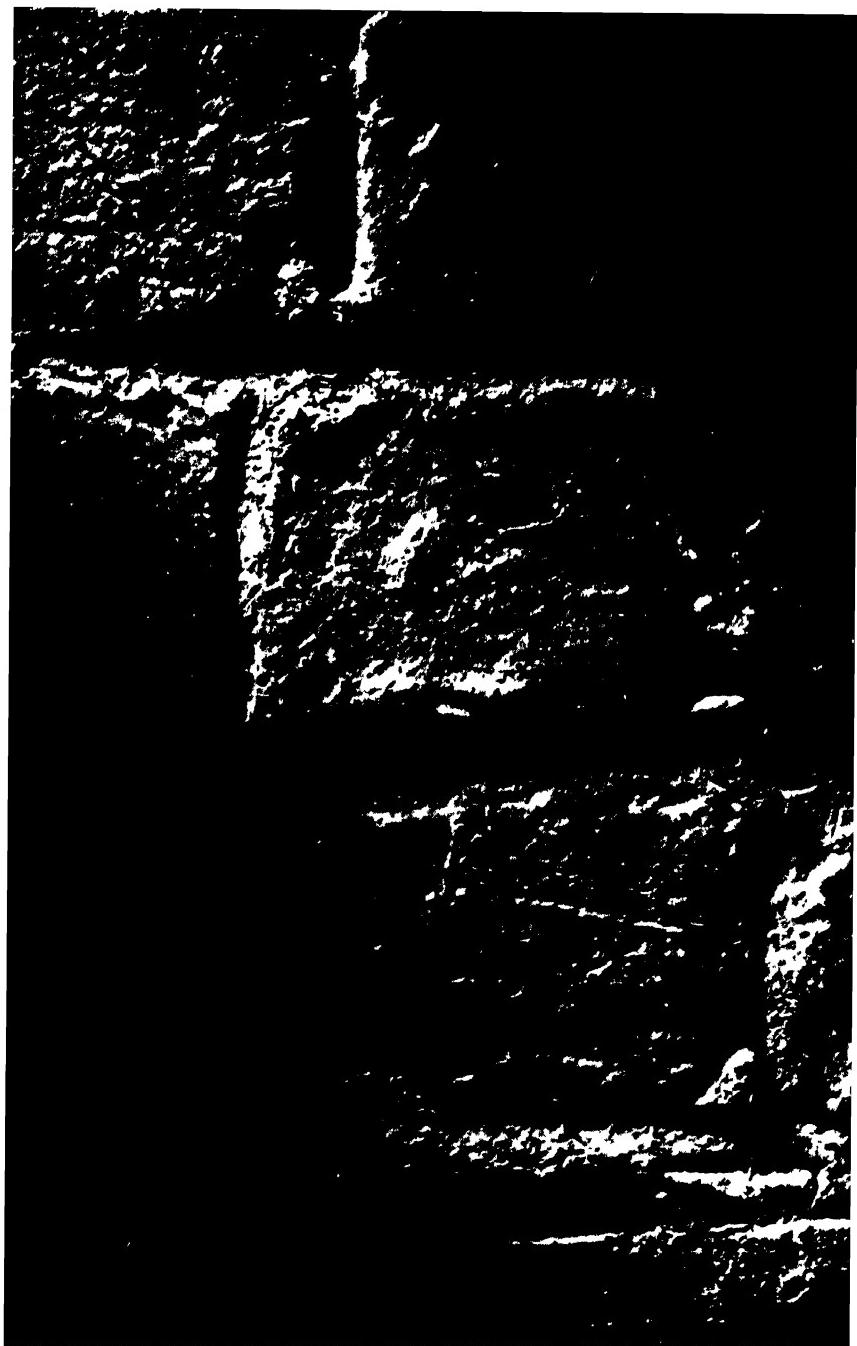
Disney hasn't had an easy journey. His first studio was one small room, equipped with his old camera and some packing cases. Later, he was able to engage two girl assistants, at £3 a week each. One of them became—and still is—Mrs. Walt Disney.

PERCY V. BRADSHAW.



SCOTTISH STUDIOS

Fire Fighters, fall in!



LINDEMANN

Ancient Brick, and—



HAROLD BURDEKIN.

—Modern Concrete.

NIGHT WARNING

by Conrad Phillips

I SAID to Mr. Herbert : " Well, I leave it to you, sir. Wouldn't you have done the same in the circumstances ? "

" You're a fool," he said.

" All right, then, I'm a fool," I said.

But this is what happened. I was only a butler, and when Mr. Herbert went to Scotland he left me in charge. He said " Stokes," he said, " look after everything while I'm away."

" Yes, sir," I said, and that very night the man came. I was sound asleep at the time, and being alone in the house, I don't mind confessing that I was nervous.

The sound of that huge bell clanging throughout the house always startled me, for as everybody knows Tarrington Manor is the most famous haunted house in Britain.

I couldn't see this fellow properly in the dark. All that was visible was his steel-helmeted head. He had a voice like the top note of a violin.

" You better get out of here," he said.

" But why ? " I said.

" That is unless you don't want to live."

" Live ? " I said.

" I don't know your sentiments that way," he said.

" But I don't get you," I said.

" You don't get me," he said.

" What you ought to do is to see that it doesn't get you."

He began to edge down the steps. It was very dark out there in the night, and except for the distant sound of a barking dog, it was very quiet.

" Get me ? " I said.

" I'm alluding to the unexploded bomb," he said

" Here ? " I said

" Don't suppose I mean Oxford Street, do you ? " he said.

" But where can I go ? " I said.

" Police station, unless of course you've got a hankering for the company of the angels."

" But that's three miles away," I said

" Please yourself," he said.
" You've been warned."

" When is it likely to go off ? " I said.

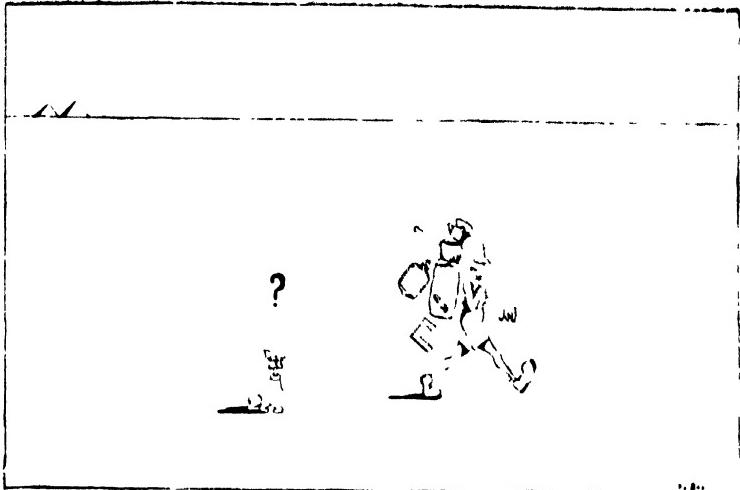
" I ain't Captain Davis," he said, " so I wouldn't know. If you don't hurry you might not know either."

The horror of the thing then became plain to me, and I found myself shaking like a plate of jelly. After tumbling into some clothes, I dashed out into the night.

Running down the lane, which led to the London road, I expected every minute to see that grand old mansion complete with its ghosts go up sky-high.

It was very cold, but by the time I reached the police station, I was feeling as hot as I did that night I spent in the Turkish baths.

I had to wait five minutes before my knocks were answered. A constable, who had been sound asleep, yawned and said : " Well, what can I do for 'e ? "



"I told you not to come with me."

"I want to stay here to-night," I said.

"This bain't a 'otel, 'e know," he said

I hurriedly explained what had happened.

"Unexploded bomb," he said, looking at me as he might a ghost.

I told him the whole story.

"That be funny," he said

"It might sound so from here," I said, "but it wasn't very funny when I was in the house, expecting to be blown sky high any moment."

"But there bain't any enemy aircraft over 'ere to-night," he said, looking at me suspiciously.

"But I assure you that that was what the Warden said," I insisted.

"Better investigate," he said.

He went along with me, and by the time we reached the Manor I was fit to drop.

"Course," the constable said, "they do sometimes manage to get

over 'ere without our a-knowing it."

After scouting around the house, he called me over

I wasn't taking any chances

"What is it?" I shouted

"Summat wrong," he said, and there certainly was. Every room in the place was turned upside down. It was dreadful

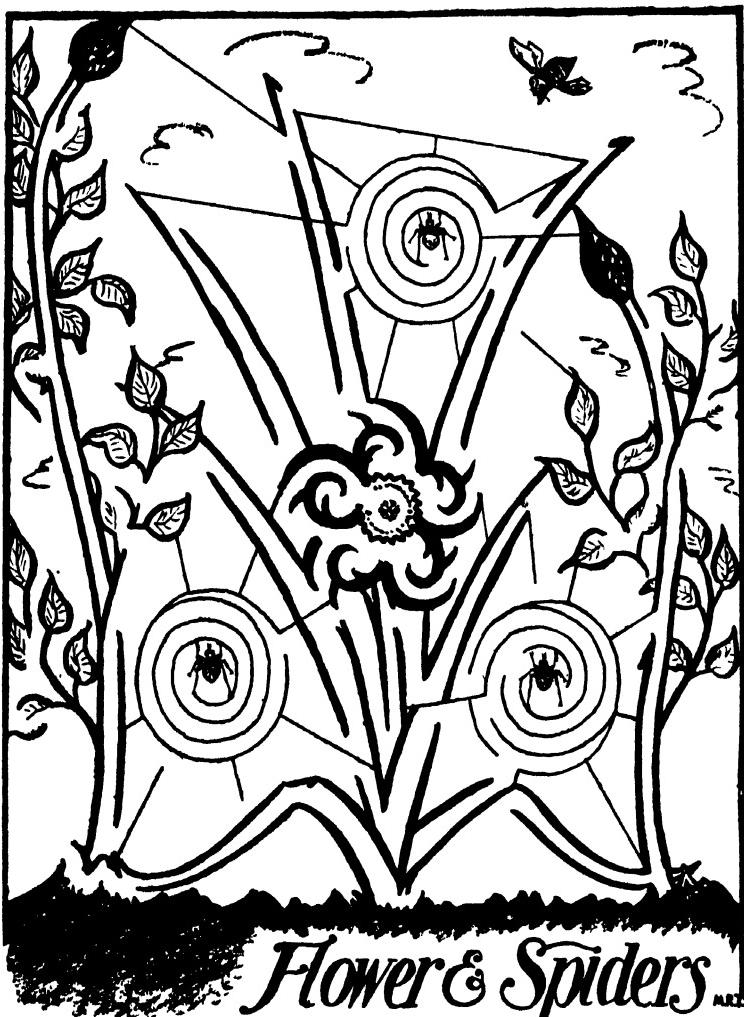
"Looks like you bin done in," the constable said later

"But the man looked like a Warden," I said

That's what I told Mr Herbert, but he said I was a fool. But I ask you - what would you have believed had you been in my place? I never knew burglars wore steel helmets, did you?

*MARY had a little fur,
Expensive, new, and rare;
She said she bought it at the sales--
The neighbours said : " Oh Yeah ? "*

E. H. D.



Flower & Spiders

THE opening flowers are now in bloom, so here is a nature maze. From a bee's point of view, the honey in this flower is worth having, but it appears to be well guarded. The way there is easy when you know it.' Put yourself in the bee's place—that is to say, in the space in the top right-hand corner of the maze—and reach the centre of the flower without crossing a black line.

OUR COMPETITION PAGES

New contests and a chance for artists

In response to literally thousands of requests we give you this month two more code messages to work out—one a difficult one with a half a guinea prize, and the other a simple one for enthusiastic beginners.

There is also a new contest for budding artists. Here you are given half a picture and you draw the other half.

You will find the results of three earlier competitions in these pages.

If you have any suggestions for new competitions for us to set our readers, by all means send them along. We pay for these.

Send your entries to :—

*The Competition Editor,
"London Opinion,"*

*Tower House,
Southampton Street,
London, W.C.2*

COUPON

I enclose my version of { Try the other Half
Another Secret Message
appearing in LONDON OPINION (May issue). I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final, and I understand that no attempt can be returned and no correspondence entered into in connection with these competitions.

Name
Address

A GIGGLE OF GIRLS RESULT

In this contest we asked for appropriate collective nouns for Wops, Nazis, Fascists, Greeks, Fighter Planes, and Jack Tars.

Among the many sent in the best list is

- A Whumper of Wops
- A Nuisance of Nazis
- A Funk of Fascists
- A Gallant of Greeks
- A Flash of Fighter Planes
- A Jaunt of Jack Tars

Sent in by T. L. Fowler (*Chadwell Heath*)

Other good descriptive nouns collected from the lists of other competitors are A Flight of Wops, A Brag of Nazis, A Fiasco of Fascists, A Swoop of Greeks, A Whizz of Fighter Planes, A Fury of Fighter Planes, and a Roll of Jack Tars.

LAST WORDS RESULT

OUR request for last words to each of the lines of a Limerick which we printed brought a lot of replies that were all the same.

The winning attempt was.
A nervous young woman named Hughes

Whenever she heard the nughes,
Would frequently fly

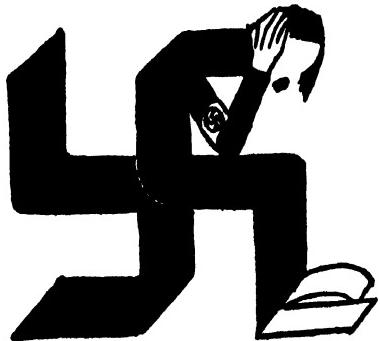
To a shelter close by
And find she'd forgotten her shughes.

Sent by W. McCarroll (*Craibridge*).

The last words to lines 1, 2, and 5 given by the majority were Gert, alert, skirt.

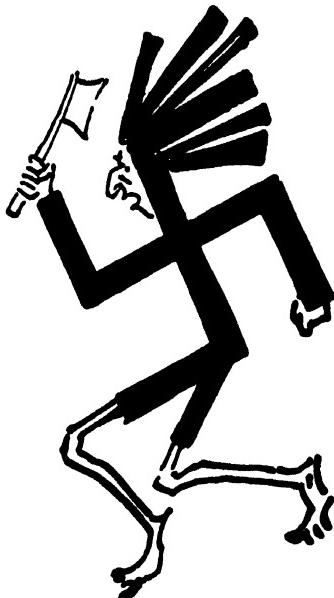
SWASTIKA PICTURE WINNERS

IT was a difficult task to make good pictures from so hard an outline as the Nazi crooked cross, but here are four excellent sketches which deserve recognition.



1939 ... 40 ... 41... ?

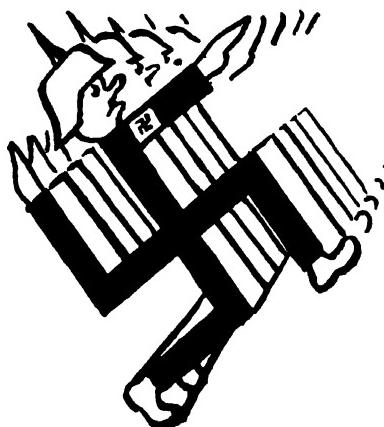
Harold Weinreich (*Woodthorpe, Notts.*).



F. Kingwell (*Richmond*).



A. Fisher (*Hitchin*).



K. King (*Gloucester*).

TAKE UP PELMANISM FOR Courage and Clear Thinking

The Grasshopper Mind

YOU know the man with the "Grasshopper Mind" as well as you know your cat. His mind nibbles at everything and masters nothing.

At home in the evening he tunes in the wireless, gets tired of it, then goes through a magazine—can't get interested. Finally, unable to concentrate on anything, he either goes to the pictures or falls asleep in his chair. At the office he always takes up the easiest thing first, puts it down when it gets hard, and starts something else. Jumps from one thing to another all the time.

There are thousands of these people with "Grasshopper Minds" in the world. In fact they are the very people who do the world's most tiresome tasks—and get but a pittance for their work. They do the world's clerical work, and the routine drudgery. Day after day, year after year, endlessly—they hang on to the jobs that are small, salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest fured.

What Is Holding You Back?

If you have a "Grasshopper Mind" you know that this is true. And you know why it is true. Even the blazing sun can't burn a hole in a piece of tissue paper unless its rays are focussed and concentrated on one spot! A mind that balks at sticking to one thing for more than a few minutes surely cannot be depended upon to move in anywhere in your years of life!

H. M. FORCES

All serving members are now entitled to receive the complete Pelman Course, with full tuition and guidance, at

One-Half Usual Fee

Immediate application should be made for Special Enrollment Form (Services) — *Approved by War Office*

The tragedy of it all is this—you know that you have within you the intrege, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life! What is wrong? What's holding you back? Just one fact—the scientific fact! That is all. Because, as Science says, you are using only one-tenth of your real brain-power!

What Can You Do About It?

That is the question you are asking yourself. Here is the answer.

Take up Pelmanism now! A course of Pelmanism brings out the mind's latent powers and develops them to the highest point of efficiency. It banishes such weaknesses and defects as Mind Wandering, Inferiority and Indecision which interfere with the effective working powers of the mind, and in their place develops strong, positive vital qualities such as Optimism, Concentration, and Reliability, all qualities of the utmost value in any walk of life.

Over half a million satisfied people have taken the Pelman Course. A big and unique asset of the Pelman Institute is its large staff of trained Instructors and Examiners, long experienced and with sympathetic understanding.

The Pelman Course is fully described in a little book entitled "**The Science of Success.**" The Course is simple and interesting and takes up very little time. You can enrol on the most convenient terms. The book will be sent you, gratis and post free, on application to-day to

PELMAN INSTITUTE (Established over 40 years)

107 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

PELMAN OVERSEAS INSTITUTES NEW YORK 271 North Avenue, New Rochelle, NEW YORK; 396 Flinders Lane, DURBAN, Natal Bank Chambers (P.O. Box 1180), JOHANNESBURG, P.O. Box 4125; CALCUTTA, 102 Clive Street, DELHI, 10 Alipore Road, JAWA, Milabarayeg, Malang



TRY THE OTHER HALF

Fill up an odd five minutes by filling in, with a pen or pencil, the other half of these two sketches. It is good eye-training that may come in useful one of these days, and some of the attempts will be funny.

We are not offering prizes, but if you would like some more half drawings drop us a card to say so.



ANOTHER SECRET MESSAGE

WHEN we gave you a code message to decipher a few months back we innocently imagined that we had set you a task which none but official experts could accomplish.

The results were just amazing. Hundreds of readers correctly decoded the message, and weren't we lucky to stipulate that the half-guinea prize would go to the first correct answer opened.

This half-guinea prize goes to :
L.A.C. Freyer, F. (*Norfolk*).

The message was :

POCKET BATTLESHIP SIGHTED
HEADING NORTH FROM TAMPICO.

So many readers asked us to give them another code message to decipher, one they could really get their teeth into, that we immediately decided to try again. Here is a perfect snorter. If you get this one, we'll confess ourselves beaten. It is a secret message to a town in this country from one of our agents in occupied France. Here it is :

ONGR WUWUTE JI HLYKJDUA
KJISVY INPAU IKXU

Half a guinea for the sender of the first correct solution opened.

And here is an easy one for enthusiastic beginners in the art of decoding. Here is the secret message :

T A I C H T P
S S T N H G R
I R A U G N E
L H N J U I L
I O O M O S T
R O I M R S I
P 4 T A H A H

Solution on page 90.



*Her complexion troubles
vanished when her Boy-friend shaved with*

GIBBS

Gibbs Shaving Preparations in three forms –
Stick, Bowl & Cream. Prices 7d to 3/- (including Tax)

GS738

D & W. GIBBS LTD. LONDON, E.1

WOMEN IN LOVE

by Shev Boyne

If your romance is ticking along on a high moral note, and you're letting your lady know you rate her idol-high by keeping a stream of alms and oblations cascading into her lap . . .

But you haven't yet said it with words :

One of these days you're going to have her tell you, "I don't like your spending your money on these lovely expensive things."

Clever ! Because the build-up she's putting over is it's your company she cares for. And she likes you for yourself alone. And she isn't one of those gold-diggers, but a nice old-fashioned home-girl like the baby in the croonie, "*Can't give you nothing but lurve !*"

And that's the explanation the jewellers are always busier after Christmas and holidays and her birthday, and times of the-hell-with-the-cost.

'Cos it's one of these times she watches out for—to sell you the idea she isn't a chiseller, and get you all worked up for signing on the dotted line.

* * * *

And one must in fairness concede that not all girls are Mercenary Marys and gimme-gimme women.

Not that way, anyway.

Because if yours means to get you—as she does, by hook or crook—in front of a clergyman . . .

She'd sooner stem the flow of tokens. And have you hoard your

currency. And let the collateral lie on the candyman's shelves.

They're long-sighted, is dames.

And they reason, that a steady trickling away of excess profits on sentimental trifles . . .

May mean a less-big Diamond ! And a less-big House. And a less-big Car and Radio and Fur Coat.

Materialists ! They'd much sooner have something to impress the neighbours they've gotten themselves a he-man lodger—who's given them his name and set them up in a house and pays the bills and brings them money 'n' things on a Friday . . .

Than have constant assurance *themselves* they're the apple of a man's eye ; and, at that, the masterpiece of God and culminating handiwork of the Creator. . . .

Worthy, in lover's sight, to be placed on a pedestal in Piccadilly Circus. And have flags and flowers waved at them.

* * * *

And that's one reason this thing called love hands men a lot more kick than it does dames.

Because in love men get opened out. Go all big-hearted, idolatrous and take-thou-this. While women come over all close-corporation. Cagey, and as adding-machine as a clergyman in church on Easter Sunday. . . .

THE perfect lover is a great diplomat. If men were not so short-sighted and stupid half the number of crimes of passion would not take place.—Maurice Dekobra.

Smokers' 'Fur'

How to detect it—
How to prevent it



Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Protect Teeth with new toothpaste containing *'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

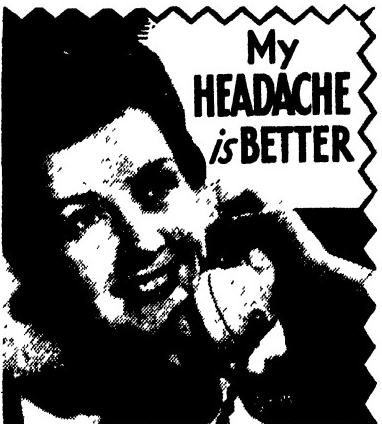
Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia

Commence fighting mouth acid to night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference, no more morning mouth, no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean, a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

7½d., 1/1d., and 1/10d. (Including Purchase Tax). Sold everywhere.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



My
HEADACHE
is BETTER

What a wonderful thing it is to know that whenever you get a wretched Headache it can soon be banished by taking a dose of this amazing Harley Street Prescription—Cephos. It is a splendid remedy to keep in the home and a few tablets in your Handbag will often come in useful. Cephos does not affect the heart.

Cephos
Pronounced See-fos REG.
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/5 & 3/5.

SINGLE **2½d.** DOSE

A NEW SUIT by Berry Wood

THEY say that it is patriotic to wear patches, but hang it all, even patches have got to have something to hold them together. So a few days ago I decided that I simply had to have a new suit.

Going into a little tailor's shop I know round the corner, I asked to see some material for a suit at ten guineas. The assistant looked rather surprised when I mentioned the price, but he produced some patterns for my inspection.

Do you know, there were patterns that shrieked, patterns that yelled, patterns that shouted, and some that merely murmured. After I had been revived by a first-aid man we tried again.

The assistant said he would show me a pattern that was the very last thing in smartness. I have heard that, somewhere in London, there languishes an American whose mind became unhinged while he was trying to explain to the natives what a waffle is like. That pattern defies description, too.

The next firm I tried had recently lost one of its partners, and the only suitings in stock were black. I had never realised before that there is more than one shade of black, but there is. They had sombre black, sprightly black, dull black, shiny

The artistic photographs on pages 17 and 24 are by Charles Newland and Fred Daniels respectively, and those on pages 43 and 73 by John Everard and Roye.

black, grey black, and just black-out. I left that shop feeling very depressed.

Then I went to a place in Bond Street, and was approached by an impeccably dressed, dapper little man. He seemed to be washing his hands in invisible soap and water all the time we were talking. When I stated the price I was willing to pay he collapsed.

The least expensive suits they made, he told me when he had recovered, were fifteen guineas, and they were only grey flannels. If I could mention, say, thirty guineas, he might be able to do something for me. I told him that I didn't mind mentioning thirty guineas as often as he liked if it would get me a suit.

Continuing the pilgrimage I turned into Oxford Street and entered the doorway of a modest-looking establishment. On learning my needs, the assistant said he thought he could fix me up quite easily.

He was either an optimist or a born fool. He brought out a voluminous book of patterns, and I thought that at last I should find what I wanted.

Vain hope. The patterns ranged in colour from a dull, murmuring purple, to a vivid combination of green and vermillion that shrieked like a soul in distress.

I waded through that book and about a couple of dozen others that the salesman produced. At the end of an hour and a half the shop resembled a battlefield, and the assistant looked like a poker player who had been beaten after holding a straight flush.

Just as I was staggering out of the

TO AVOID Flatulence AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it thus very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing - no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat boxes for the pocket 7d and 1 1/4d. Also family sizes 2 3 and 3 1/4d (including Purchase Tax). Obtainable everywhere.



MILK OF MAGNESIA
BRAND
TABLETS
SLIP A 7^p BOX
IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark
of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

shop, a pattern resting on a side counter caught my eye. With a yell of triumph I pounced upon the pattern, and held it up a few inches in front of the assistant's nose.

"This is the very thing," I cried.
"Why didn't you show it to me before?"

The assistant swayed unsteadily on his legs and stared at me with a bleary grin on his face.

"You can't have that," he burbled. "That's the pattern of our new carpet."

* * *

I got my new suit yesterday. A splendid fit, and just the shade of blue I like, with a hat to match.

Funny thing about it was that it didn't cost me a bean. I simply joined the R.A.F.

IT is the cock that croweth, but the hen that delivereth the goods.

IF you cannot laugh at yourself sometimes, you must find life pretty dull.

WORRY is like a rocking horse ; it keeps on going and gets you nowhere.

FOREGO the line of least resistance, and heed two points about your income—make it first and make it last.

PUZZLE SOLUTION

ANOTHER CODE MESSAGE

Read from bottom right-hand corner up to the top of each line and you get the message :

Hitler passing through Hamm Junction at 14.00 hrs. April 1st.

I'm keeping to

CAPSTAN

-they're blended better

MEDIUM STRENGTH
Navy Cut
CIGARETTES
F. & H. WILLS, LONDON

It is now more than ever necessary to empty your packet at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist

10 FOR 9/- 20 FOR 15/- PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

C.C.692K

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD. C.C.692K

*Instant
relief from*
**INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH**

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

**TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT
WHAT YOU LIKE**



**AT
ALL CHEMISTS**

8¹/₂ & 1⁵

INCLUDING TAX

NO PROPRIETARY RIGHTS CLAIMED

SAVE YOUR HAIR!

Are you one of the many thousands whose hair is suffering from the war? Worry, lack of nutrition, frequent wearing of tight, heavy helmets—all help to impoverish hair, starve its roots, cause dandruff and bald patches.

Why let this happen to you? It need not. Rub Silvikrin right into the hair roots every day. Silvikrin is their food and if the root is alive Silvikrin will grow hair as thousands of grateful sufferers testify. Silvikrin contains the fourteen separate organic elements which the hair roots must have for healthy hair growth.

Warning Owing to war restrictions the supply of Silvikrin is limited. Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser to reserve some. Remember, a little Silvikrin does a lot of good.

To prevent Dandruff and falling hair use Silvikrin Lotion.

For severe cases use Pure Silvikrin

1-16s M

Cool, Smooth Shaving

**for men with
TOUGH BEARDS
and TENDER SKINS**



To enjoy cool smooth shaving in less time, use Cuticura Shaving Stick. It contains the unique emollient and medicinal properties of Cuticura which soothe tender skin, prevent irritation and leave your skin cool, smooth and refreshed. Of Chemists and Stores.

Made by the Manufacturers of Cuticura Soap

193

Cuticura SHAVING STICK

Just Published

WAR DAMAGE COMPENSATION

The New Act Explained and Simplified

by **MAURICE SHARE**

(B.A. Oxon., Barrister-at-Law)

For landlord and tenant, factory owner and tradesman, company secretary and accountant, and all business executives.

Of all Booksellers 1/- net, or by post 1/- plus postage. George Newnes, Ltd., Book Dept., Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

THEY MAKE US SMILE!

Fougasse! ...
No one else could have drawn it. So easy . . . yet just try to copy it!

Fougasse is one of the many famous old pupils of School.



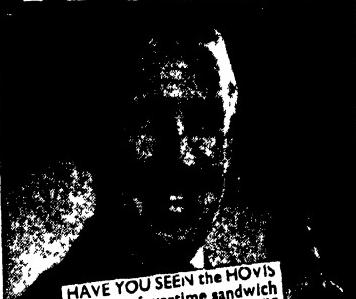
artists who are the Press Art

SKETCHING PAYS!

This is the kind of work I teach my Pupils—the work that sells! Sketching is grand fun, there's no Hobby to beat it. It costs very little, it's easy to learn by post, and there is money to be made from it. Over 4,000 sketches by my Pupils have appeared in Punch alone, and many in London Opinion. Why should not YOU learn to make money this way? Are you interested? Then send for the free illustrated Brochure telling you about Art by post.

Percy V. Bradshaw, Principal, The Press Art School (Dept. L.O.2), Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23

HÖVİS



HAVE YOU SEEN the HOVIS
Booklet of wartime sandwich
suggestions? Free from HOVIS
LTD. (Dept. 18), Macclesfield

GIVES YOU VITAMIN 'B'

BEST BAKERS BAKE HOVIS

LIMITED CIVILIAN SUPPLIES

So great are the requirements of H.M. Forces that only very limited quantities of "BLANCO" brand WHITE CLEANER are available for civilians and we are obliged to disappoint many thousands of users. After the war normal supplies will again be available and the quality of "BLANCO" even better than ever before.



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NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE

HAND-WRITTEN poster of a newsvendor in London the other day:

Italians)
Trains All running.
Tubes)
Noses)

—Peterborough Daily Telegraph.

To a small boy in New Zealand came an exciting gift—a fragment of a German plane.

He took it to school, raised a handy sum for the Red Cross by letting his friends spit on it at a penny a go—four spits for 3d.—William Hickey, Daily Express.

A lady down our street rushed into the police station the other day and started to tell a sad story.

"Just a minute," the copper said. "You say your jewels were stolen when you were having dinner."

"Oh, no, it's much more serious!" she squeaked. "Dinner was stolen while I was putting on my jewels!"—Max Miller, Sunday Dispatch.

A youngster applied for a job. The clerk who was interviewing him

asked his name. "Morrison, sir," he replied. "Herbert Morrison."

Said the clerk, "That's a pretty well-known name." To which the lad replied: "It ought to be. I've been delivering groceries in this town for nearly two years."—Star Man's Diary.

Heard in Court:—

My husband is always boasting what he would tell Hitler if ever he met him. But when I ask him to tell our neighbours not to throw things into our garden, he shakes like a leaf.

"You won't get in anywhere to-night, madam," said the country station master. "You'd better shake-down with the porter."

"How dare you —"

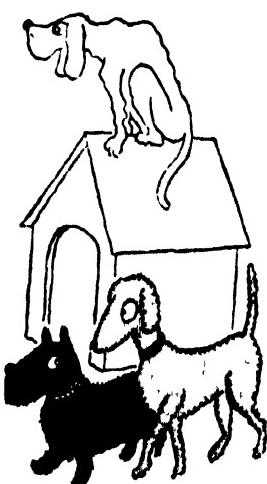
"Sorry, madam, I should explain our porter's a lady, too."

—Evening News.

What is the difference between an emotional actor and the Minister of Food?

One racks your passions, the other packs your rations.—Dogberry, News Chronicle.

For every woman who makes a fool out of a man, there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.—The Reader's Digest.



"He calls it doing his bit—I say it's just nerves."

—DAILY EXPRESS



Oh, they're tough, mighty tough . . .

Say, d'y'ever hear how big Pete brought the law to Bristly Gulch? Then lessen. This Big Pete was sheriff, an' one big he-man. Yes, sir. You might ha' thought he chewed barbed wire the way the blue spikes stuck out all over his chin. One sight've Big Pete's chin was enough to send them bad men running. Then one day, one of the bad men got him an idea. He caused Big Pete to receive a toob've Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. Big Pete he fell for it. His whiskers came off've his chin like leaves in the fall. And Big Pete was no terror no more. No, sir. It weren't safe to be an honest man in them times. Well, things got mighty bad in Bristly Gulch but Big Pete he was a skyologist. He argues that bad men is bad because they starts bad; so he teaches 'em a lesson. He rounds 'em up one mornin' and gives 'em a good shave with Parke-Davis and tells 'em they wouldn't look on the world in such a cock-eyed light if they only shaved comfortable every mornin'. An' was Big Pete right! Bristly Gulch was a paradise after that!

★ However tough your beard, Parke-Davis will tame it. Ask your chemist for a large 1s. 10d. tube.

THE "FLUXITE QUINS" AT WORK



"What's this! Washing up?" exclaimed OO.
"I thought there was none left to do."

"No, we're - ending this lot!
Here and now, on the spot!
And FLUXITE'll see the job through."

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